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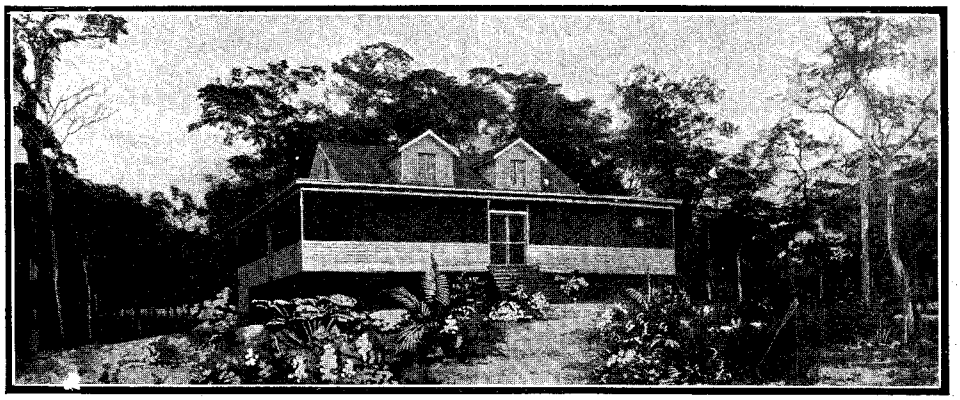

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING OF THE CONSOLIDATED UBERO PLANTATIONS CO.

Ubero, the Center of Tropical Industry

THE spirit of progression is most characteristic of American life. Years of laborious, painstaking work in all commercial and industrial lines have placed the United States far in advance of her sister nations and opened up avenues for trade hitherto unknown.

The demand for crude rubber in the United States has for the last twenty years been far in excess of the supply. This fact, together with the rapid increase in the consumption of coffee, pineapples, and all tropical fruits, has caused an extension of American activity to other countries. The greatest progress made by the American people in opening up extensive fields for coffee and rubber growing has been made on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Old Mexico.

Attention was directed toward Mexico as a rubber and coffee producing district years ago through Señor Don Matias Romero, then Mexican Minister to the United States, with prominent business men and financiers of this country. Through their co-operation, they became interested in a series of experiments in coffee and rubber cultivation then being made in Mexico under Señor Romero's supervision. These experiments proved so conclusively that both coffee and rubber were susceptible of an enormously profitable cultivation that these gentlemen at once sent to Mexico an expert Mexican agriculturist, who thoroughly inspected many tracts of land in the Republic. After some months of examination and comparison, the tract known as "Ubero Plantation" was selected. The intervening years have been the history of the growth of the companies formed by these gentlemen and their associates, who are the pioneers in the cultivation of this "Garden Spot of America." These gentlemen have developed successfully nine similar properties; the most prominent being the Ubero Plantation Company of Indianapolis, the Ubero Plantation Company and The Consolidated Ubero Plantations Company, both of Boston.

Though it is true that the energy, ingenuity, and capital of this coterie of men have been largely responsible for the recent strides in agricultural and commercial activity, the native people have lent much aid, and have lost no opportunity to show their appreciation of the benefit derived from the development of their land. President Diaz is a man of unusual ability and of the most progressive ideas. During his long term of office he has steadily pushed forward the improvement of commercial facilities, and the excellent railway system traversing

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the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, now owned and controlled by the Government, is one of the best evidences of his industrial foresight.

On this Government railway, equidistant from the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean, in the heart of the coffee and rubber belt of the country, are the rich lands of The Consolidated Ubero Plantations Company. This corporation has brought under one management eighteen of the most successfully conducted of the plantations contiguous to the properties owned and controlled by the Ubero Company of Indianapolis and the Ubero Company of Boston, which have paid as high as twenty per cent. dividends per annum.

An appraisal by several of the most experienced men in Mexico has conservatively valued the assets of the Company at over one million dollars.

The total acreage of The Consolidated Ubero Plantations Company is 6,000 acres; 1,600 acres of which has been under actual cultivation for four years. The natural conditions of soil and climate are equally well adapted to the cultivation of all tropical products. Then, too, the unrivaled facilities for transportation furnished by the Tehuantepec National Railroad passing through the center of this district make it profitable to produce and export to the great markets of the world any of the tropical products to which this Company may devote its attention; such as coffee, rubber, pineapples, oranges, lemons, grape-fruit, and all other fruits.

It is very interesting to note the characteristics and manner of growth of the coffee plant. It partakes of the nature of a shrub, which, in a state of cultivation, varies in height from four to six feet; the trunk is erect and slender, and covered with a whitish-brown bark, rather rough in appearance; the wood is very limber and pliable, so much so that the ends of the longest branches may be bent to the ground without breaking. The flowers are quite numerous, with projecting antlers, snowy-white and very fragrant, but of short duration, disappearing in a day or two, but rapidly followed by the fruit. The fruit is a small berry, first a yellow, then green, and, as it ripens, a rich scarlet.

The average yield of a coffee-tree is two pounds of merchantable coffee during the first bearing year, and double the amount the second. The life of the coffee-tree is twenty-five to fifty years after reaching its full bearing period, maintaining itself in a vigorous state and giving the same yield during the entire time. A single acre of land produces from 600 to 800 of these plants or "trees" as they

CLEARING LAND FOR COFFEE PLANTING

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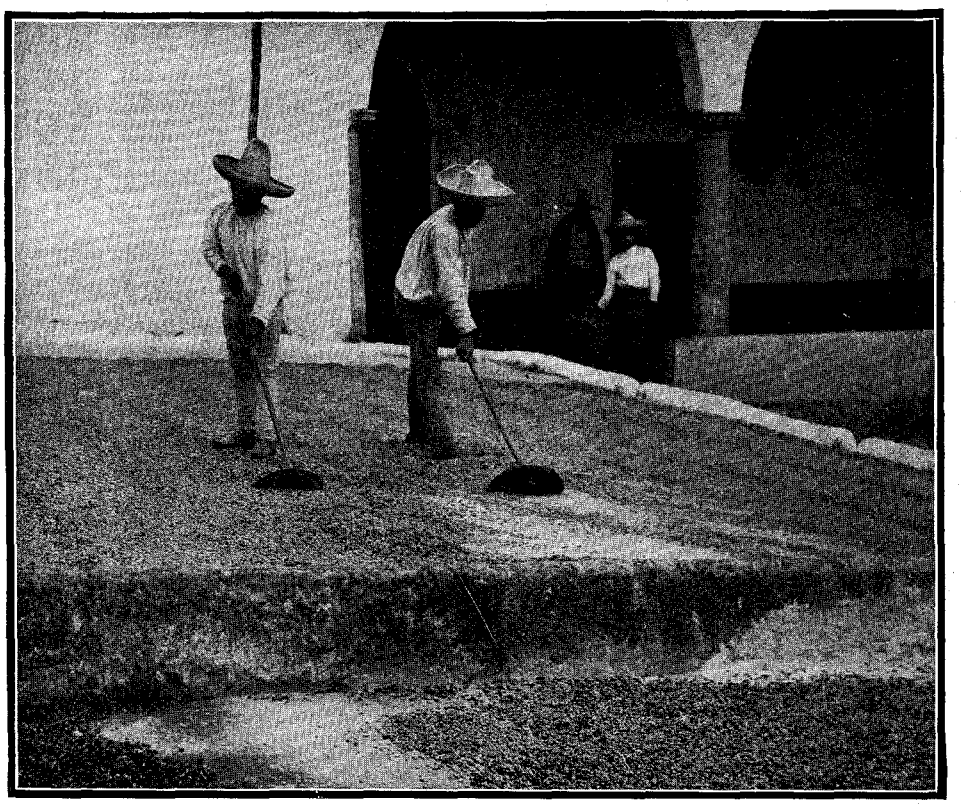

DRYING THE COFFEE BERRY ON PROPERTIES OF THE CONSOLIDATED UBERO PLANTATIONS CO.

are often called. The superiority of Mexico's coffee berry is shown by the comparative prices per pound paid for coffee by the American buyers. Mexico, 15¾ cents; Costa Rica, 14¼ cents; Guatemala, 14½ cents; Venezuela, 13½ cents; Colombia, 13½ cents; and Brazil, 9¼ cents.

The almost total failure of the coffee plantations of Ceylon and all eastern harvests of Brazil, together with the fall in silver and the consequent reduction in the price of land and labor, have encouraged the planter in Mexico. These facts show one phase of the great industrial wealth of Mexico. Though in its infancy, comparatively, the showing is remarkable.

It will thus be seen that the lands of this Company, being in this most fertile district, are especially adapted for the production of varieties and grades of coffee as large in size and as rich in flavor as that produced by the most celebrated coffee countries of the world.

Another equally important and essential feature has been supplied, namely, men to take charge of the property who are thoroughly experienced in planting and caring for the trees, harvesting and curing the crops, and at the same time possessing a thorough understanding of the labor element which must be employed to do the work, in order to get the largest and most satisfactory returns without causing friction or discontent.

The Company has placed on the market a superior grade of coffee, known as Ubero Brand Selected Coffee, and has established agencies at various points in Oaxaca and Vera Cruz. From these points the coffee is shipped to their factory in Boston, where it is roasted, canned, and prepared for distribution to their respective bases of supply in the different cities of the United States.

Mexican rubber is next in quality to Para rubber. But while not its equal in value, it is far more productive in quantity and responds more readily to cultivation. The methods of planting and cultivating rubber are simple in the extreme, while the gathering of the product and its preparation for market are carried on by natives without use of machinery. The

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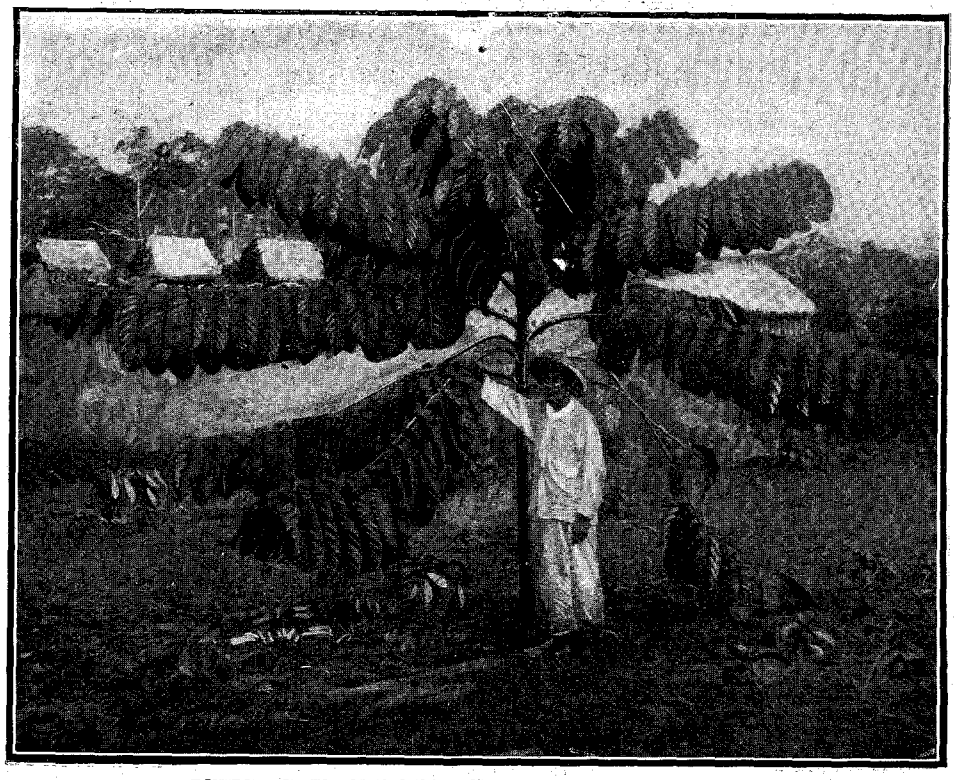
rubber-tree grows in a sporadic manner in the dense, moist forest. Like most "soft woods," it is a rapid grower, attaining under cultivation a diameter of from twelve to sixteen inches in from seven to eight years, at which age it will yield from two to three pounds per year. The annual harvest yield of the rubber-tree consists of the dried milk or sap. Hence the product sought, being neither the fruit nor berry, but the sap of the tree, its return is regular in quantity and uniform in quality. The uses to which rubber can be applied are constantly increasing. The manufacture of vehicles, of coating for protecting the armor plate for war-ships, and of submarine cables is utilizing the whole output of the world. This, too, in face of the demand for the many different articles used in daily life. So necessary a product is this commodity that the United States Government admits it free of duty.

The Consolidated Company has at the present time 200,000 trees which are four years old, aside from a nursery stock aggregating upwards of 2,000,000 trees. Estimating that only 1,000,000 trees are brought to maturity, and that each tree yields but two pounds yearly, the revenue at the present market value—seventy cents per pound—is enormous.

The cultivation of oranges, lemons, grape-fruit, limes, pineapples, and all tropical fruits has been carefully followed by the planters of the Ubero District. The Consolidated Ubero Plantations Company has made the greatest progress in handling all tropical products on account of its ability to ship them readily via the Tehuantepec National Railroad.

The demand for its products is greater to-day than at any time in the history of this district. In addition, all fruits can be marketed by this Company at least a month earlier than the products of the Pacific States, which insures for them a ready sale at high prices.

The Company has the most extensive and modern plantation facilities in Mexico. Every product is completely utilized. The Company has built an administration building, residences, warehouses, tin-can factory, canneries for the pineapple trade, starch mills for the manufacture of starch from the yucca plant, necessary accommo-



RUBBER TREE ONE YEAR OLD AT UBERO PLANTATION

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NATIVE HOUSES AT UBERO PLANTATION

dations for 2,500 laborers, and has thoroughly equipped the property with all the necessary tools and machinery to carry on the growing of the products with which it makes its principal concern.

The Company has also erected a general store for the convenience of its laborers, which is the only store within a radius of twenty-five miles. It employs several thousand men the year round.

The conditions under which the work is carried on are most admirable. The fact that the management is identical with that of the aforesaid Ubero companies augurs well for the future of The Consolidated Ubero Plantations Company. Its President, Mr. Arthur W. Stedman, is the managing partner of the well-known firm of George A. Alden & Company, of Boston, who are the largest importers of crude rubber in the world. Its Treasurer is the Hon. E. H. Nebeker, whose years of experience as one of the foremost financiers of the country, and whose honorable record as Treasurer of the United States, peculiarly fit him for his present duties. The remaining Directors are conservative, representative men who realize fully the responsibilities of their offices. The Company has chosen twenty-one business men to act as an Advisory Board, who take action upon questions of importance in conjunction with the directorate.

Realizing the need of additional working capital to carry on the work now so well under way, the Company has authorized the sale of $1,500,000 of its six per cent. Ten-Year First Mortgage Sinking Fund Gold Bonds. These bonds are issued in coupon form, with privilege of registration as to principal. The Company has executed a first mortgage to the International Trust Company of Boston (one of the oldest banking institutions of that city, with a capital of $1,000,000 and a surplus of over $2,000,000) on all the assets, real and personal, now owned or to be hereafter acquired. This mortgage covers the Company's coffee plant and business in the United States, together with moneys on deposit, now $100,000. The Company has arranged a financial plan which provides for the purchase of these bonds in two ways—for cash or on the monthly payment plan. The purchaser for cash obtains a $500 Ten-Year First Mortgage Sinking Fund Gold Bond and receives an equal amount ($500)

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of common stock as a bonus. This bond draws interest at the rate of six per cent. yearly, payable semi-annually at the International Trust Company, Boston, Mass., in addition to the amount earned by his bonus of stock. The purchaser receives back his entire principal on or before ten years, and still has his investment represented by his holding of stock, which has not cost him a single cent of his own money. One thousand of these bonds are offered on this basis.

On the other hand, an agricultural proposition being of necessity a time one, the Company offers the remaining bonds, two thousand in all, in forty-five monthly payments, so that the money may not be received faster than it is required to bring the products to maturity. In order that each purchaser may have equal security, each payment is secured by issuing to the purchaser a six per cent. Ten-Year First Mortgage Gold Note, certified by the International Trust Company as being equally secured by the mortgage securing said bonds without preference of one note or bond over another. These notes recite on their face that when the purchaser has $500 worth of them he may exchange them for one $500 bond, and receive at the time of said exchange an equal bonus of stock.

In addition to the guaranteed interest of six per cent. on the bonds, the Company estimates that its stock, issued in conjunction with the bonds, will earn at least three per cent. additional each year. As more development is made and more crops come into bearing each year, it is fair to suppose that these earnings will increase.

The proposition to the public is a very simple one. The Company requests you to loan it $500, or some multiple thereof. You have the privilege of loaning this in cash or at the rate of $5 or more per month. It agrees to return you your money on or before ten years (seventy per cent. of the net earnings each year are paid to the International Trust Company, Boston, for this purpose). After the loan is paid, you still have your interest in the Company, represented by your bonus of stock ($500 for each $500 loaned the Company), on which dividends are paid as earned.

The proposition here offered provides for the protection of the purchaser in a thorough, effective manner. The strength of the management, the guarantee of interest, the return of principal invested, and the unusual earning features combine in centering the attention of the whole country on this celebrated Ubero District. Nowhere has evidence of such great industrial prosperity been seen.

The Company makes statement of its financial plan and gives an inventory of properties owned and controlled in an illustrated booklet, which describes the Company's methods and properties completely and fully. For additional information, readers of The Outlook are invited to communicate with The Consolidated Ubero Plantations Company, at its principal office, 90 State Street, Boston, Mass.

LOADING COFFEE AT UBERO, TEHUANTEPEC RAILROAD

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The President on the Appointment of Negroes

The President gives to the public his views on the question of appointing colored men to office in the South, through the medium of a reply to a letter addressed to him by a prominent citizen of Charleston, South Carolina. This citizen, whose name is not given, had joined with a number of others in protesting against the appointment of Dr. Crum, a colored physician of that city, as Collector of the Port. In his protest he made certain specific charges against Dr. Crum, and added: "We have sworn never again to submit to the rule of the African, and such an appointment as that of Dr. Crum forces us to protest unanimously against this insult to the white blood." In his reply to this letter the President declares that the specific charges are entitled to the utmost consideration, that he will go over them carefully before taking any action, and that he does not intend to appoint any unfit man to office. But he distinctly repudiates the idea suggested by his correspondent that he is not to appoint colored men to office in the South. He points out that he has made such appointments in Mississippi, in Alabama, in the District of Columbia, in New Orleans, and in Pennsylvania; that the appointments of colored men have in no State been more than a small proportion of the total number of appointments, and that he sees no reason why he should make an exception in South Carolina to the general principle which governs him. That general principle he states in the following words:

> I do not intend to appoint any unfit man to office. So far as I legitimately can, I shall always endeavor to pay regard to the wishes and feelings of the people of each locality, but I cannot consent to take the position that the door of hope—the door of opportunity—is to be shut upon any man, no matter how worthy, purely upon the grounds of race or color. Such an attitude would, according to my convictions, be fundamentally wrong. If, as you hold, the great bulk of the colored people are not yet fit in point of character and influence to hold such positions, it seems to me that it is worth while putting a premium upon the effort among them to achieve the character and standing which will fit them.

He adds, with characteristic frankness, that it is not for the true interest of either the white man or the colored man of the South to assume the attitude that under no circumstances shall a man of color, no matter how good a citizen, be permitted to hold any office under our Government; that, on the contrary, "it is a good thing from every standpoint to let the colored man know that if he shows in marked degree the qualities of good citizenship—the qualities which in a white man we feel are entitled to reward—then he will not be cut off from all hope of similar reward."

❀

A Right Attitude

The President's attitude on this subject appears to The Outlook absolutely right, and one to which sooner or later the people of the South will themselves come. It is not strange that in the reaction against carpetbag government the race prejudice should have been intensified, and the resolve reached that no colored man should be elected or appointed to any office. The corollary would almost necessarily follow that no colored man should be allowed to vote, and both positions would inevitably lead to, as they would be founded upon, the undemocratic notion that there are to be at least two hereditary classes in the community, one white, possessing exclusively political privileges and powers, the other colored, possessing none. This would be wholly inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the Republican party. It is impossible for us to understand how any man could have

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thought that Mr. Roosevelt could take any such position. His whole course and career from boyhood has been an expression of the doctrine that "a man's a man for a' that," which means that no man is to be discriminated against on account of his class, his social position, his religious opinions, or his race. Politically he has always stood for the principle initiated and acted upon by Napoleon in the organization and administration of his army—"a career open to talent of every sort." It is true that the doctrine is recognized and acted upon in diplomatic appointments that one who is *persona non grata* should not be forced upon a hostile community; and this doctrine should be, within limits, recognized and acted upon in Federal appointments. It would be a mistake to appoint a Roman Catholic postmaster in a community made up of Orangemen, or a postmistress in a village where the public sentiment was universal against appointment of any woman to office; but it would be a still greater mistake for a President to refuse to appoint any Catholic to office because of some anti-Catholic sentiment in the community, or any woman to office because of some masculine prejudice against women office-holders. The President, in the paragraph which we have quoted, recognizes, first, that the door of opportunity is not to be shut upon colored men by any Federal action; secondly, that, as far as possible, consistently with this principle, the feelings of the people of each locality are to be taken account of in appointment to office. We ask the people of the South who read this paragraph to give due consideration to these two principles thus enunciated, and see whether, in the light of democratic principles, not to say Christian principles, the President of the Nation could legitimately take any other ground.

❀

The Delaware Appointment

In The Outlook of November 22 we said apropos of the President's appointment of Mr. Byrne in Delaware: "His course can be defended only on one ground, namely, that Mr. Byrne has proved himself by his past record the best possible candidate for the office to which he has been appointed;" and we at the same time expressed our disbelief in the notion that the President's appointment signified his approval of the doctrine that the Addicks faction must be recognized as the true representative of the Republican party in Delaware and entitled to dictate Federal appointments in that State merely because it had a majority of the Republican votes in the last election. The following semi-official statement given out from Washington justifies our interpretation of the President's act:

> Mr. Byrne was originally appointed United States Attorney for Delaware by President McKinley. President Roosevelt knew him personally. In the opinion of the President, he had rendered excellent service for the public good in more than one direction, and he had been a stanch supporter of the President when he ran for Governor and afterward. He was reported by the Department of Justice as a fit and competent district attorney, and the President had entire confidence in his ability and integrity. He accepted the nomination for Congress. Other district attorneys and marshals had accepted such nominations without being requested to resign, but, in view of the factional fight in Delaware, the President thought that Mr. Byrne should resign, which he accordingly did. When the election was over the President reappointed him, without having given him the slightest previous indication that such was his intention. He would have been reappointed without regard to the circumstances under which he ran or the faction with which he was allied.

If we have to choose between accepting newspaper estimates of the ability of a candidate for public office and those of the President and the Department of Justice, we prefer the latter. We still regret that the President did not see his way clear to leave the former incumbent in possession of the office rather than make an appointment which subjected him to the charge, even by some of his would-be defenders, of giving his support to Mr. Addicks's attempt to buy his way into the Senate; but we think the country at large, which has implicit faith in the President's integrity of purpose, will believe that no such motive actuated him, and that the appointment was made with the intent of promoting the good of the service. That Mr. Addicks and his friends should have made the most of the appointment was natural.

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The Opposition to a Mormon Senator

The Ministerial Alliance of Salt Lake City last week adopted a set of resolutions setting forth the grounds of their opposition to the election of Reed

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Smoot, one of the twelve Apostles of the Mormon Church, as United States Senator from Utah. The essential clauses adopted were as follows:

The election of Apostle Reed Smoot to the United States Senate would actually be the election of the will of the Mormon first Presidency and twelve Apostles to that body.

As a consistent member of the Mormon Apostolate, Apostle Smoot cannot make an important move without getting permission or taking counsel of the quorum of Mormon high priests to which he belongs. By virtue of his apostolic vows he must act first as a Mormon Apostle, and second or third as a citizen of Utah and patriotic American.

We protest against the proposed election of Apostle Smoot to the United States Senate because the majority of the Mormon Apostolate, to which he belongs, and with which he works in harmony, are living in polygamous relations in violation of covenants made to the people of the United States, as well as in violation of the criminal statutes of Utah. The two or three Apostles who may be living monogamous lives are obliged to defend the righteousness of the polygamous system of marriage, and to wink at the law-breaking polygamous relation of their fellow-Apostles. The vigorous and rigorous execution of a law like the Edmunds-Tucker law in this State would drive the Mormon Church and the majority of its Apostles into exile, or throw them in prison within twelve months, and Apostle Smoot dare not oppose such polygamous conditions.

All these are strong reasons why the people of Utah should not elect Apostle Smoot to the United States Senate, but they are not reasons why the United States Senate should refuse to seat him if elected. It is not charged that Apostle Smoot has violated the anti-polygamy law, the adoption of which was stipulated by the United States Government as the condition of Statehood for Utah. The case, therefore, is not analogous to that of Congressman Roberts, who was confessedly living in polygamous relations. Our Constitution guarantees to every one freedom of religious belief, which the courts have defined to mean freedom of faith and not freedom of conduct. So long as the conduct of a Mormon is in conformity with our laws it would be an unconstitutional act of religious persecution to deny him a public office to which he is elected. The fact that his first allegiance will be to a hierarchy hostile to the execution of our laws against polygamy is a calamity and a disgrace to the commonwealth and to the Nation, but it furnishes no more reason for excluding him from the Senate, if elected, than the allegiance of clerical candidates in France to a hierarchy hostile to the Republic has constituted a reason for excluding them from the French Chambers of Deputies. The fundamental principle in a republic is the equal right of all constituencies to representation in shaping the laws by which all shall be governed, and so long as the representative selected by a State obeys the National law, his right to his seat is not to be questioned. The point toward which a National agitation ought now to be directed is not the exclusion of Apostle Smoot from the Senate, if the Utah Legislature has the temerity to elect him, but the adoption of a Constitutional amendment forever prohibiting polygamy throughout the territory of the United States. This is an amendment which can readily secure the ratification of three-quarters of the State Legislatures, if the present Congress takes the initiative.

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The Report of the Secretary of War: The Philippines

The report of the Secretary of War is a document of unusual interest; it leads us to repeat the suggestion which we have heretofore made, that official documents of this description be sold through the Post-Office authorities at a nominal price. Such a policy would make it easy for those who want them to get them, and would prevent the waste consequent upon a free distribution of them to those who do not want them. The experiment is at least worth a trial. The fact that peace is established in the Philippines upon an apparently firm basis is demonstrated by the two facts that the army in the Philippines is reduced to 13,480 men, and that military government has ceased and the military are subject, as in the United States, to the civil authorities, who may call on the army for the maintenance of law and order. Incidentally the Secretary refers to the charges of inhumanity brought against the army by calling attention to the fact that a searching investigation by a Senate Committee, lasting through five months, brought to light comparatively few cases of such inhumanity, and by the testimony of Judge Taft "that there never was a war conducted, whether against inferior races or not, in which there was more compassion and

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more restraint and generosity, assuming that there was war at all, than there have been in the Philippine Islands." We believe that impartial history, while not palliating such deeds of cruelty as the torture of "Father Augustine," will confirm this general declaration of the President in his Order to the Army under date of July 4, 1902, that, "with surprisingly few individual exceptions, its course has been characterized by humanity and kindness to the prisoner and non-combatant." The Secretary regards the definitions by the Courts, of our relations to the North American Indians, as furnishing a precedent for our government of the wild tribes, such as the Moros, who should be permitted to maintain their tribal organization and government, subject to a wise and firm regulation. Slavery among them cannot be instantly abolished, but can be extinguished by a gradual process. We agree heartily with this conclusion, provided the difficulty of immediate abolition is not made an excuse for the permanent maintenance of slavery. The Secretary anticipates the successful issue of the negotiations now pending between Governor Taft and Monsignor Guidi, the Papal delegate to the Philippines, for the purchase of the friars' lands. If he is right in this anticipation, as we believe he is, we shall have accomplished for the Filipinos what it would have been entirely impossible for them to have accomplished for themselves if we had given them their independence and simply established over them a protectorate. They could not have purchased the friars' lands, because they would have had neither the money nor the credit necessary to make the purchase. Mr. Root urges upon Congress a reduction of all duties levied in the United States on Archipelago products to twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley tariff rates, and the establishment of a gold basis for the currency of the Archipelago. Both movements appear to us of great importance: the first, in order to bind the Filipinos to us more closely by commercial ties and by their consequent prosperity; the second, in order to give to the people that stability of currency which is a first condition of healthful enterprise, and therefore of prosperous and progressive industry.

The Report of the Secretary of War: Army Reorganization

At the last session of Congress the House passed a bill for the reorganization of the army which had previously been considered and recommended by a conference that included the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, the Chairman of the House Committee on Militia, representatives of the National Guard organizations in the several States, and the War Department. The aim of the bill is to bring about a co-relation of the standing army of the United States with the volunteer militia forces of the States, the equipment of the latter with the arms of the former, and the uniting of the two from time to time in encampments and drill. The object is first to make possible the instant increase of the army in case of invasion from the 100,000 which is the maximum strength of the regular army allowed by law, to a maximum of from 250,000 to 300,000; second, to have such enlarged army ready at once for action without having to throw away a useless equipment and wait for a useful one; third, to forestall the jealousy between the regular and the volunteer officers and to habituate the two forces to co-operate together. The methods by which this unification of a possible army for defense can be accomplished without an expansion and possibly perilous increase of the regular army cannot be explained in a paragraph; for this information the interested reader must be referred to the report itself. Quite as important, in our judgment, is the plan for the reorganization of the staff. At present there is nothing worthy to be called an organization: the President is Commander-in-Chief; the Secretary of War is his representative and as such has general direction and control of all expenditures; the Commanding General has no positive authority over the supply departments, which report directly to the Secretary of War; his military authority is ill defined; and he is very likely to act independently of the Secretary of War, if not to be jealous of and hostile to him. Mr. Root proposes to abolish the office of Commanding General; to create an office of Chief of Staff; and to make it the duty of this Chief of Staff "to advise, inform, and assist a superior

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officer who has command [that is, the President, who is by the Constitution Commander-in-Chief], and to represent him, acting in his name and by his authority, in carrying out his policies and securing the execution of his commands." He quotes in support of this plea the counsel and course of General Schofield, who during his seven years of service voluntarily abandoned, as he himself says, all pretense of being the Commanding General, and acted simply as Chief of Staff under the Secretary of War and the President. It is not, perhaps, strange that General Miles should be strenuously opposed to a proposal which would have the effect, nominally if not really, to change his relation to the army and make him subordinate to the Secretary of War, as the Secretary of War is subordinate to the President. The Outlook speaks with some reserve on questions of military organization; but it was made clear to the people of the United States, by the confusion worse confounded which existed during the Spanish-American War, that the present no-organization of the army is thoroughly bad; and it appears to us that Mr. Root's plan for a reorganization has four distinct advantages. (1) It recognizes the constitutional fact that the President is Commander-in-Chief. (2) It recognizes the Secretary of War as the one through whom his direction of the army must be exercised. (3) It makes the so-called Commanding General subordinate to the President's immediate representative, the Secretary of War, as the Secretary is and must be to the President himself. (4) It secures coherence in the army by bringing all its various departments under one head, responsible to one authority, and therefore co-operative to one result. If there is a better system, it should be proposed as a substitute; the present system is indefensible: it is bad in theory and it works badly in practice.

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President Eliot on Labor Unions

Another striking illustration of the unfairness of judging the attitude of any public speaker by a single sentence detached from his remarks is furnished by the full report of President Eliot's views on trades-unions, as given before the Colonial Club of Cambridge week before last. President Eliot, it will be recalled, was denounced by the American Federation of Labor at its New Orleans Convention as a public enemy of organized labor on the ground that, as they said, he had called a strike-breaking "scab" an "American hero." Yet the full text of his remarks before the Cambridge club contains far more that is friendly to unionism than hostile to it. As an educator, he said, he instinctively sympathized with other efforts "to uplift the race," and "among these efforts must be counted the work of the labor unions." In the past they had served the industrial community by reducing what used to be the unreasonable hours of labor, by securing improved sanitary conditions in factories and mines, by emancipating child labor, and by freeing workmen from the grasp of the company stores. "Moreover," he continued, "they hold in check combined capital, and combined capital is from a democratic standpoint a formidable oligarchy, and one which the American community is distinctly afraid of. The labor unions hold that oligarchy in check." Nor does the work of the unions stop with the defense of what has already been gained. The laborers of this country, said President Eliot, have a right to aspire to the conditions of employment now granted to the teaching force of Harvard University—first, a rising wage based on increased experience, attainments, and age; second, steady employment after adequate probation; third, the opportunity for the workingman to establish a permanent home; fourth, conditions which enable him to give his employer generous service and to take pride in it; fifth, the right to a pension on disability. The activities of the union which were against public policy were, in his opinion, the restriction of apprentices, limiting the industrial education of the young, the restriction of output lessening the productiveness and rewards of labor, the uniform wage, throwing out of employment the less efficient workmen during bad times, and the resort to violence in times of strikes to keep other workmen from taking their jobs. Even upon this last point President Eliot stated the philosophical defense sometimes urged for the claim that a man's position is in a sense a property right not to be taken by another,

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but pointed out the difficulty of recognizing a property right in a position which the worker had abandoned. If the trades unions could have "anti-labor" addresses of this character delivered before well-to-do clubs all over the country, the cause of unionism would be much stronger than it is to-day.

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The Coal Inquiry To Go On

When the Coal Strike Commission adjourned week before last for the clearly stated purpose of enabling the coal companies and their employees to reach an agreement outside the Commission upon the main points at issue, it was almost universally expected that such an agreement would speedily be reached. This expectation had a strong basis of fact to support it, for it has since appeared that a tentative agreement had received the approval of Mr. MacVeagh, Mr. Morgan, and the Presidents of the coal roads on the one side, and President Mitchell, his attorney, Mr. Darrow, and Mr. Henry D. Lloyd, on the other. The text of this agreement, which was to serve as the basis for further conference, has not been published, but it is reported to have suggested a ten per cent. increase in wages for employees paid by the amount of work done, and a ten per cent. reduction in time (or nine-hour day) for those employed by the day or week. The opposition to the acceptance of such a settlement came from the independent operators. These operators, as has before been pointed out in these columns, have a much narrower margin of profit than the railroad companies which both mine coal and ship it to market. One of these independent operators has called our attention to a report of the Delaware and Lackawanna road in 1898, showing a small loss in its mining department, but in its transportation department a profit of nearly two hundred per cent. upon the cost of shipping the coal to market—(receipts $10,048,000; operating expenses, $3,703,000). The extraordinary profits in the anthracite coal business are clearly in transporting it to market rather than getting it out of the mines. The independent operators therefore took a strong position when, on Monday of last week, they came to the railroad presidents with the declaration that they must have a reduction in freight rates if they consented to an advance in wages. If the railroads refused this concession, one of their number stated, they would "insist upon the whole matter being thrashed out before the Commission." The railroads apparently did refuse this concession, and after some consultations the railroad Presidents decided not to enter upon the proposed conference with Mr. Mitchell.

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The Public Interests More Secure

The general public feeling regarding this unexpected change of front was undoubtedly one of disappointment, but this feeling is one that should not have extended beyond the miners and the railroad companies whose plans were disarranged. There was danger that, in a settlement between these two parties to the conflict, the interest of the "third party"—the general public—might again be ignored as it was in 1900, when an advance of less than ten cents a ton in wages was made the occasion of an advance of over forty cents in the price of coal. The public has nothing to lose from prolonged sessions on the part of the Commission. The work in the mines is now going forward without interruption—the miners having even decided to work on Thanksgiving Day, and thus make amends for their Mitchell holiday. A delay in reaching the final settlement does not affect either the work done or the wages paid, and if by this delay the settlement reached is final and just, the gain to the public is inestimable. The public has faith in the present Commission, and wishes to know its deliberate conclusions regarding the whole anthracite situation. It wishes to know why there are more mine-workers in the region than can get work more than two days in three. It wishes to know to what extent the members of the miners' union resorted to violence to intimidate non-union workers. It wishes to know to what extent the evils of child labor are present, to what extent work in the mines is dangerous to life and health, and to what extent these evils can be lessened by compulsory education laws to protect children and employers' liability laws to protect the adults. It also, of course, wishes supremely to know the decision of an impartial tribunal regarding hours,

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wages, and agreements between employers and employed, and, if an advance in wages is accorded, the public wishes to know whether another advance in the price of coal should take place, or a reduction in the charge for hauling coal to the markets. The recent Industrial Commission reported that the trend of the testimony before it was to the effect that the charge for carrying anthracite coal is now from two to three times as high as the charge for carrying soft coal. If the present Commission reaches the same conclusion, it will probably sustain the contention of the independent operators that an advance in wages should be accompanied by a reduction in freight rates.

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The Law in the Potter Case

The Outlook in its issue of November 29 gave to its readers the clause of the Criminal Code of New York State prohibiting as a misdemeanor any combination "to prevent another from exercising a lawful trade or calling." The Attorney-General is now said to have decided that the officials of the Painters' Union in Schenectady cannot be prosecuted under this clause for forcing William Potter's employers to discharge him for refusing to leave the National Guard, because they did not in terms demand his discharge. They only notified his employers that he was no longer a member of the Painters' Union. The New York "Times" remarks: "That may be good law, but it is highly questionable good sense." The Outlook ventures to doubt its being good law. The courts have held under this particular clause, what they have repeatedly held as a general principle, that unlawful intent may be inferred from all the circumstances of the case. That an unlawful intent to prevent Mr. Potter from exercising a lawful trade or calling could not be legitimately inferred by a jury from the fact that Messrs. Sheffer and Pratt notified his employers that he had been discharged from the Union, when it was perfectly well understood that this notification would be followed by a refusal of union men to work for Mr. Potter's employers, seems to us neither good law nor good sense. The question may be stated thus: Suppose the District Attorney had indicted Messrs. Sheffer and Pratt. Suppose the Court had left it to the jury to determine whether their intent was lawful or unlawful, and they had found it to be unlawful, and had convicted the accused, would the Court of Appeals have set that verdict aside on the ground that the question of intent was not to be left to the jury, but was to be decided by the Court? Unless we are greatly mistaken, the whole current and force of legal decisions would be in favor of the doctrine that the question of intent under such circumstances was a question of fact for the jury, not of law for the Court. If so, the Attorney-General's decision may be good politics, but it is not good law.

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The Question of Divorce in France

According to the present French law, the only grounds for divorce in France are (1) adultery, which must be established by direct evidence, or (2) conviction by the courts of justice for infamous crimes. This law was put in force in 1876, and is generally known as the Naquet law, from the statesman who had most to do with its framing. As every one knows who reads French literature or attends French theaters, the Naquet law forms one of the principal elements of a dramatist's or a novelist's stock in trade. MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte, the brothers whose collaboration has attracted not only national but international recognition, have in their latest novel, "Les Deux Vies," so powerfully attacked present divorce injustice that their admirers requested them to put the underlying idea of their book in the form of a petition to Parliament. MM. Margueritte consented; and the result is a bill now before both branches of Parliament. It would add to the present law three propositions: (1) either temperamental incompatibility or (2) mutual consent is recognized as sufficient ground for divorce, as is also, under certain circumstances, (3) the repeated demand of one of the parties. The third ground is the one which has excited the most opposition, not only of ultra-conservatives, but also of those moderates who read the "Journal des Débats." This paper invokes the precedent found in the law of 1792, passed by Revolutionists, who declared by it that divorce could be granted on the

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formal and repeated demand of one of the parties. This gave rise to such scandals that a reaction of opinion took place, and when the kings came to their own again, the Clericals had no great difficulty in obtaining from Parliament not only a repeal of the clause in question, but an exclusion of divorce altogether. As showing the other side of the question, however, we call attention to the resolution passed at the International Woman's Congress of 1900 at Paris: "Divorce demanded by one party only to the marriage contract should be authorized when the desire for divorce be formally declared and registered three times at intervals of one year after each demand."

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The Attack on Herr Krupp

No complete or fully intelligible account has reached this country of the attacks upon Herr Krupp which directly or indirectly led to his death. It appears, however, that the assaults made by the radical Socialists through their organ "Vorwärts" were both political and personal. The first cabled statement intimated that Herr Krupp committed suicide as a consequence of his mental disturbance caused by the cruel attack. Later reports, however, assert that his death was not by suicide, but through a stroke of apoplexy induced by mental suffering. The German Emperor, by his presence at the funeral, and by his extremely vigorous and plain-spoken language in addressing the Krupp workingmen, has done all that is possible to defend the memory of a man who, the Emperor said, had fallen a victim of "his own unassailable integrity." The Emperor declared himself a personal friend of Herr Krupp and his wife, and described him as a man "German to the core, who lived always only for others and for the welfare of the Fatherland, and above all for his own workmen." With great feeling the Emperor added: "A deed has been done in German land so base and mean that it made all hearts shudder and must have brought to the cheek of every German patriot a blush of shame at the disgrace cast upon our whole nation." As to the source of the attack, the Emperor affirmed:

> Men who want to be leaders of the German workers have robbed you of your dear master. It lies with you to defend and preserve the honor of your master and shield his memory from defamation. I am confident that you will find the right way to demonstrate clearly and tangibly to the German working world that in the future it will be out of the question for honest, honor-loving German workmen, whose escutcheon has been stained, to hold any community or relationship with the authors of this shameful deed. He who does not cut himself off from these people will morally bring a certain measure of this guilt upon his own head.

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Herr Krupp's Life

The career of Friedrich Alfred Krupp was an extraordinary one even in these days of enormous industrial achievements. His grandfather, ninety years ago, started a little foundry from which he made a bare subsistence; the father of the man who has just died for years endured poverty and at first had only nine men in his employ; but he made such excellent steel and good guns that his ability became recognized, and after the London Exposition of 1851 even the British manufacturers declared him a great steel-maker who had new processes of real value. From this time on the establishment extended rapidly, until now the Krupp guns are owned all over the world in enormous numbers and by all nations except France, to which country the Krupps have steadfastly refused to sell a single gun. In 1878 Russia, for instance, purchased at one time eighteen hundred Krupp cannon, and, in all, Russia has bought over thirty thousand Krupp guns. At present the Krupp works employ about fifty thousand men, and what is really a good-sized town, Essen, was built for them by the chief whom they have now lost. Despite the present attack by the Socialists, the world will believe, until positive proof to the contrary is adduced, that in his care for his workmen, in furnishing to them comfortable and sightly homes, in establishing funds for their old age, and in many other ways, Herr Krupp played the part, not of an industrial tyrant, but of a natural leader and director of labor, whose actions were not merely the result of his own industrial ambition, but also of a heartfelt and earnest desire to improve and educate the army of men he commanded. The assault upon him has so far injured his assailants more than it has him.

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The Havana Strike Another service to Cuba has been done by the patriot leader General Gomez; his influence has had much to do with the cessation of violence and disturbance in Havana. A strike of many combined industries has been gathering force there, and the refusal of the street-car employees to join in the movement led to attacks on the cars, an attempted boycott, and to mobs which did some violence and threatened bloodshed. The whole affair had the appearance of being almost a travesty on similar strike agitations in the United States. Happily, both President Palma and the Havana municipal government showed firmness and intelligence, and an attempt to direct the strike into a political attack on the President and his administration was thwarted by the action of General Gomez. The resignation of Señor Tamayo, Secretary of Government and a prominent leader of the Nationalist party, is one result of the strike agitation.

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The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker The Rev. Joseph Parker, Minister of the City Temple, London, who died in that city on Friday of last week, has long been known, not only in Great Britain but in this country, as one of the foremost English preachers of the day. He was educated in University College, London, and was called to that city in 1869, having already acquired a good reputation as a preacher in the provinces. The City Temple was built not many years after, and from its opening was crowded with great congregations, which included many men of distinction, drawn by Dr. Parker's extraordinary gifts as a pulpit orator. He had command of a very effective oratory. When he and Mr. Beecher spoke together in this city, years ago, at a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance, some one said that Dr. Parker's address had the qualities of a trumpet, while Mr. Beecher's had the qualities of an organ. He was not only a leader among the English Nonconformists by reason of his pulpit ability and the influence of the great congregation of which he was the head, but also because of his prominence and activity in public affairs. He was a pronounced Liberal, an earnest advocate of Christian unity, and was rarely silent in any of the moral or political crises through which England has passed during the last thirty years. He was for a time Chairman of the Lancashire Congregational Union, and later of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. Among the many books which bear his name on the title-page are "Paraclete," "Ecce Deus," "Ad Clerum," "The People's Bible," "Studies in Texts." He had a large acquaintance among Americans, and the University of Chicago conferred upon him the degree of D.D. His jubilee as a preacher was celebrated with unusual expressions of popular admiration four years ago, and his death, although not unexpected, takes from the ranks of the English Nonconformists a man of conspicuous popular influence.

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The Russian Church in New York City On Sunday of last week the new Russian orthodox Church of St. Nicholas in Ninety-seventh Street, New York City, was consecrated by the Rt. Rev. Yishof Tikhon, of North America and the Aleutian Islands. The church building, begun two years ago, has cost $150,000, of which Nicholas II. is said to have contributed one-third. The structure is of stone and brick, and has five domes of the Russian type, surmounted by gilded crosses. All the standing room in the new church was occupied on Sunday—there are usually no seats in any Russian church. The Russian embassy from Washington was present, brilliant in gold lace and jeweled decorations. Equally picturesque was a company of Cossacks in uniform from Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show. The gorgeous robes of the clergy, together with the blue and yellow stained-glass windows, the banners and religious pictures, and the hundreds of lighted candles at the altar and carried by the faithful, formed a color-effect not before witnessed in this country. There was no organ or other instrumental music; the choruses were rendered by a male choir in response to the chanting by the priests. Within the chancel was also Dr. Grafton, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Fond-du-Lac, Wis., whose sharp-pointed miter was in contrast to the rounded golden miter of the Russian Bishop. After the clergy had blessed the water they greeted Bishop Tikhon at the entrance of the church.

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The Bishop prayed before the sanctuary and blessed the people, having in his hand a silver holder with three candles, their lighted ends coming together in one flame to represent the Trinity. All the clergy then put on their white tunics in preparation to dress the altar, and, preceded by the Bishop, entered the sanctuary, during the singing of prayers and psalms. Ringing out above these were the resounding strokes from the hammer fastening the altar table in place. The table was sprinkled with holy water, and its covering fastened, upon which the tabernacle. cross, and Book of the Gospels were laid, The Bishop censed the altar and the four church walls. Returning to the sanctuary, he lit a taper, from which others were lighted. Preceded by the Stars and Stripes and the church standard, Bishop and clergy went into the street, and, returning to the main door, cried from the outside, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates!" etc. After the benediction long life was proclaimed to the Imperial House of Russia, the President of the United States, the Holy Russian Synod, the parishioners and people. The Bishop's address urged loyalty to America and to the Church. This closed the consecration ceremony proper; the regular church services, namely, the liturgy of St. Chrysostom, followed in the usual order. The new church emphasises the growth of the Russian Church in eastern America; its strength hitherto has been in Alaska and along the Pacific coast.

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A Strike in a South Sea Island

In this age of strikes one should be prepared to find them coming to the surface anywhere, and yet it comes as a surprise to find that the strike fever has reached even unto the coral islands in the South Pacific Ocean. Yet it is even so. A missionary of the American Board found a strike in full operation on the little island of Namerick in the Marshall group. There is a German trading company in the islands, commonly known as the "long-handled firm," which deals in copra—the dried meat of the cocoanut. For some reason it reduced the price of a day's labor, two marks being the standard of wages throughout this section of the island world. The natives promptly refused to work unless the former schedule was restored, whereupon the traders yielded, but reduced the price of the copra at the same time. The "point" was obvious enough even to the limited comprehension of the South Sea islanders, and they refused to cut their cocoanuts into copra. There are no labor unions in the islands to come to the assistance of the strikers, and so most of the men of Namerick got into their canoes and paddled away to other islands to work, for if there were none to help neither were there men to prevent their working. At the time of writing the "strike" was still on, but as Namerick is one of the most productive islands in the group, and as a native does not sorrow above measure when he is without employment, provided he can obtain breadfruit and fish in abundance, as in this case, it is easy to predict that in the end the operators will yield unconditionally and without arbitration.

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The President's Message

Public criticism has had, with one possible exception, no effect on the President's political convictions; in his Message he advocates before Congress the same policies which on the platform he has advocated before the people, and with the same serenity of temper. Opposition has neither weakened his resolution nor made it more combative. The subjects of chief interest of which he treats are Industrial Organization both of capital and labor, Tariff Revision and Reciprocity, our Relations with Cuba, the Panama Canal, the Philippine Conditions, the Army and Navy, and Homestead and Irrigation in the West. We here endeavor to state, partly in our words, partly in his, the positions taken in the Message on these questions.

The condition of our continent and the character of our people have caused us to play a large part in the world. It will be still larger in the future. "If we would, we cannot play a small part. If we should try, all that would follow would be that we should play a large part ignobly and shamefully." Our industrial evils are incidental—"the outgrowth, not of misery or decadence, but of prosperity," and while great fortunes have been won, not by the many but by the few, prosperity

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has been shared by all. "There are more deposits in the savings banks, more owners of farms, more well-paid wage-workers, in this country now than ever before in our history."

Great combinations of capital are necessarily incidental to our condition. Individual energy is not inconsistent with power to act in combination; inviolability of property is not inconsistent with the right of society to prevent the misuse of exceptional powers conferred by Government upon corporations. They "should be managed under public regulation," which can be secured only by National action, the object of which should be only to prevent evil doing. In regulating them we must be careful not to paralyze the industry which they promote and carry on. "Insistence upon the impossible means delay in achieving the possible, exactly as, on the other hand, the stubborn defense alike of what is good and what is bad in the existing system . . . betrays blindness to the historic truth that wise evolution is the sure safeguard against revolution." Congress has not yet exhausted the power which it possesses under the Constitution to regulate inter-State business. This Congress should do, "through regulations and requirements operating directly upon such commerce, the instrumentalities thereof, and those engaged therein." If it should prove impossible for Congress to do under the Constitution what needs to be done, then "we should not shrink from amending the Constitution so as to secure beyond peradventure the power sought." As an immediate measure the President asks for a special appropriation to strengthen the Department of Justice in the enforcement of the present Anti-Trust Law.

The President does not believe that the reduction of the tariff would have any considerable effect in preventing or abating the evils of the trusts. "The only relation of the tariff to big corporations as a whole is that the tariff makes manufactures profitable; and the tariff remedy proposed would be in effect simply to make manufactures unprofitable." The President favors the revision of the tariff, but "the question of the regulation of the trusts stands apart from the question of tariff revision;" though he reaffirms the principle enunciated in his Cincinnati speech, that "if in any case it be found that a given rate of duty does promote a monopoly which works ill, no protectionist would object to such reduction of duty as would equalize competition." Apparently he regards the duty on coal as coming within this definition, for he advocates putting anthracite coal actually, where it now is nominally, on the free list. The tariff revision which he favors would be based on the protective system, which he thus defines: "The principle of putting American business interests at least on a full equality with interests abroad, and of always allowing a sufficient rate of duty to more than cover the difference between the labor cost here and abroad." One method of tariff revision is by reciprocity treaties, and "it is greatly to be desired that such treaties may be adopted;" the other is by direct legislation. In only one respect does the President appear to have modified his previously expressed convictions. He does not recommend, he only suggests, a Tariff Commission. "The executive department has already at its disposal methods of collecting facts and figures; and if the Congress desires additional consideration to that which will be given the subject by its own committees, then a commission of business experts can be appointed whose duty it should be to advise action by Congress after a deliberate and scientific examination of the various schedules as they are affected by the changed and changing conditions." In the case of Cuba he would not wait for further investigation. In a few vigorous words he urges reciprocity with Cuba, alike from the standpoint of our own commercial interest and that of generous dealing with another and weaker neighbor.

The organization of labor is as legitimate as the organization of capital. Both can do much good, and, as a necessary corollary, they can both do evil. "Opposition to each kind of organization should take the form of opposition to whatever is bad in the conduct of any given corporation or union, not of attacks upon corporations as such, nor upon unions as such, for some of the most far-reaching beneficent work for our people has been accomplished through both corporations and unions." Both must conform to the law, both should strive after the realization

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of lofty ideals, and both should recognize the principle that "every employer and every wage-worker must be guaranteed his liberty and the right to do as he likes with his property or his labor, so long as he does not infringe upon the rights of others." The President speaks a few words of warm appreciation of "those representatives both of capital and labor—and there are many such—who work continually to bring about a good understanding . . . between employers and employed," and of vigorous condemnation of those who excite class animosity, which he characterizes as "if possible even more wicked, even more destructive to national welfare, than sectional, race, or religious animosity."

He gives the country no new information respecting the negotiations now pending with Colombia to secure her assent to our building the Panama Canal; but his paragraph on this subject contains at once an implicit affirmation of the Monroe Doctrine and a hint which Colombia may do well to heed. "No independent nation in America need have the slightest fear of aggression from the United States. It behooves each one to maintain order within its own borders, and to discharge its just obligations to foreigners. When this is done, they may rest assured that, be they strong or weak, they have nothing to dread from outside interference." But "more and more the increasing interdependence and complexity of international political and economic relations render it incumbent upon all civilized and orderly powers to insist on the proper policing of the world."

In the Philippines, save for some trouble with the Mohammedan Moros, "the war has entirely ceased." Civil government has been introduced; a larger share of self-government has been secured to the Filipinos than is enjoyed by any other Orientals, whether under their own or a foreign government, save by the Japanese alone. The triumph, not only of our arms, but of our laws and principles, has come sooner than we had any right to expect. The army deserves high praise for its courage in warfare, for its work in preparing the way for civil government, and for the general kind-heartedness and humanity of the troops. Some cruelties have been perpetrated, but every effort has been made to prevent them and to detect and punish the wrong-doers when they have occurred. The wrong-doing has been relatively slight. "The amount of difficult, important, and beneficent work which has been done is well-nigh incalculable."

The measures for the reorganization of the army, urged by the Secretary of War, as reported by us in another column, are also urged upon Congress by the President. No less does he urge the constant improvement of the navy. He indorses the request of the Secretary of the Navy for an increase in appropriations in order to improve the marksmanship. The work of building up the navy ought not to halt. Every year ought to see some addition to our fighting craft. The development of our foreign policy and the building of the Isthmian Canal render this indispensable as a peace measure; for "a good navy is not a provocation of war. It is the surest guarantee of peace." But it is not ships only th are needed, but also crews. "It is no more possible to improvise a crew than it is possible to improvise a war-ship." An increase in the number of naval officers and greater efficiency in securing the highest type of sailormen and sea mechanics is demanded by present conditions.

The other important recommendations of the Message may be here embodied in a single paragraph: The creation of a Secretary of Commerce with a seat in the Cabinet; reciprocal trade arrangements between the United States and Newfoundland; Congressional action to confirm the act of the President in allowing the Commercial Pacific Cable Company to land and lay a Pacific cable, providing an all-American line between our Pacific coast and the Chinese Empire by way of Honolulu and the Philippine Islands; further provision for rural free delivery routes, which already cover one-third of the territory of the United States available for such service; better protection of the game and wild creatures on the forest reserves; more effective reservation of the remaining public lands for the home-builder and actual settler; wise legislation for Alaska, which should have a Delegate in Congress; industrial development of the Indians, and especially encouragement of the existing native industries;

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improvement of the Safety Appliance Law for the better protection of the lives and limbs of employees, which has already passed the Senate; and material reduction of the work done by the Government printing-presses, for much of which there is no adequate justification.

On nearly all the subjects referred to by the President in his message The Outlook has heretofore declared its opinions, and therefore only the briefest restatement of these is called for here. We heartily agree that the powers of Congress in dealing with inter-State commerce should be exhausted, or at least their exercise should be attempted, before the people should be asked, by a change of the Constitution, to confer upon Congress greater powers. The object of such legislation should not be to destroy organizations either of capital or of labor, but to bring them under governmental control. The question whether a protective system, as defined by the President, is beneficial or not, is, in the present condition of the country, a purely academic question. We think it is not beneficial; but we are certain that a sudden abolition of that system would work immeasurably more injury than good, and that the movement towards a freer trade, to be healthful, must be along the lines of tariff revision and reciprocity. Respecting industrial organizations, we repeat with emphasis both the declarations of the President: on the one hand, that "it is often necessary for laboring men to work in federations," and, on the other, that "every employer and every wage-worker must be guaranteed his liberty and his right to do as he likes with his property or his labor so long as he does not infringe upon the rights of others." We join with the President in condemning, as alike ungenerous towards our weaker neighbor and "from our own standpoint a short-sighted and mischievous policy," the failure to recognize the need of Cuba and our commercial duty towards her. We join with the President in his hope for the early completing of the Panama Canal; and in all that he says in praise of our army and our civil administration in the Philippines. There is, in our judgment, nothing extravagant in the statement that "taking the work of the army and the civil authorities together, it may be questioned whether anywhere else in modern times the world has seen a better example of real constructive statesmanship than our people have given in the Philippine Islands."

This Message illustrates in a striking degree those qualities in the President which have secured for him the confidence of the American people as a man, not only of rectitude and courage, but of remarkable intellectual abilities. He has a clear perception of moral distinctions and practical faith in the potency of moral forces; if moral distinctions and moral forces are real, not imaginary, then to perceive the one clearly and put one's self effectively in line with the other is characteristic of a high order of talent, if not of genius. He not only perceives what he calls "healthy, lofty, and generous ideals," but in his political action he endeavors to realize them. Yet he is not a doctrinaire. "By their fruits ye shall know them" is certainly as applicable in the realm of politics as in that of religious teaching, and by their fruits the President measures all public policies. This combination of the practical and the ideal is strikingly illustrated in his treatment of the Philippine war, in which he puts the triumph of our laws and principles above the triumph of our arms, and finds the justice of our course confirmed by the beneficent results which the Filipinos themselves are enjoying as a consequence. Finally, partly because of his literary skill, but still more because of his electrical intensity of conviction, his Message has an epigrammatic quality, illustrated in such sentences as:

"We draw the line against misconduct, not against wealth."

"Wise evolution is the sure safeguard against revolution."

"We should fearlessly insist upon our rights in the face of the strong, and we should with ungrudging hand do our generous duty by the weak."

"In battle the only shots that count are the shots that hit."

In its literary form, its clearness of statement, its comprehension of public issues, its just estimate of their relative importance, its high ethical ideals, its practical good sense, its American yet catholic spirit, and its quiet and unostentatious courage, this Message will confirm the judgment of Europe and America in

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awarding to its author a high rank among the world's statesmen.

❀

Americanism in Literature

The question which the editors of The Outlook submitted to a group of writers and literary students of distinction, whose answers are published under the title "The Most American Books," was not prompted by curiosity. Every reader of these comments will find that they throw light on the essential quality of American writing, and afford a basis for judgment of literary achievement in the New World. There are other elements to be taken into consideration in estimating the value and significance of American literature; but the question, Which are "the ten books, or parts of books, in prose or verse, most characteristic of American genius and life, which could not have been written on any but American soil?" brings out at least two determining elements which must be taken into account in any attempt to sum up American literary activity, subjects, and manner of treatment.

It is probable that the great majority of students of American literature will agree that its three foremost writers are Emerson, Hawthorne, and Poe. Of these, Emerson and Hawthorne are distinctively American—one in his attitude towards his themes, and the other in the subjects with which he deals; while Poe shows almost no sign of his nationality. That is to be found, if anywhere, in the quality of his mind—its alertness, its unusual combination of a kind of practical sagacity in dealing with recondite and complex themes, with a touch of pure idealism. Poe is not a representative writer in the sense that he stands for things distinctively American, expresses American ideas, or interprets American life. He is, however, a writer of undoubted genius who holds a first place in our literature, and a place of great prominence in modern literature, because of the individual quality of his genius and his command of the artistic resources of his craft. It is clear, therefore, that there are other elements to be considered in taking final account of our literature than those which can be characterized as distinctively American—American, that is, in an exclusive sense.

It must also be borne in mind that American literature in its highest flights need not present any unforeseen elements of power or beauty, any quality which was not predicted in the earlier literature of which it is a continuation, and from the spirit of which it has rarely made any signal departures. To be intensely American is not necessarily to write in the dialect of New England, of Virginia, of Mississippi, of Missouri, or of California. American literature has grown by evolution out of English literature, of which it is a part, precisely as the literature of to-day in Great Britain has grown out of the literature of the earlier centuries.

Bearing these important facts in mind, the answers to the question, "What are the most American books?" are not only of great interest as revealing the ideals and tastes of a group of distinguished writers, but as throwing light upon what is new, fresh, and distinctive in books which have come from American hands. These characteristic books, in the judgment of the writers of these opinions, divide themselves into two chief classes: books which express the American spirit, and books which deal distinctively with American themes. In the first class, this jury of students of our literature place, by a heavy majority, Emerson; and Professor Münsterberg puts in a phrase the service which Emerson has rendered to American literature, and suggests the place he will hold, when he says of the American spirit: "I take Emerson's Essays as its noblest literary document." To these may be added, as Professor Dowden suggests, the best of Lincoln's speeches, which are full of the American spirit, but which in style might have been written by a lineal descendant of John Bunyan. In the same class may be included Lowell's "Commemoration Ode"—one of the nearest approaches to great poetry which has yet been made on this continent, one which, although it deals with an American subject, has the note of universality, and belongs to us rather by reason of its spirit than by reason of its form and style.

There is also a general agreement with regard to a considerable number of books which are distinctively American by reason of the subjects with which they deal. In this group a first place must be given to Lowell's "Biglow Papers," which is distinctively American from every point

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of view—spirit, subject, dialect, humor. These papers were evoked by a great controversy, but are so pervaded by humor that they have survived the heat and passion of the hour which produced them. In this class belong also, by reason of their quality, Hawthorne's New England romances—among the very few contributions to the literature of the world which Americans have made; and which, by reason both of their spirit and subject matter, could not have been written anywhere but in New England. In this class also belongs Whittier's "Snowbound," a tender and beautiful idyl of the old New England life, which, by reason of the simplicity, sincerity, and feeling with which it preserves the type and fashion of an olden time, will be cherished among the invaluable things which American poets have created. In the same group belong Longfellow's "Hiawatha," Cooper's Leatherstocking Stories and "The Spy," Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York," "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and "Rip Van Winkle," Franklin's "Autobiography," Bret Harte's "The Luck of Roaring Camp," Mr. Howells's "The Rise of Silas Lapham," Mark Twain's "Life on the Mississippi," "Roughing It," and "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," Edward Eggleston's "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," Mr. Harris's "Uncle Remus" Stories, Walt Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Dr. Holmes's "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," Thoreau's "Walden." To these should also be added Timrod's "Cotton-Boll," Lanier's "Marshes of Glynn," Mrs. Jackson's "Ramona," Mr. Page's "Marse Chan," the short stories of Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett, Mr. Allen's "A Kentucky Cardinal" and "Aftermath," Mrs. Stuart's short stories, and many other pieces of contemporary fiction.

Professor Münsterberg notes the fact that American subjects have sometimes been treated in a very un-American spirit, and excludes for this reason all the romantic novels of the day dealing with colonial times and the later periods of American history. While this criticism is in the main just, some exceptions, notably Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne," will occur to many readers. In the judgment of the same thoughtful critic, books of prairie life seem to be without American temper; and the New West has not yet found a final description. It is undoubtedly true that the West is waiting for its final interpretation at the hands of some great novelist; but Mr. Garland's "Main Traveled Roads" goes a long way towards giving the atmosphere, the spirit, the loneliness, the toil, the great horizons and the high lights of the Far West; and Mr. Norris, whose death has cut short a very promising career, showed a grasp and power of imagination which, with the ripening of time and the clarification of artistic ideals, promised to make him a reporter of life in the Far West of great significance and force. Mr. Wister's "Virginian" is likely to be accepted as a real record of a typical kind of life on the Plains.

The great defect of most European criticism of America has been due to fundamental ignorance of the American spirit and of the organization of American society; and some cultivated Americans have labored under the same disqualification. They have been blind leaders of the blind. These are the critics and judges who have agreed that, while Americans have great practical ability, they are entirely lacking in idealism. There never was, probably, in the history of international judgment, a more absurd and unfounded opinion than this; and Professor Dowden, in many respects the foremost English critic of the day, has been quick to notice one quality of American literature which is characteristic of the American spirit and the American mind: the fusion of a keen perception of fact and a lofty and even rarefied kind of idealism. Shrewdness and ideality have been combined in American writing from the very beginning, as they have been combined in American life. Another foreign critic who has had rare opportunities of studying American life says: "No element of the American spirit is more essential than the often veiled idealism." This idealism is to be found not only in Emerson, who has been called the Yankee Plato, but in every American poet from Bryant to Mr. Moody, and in nearly every American prose writer. Professor Dowden finds it in Franklin, the most eminent American coiner of prudential maxims and the foremost American

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in the practical application of ideas to life. The sense of reality which was characteristic of Franklin was not absent even from Emerson; who, drawing to him by certain qualities of his mind a host of unbalanced persons, walked through life sure-footed and open-eyed.

The contributors to this deeply interesting discussion represent all sections and shades of opinion, and their substantial agreement upon certain writers as pre-eminently representative of the American spirit seems to indicate that there are still principles of literary judgment.

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To Sunday-School Workers

The Sunday-schools are beginning their fall campaign. It is a good time for pastors and superintendents to ask themselves the question, What is the Sunday-school for?

It may be either a theological seminary, a children's church, or a Bible school. If it is a theological seminary, its object will be primarily to give the children dogmatic instruction in the elements of a systematic theology; to teach them the correct answers to such questions as, Who made you? What is the chief end of man? What is sin? For this purpose a catechism is probably the best instrument. The school which has this for its object will have the catechism for its curriculum.

If it is a children's church, it will have a service of some length, with singing and responsive readings, and a sermon or sermons. Ordinarily all the school will unite in the service and then break up into little congregations of ten or a dozen each, with a layman or laywoman for a preacher, and ten or a dozen selected verses for a text. These are called lessons, but they are not really lessons; they are very seldom studied at home; the object is not so much instruction as impulse to better living—the same object as that of the professional preacher in his sermon to the congregation of adults. Piety and sympathy with children are the qualifications looked for in the lay preacher rather than Biblical scholarship. These lay preachers are urged to work for the conversion of the children, as is the professional preacher, and "decision day" is called for—a day when special urgency can be used to induce the children to accept Christ as their Saviour. The International Course of Lessons and the "Helps" which accompany these lessons are, on the whole, well adapted to this conception of the Sunday-school.

If the Sunday-school is a true Bible school, the object is to give the children familiarity with the Bible as a book of law, history, poetry, biography, ethics, and spiritual life. Incidentally they will get from it some philosophy of religion, that is, some theology. Incidentally they will get from it inspiration to a higher and better life and guidance in such a life. But the Bible school endeavors primarily to make the pupils familiar with the Bible, and leaves the Bible to produce its own effect on their lives and characters. The Bible is declared by Paul to be "profitable for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." The Bible school assumes that if the Bible is thoroughly, intelligently, impartially studied, it will itself do the work of reproving or convincing of sin, correcting or converting to Christ, and instructing in righteousness or teaching what is Christian living. For such a Sunday-school the Bible Study Union Lessons are better than the International Series of Lessons, because they are planned to give a more connected and harmonious study of the Bible.

To some extent these three objects may be pursued in the same school; that is, it may be catechetical, evangelistic, and educational; but one or the other must be primary and the other two must take a secondary place, and that school will do the best work in which the pastor and superintendent have a clearly defined idea which of these three conceptions he wishes to be predominant.

In our judgment, whenever teachers can be secured who will themselves study the Bible and inspire their pupils to study the Bible, the educational method is more effective than the catechetical or the evangelistic method. We believe that it will give a better because a more vitalized theology than the catechetical method; and a more healthful because a more normal and natural piety than the evangelistic method. For a long time to come

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the catechetical and the evangelistic methods will be pursued, partly by reason of a momentum derived from the past, partly by reason of the serious difficulty in securing teachers who will systematically study the Bible, and the comparative ease of securing teachers who will satisfy their consciences by cramming up in their Helps on Saturday night or Sunday morning for the Sunday service. But we are glad to believe that the educational method is making progress and promises to be the method of the future, at least in all schools of the higher grade.

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The Heart of Sorrow

There are as many kinds of experiences as there are persons, and each man meets his experiences in his own way; and to learn not only to respect the individuality of each man but to be patient and even sympathetic with his way of taking what we call life, bearing its burdens and enduring its sorrows, is a lesson which few people willingly learn. We are often unjust to ourselves and to others because we accept some one way of carrying sorrow, for instance, as the right way, and are prone to regard all other ways as showing lack of faith or of spirituality; not discerning that differences of temperament, of physical constitution, of mental habit, inevitably and normally involve diverse states of mind and a great range of methods of growth.

When death comes close to men and women of a certain kind of mind, it brings with it an excitement or exaltation of spirit which seems almost to submerge the sense of loss in the realization of escape and victory for one who has gone on; and men and women to whom such losses come with almost crushing power often hold themselves responsible for what seems to them a feebler faith. As a matter of fact, these differences of attitude are oftener differences of temperament than of spiritual attainment, and those upon whom deep shadows rest for a long time are often further advanced on the road of spiritual development than those who easily face the storms and bear the blows.

The capacity for suffering varies greatly, and those who have this capacity in unusual measure are not, therefore, weak in faith or unresponsive to the great consolations. They must meet life in the way in which it comes to them, and life comes, not in a series of outward happenings, but colored and shaped by our personalities. To each is appointed, not only his burden, but his way of carrying it; to each sorrow arrives by a different path and is seen through a different atmosphere. We achieve, not by doing our work as some one else has done his work, but by doing it thoroughly in our own way; we pass through anguish and lay hold on the truth and growth which it reveals, not by following some one of lighter and quicker step, but by making our own way according to our own strength. Clarity and power of faith are not evidenced by ease in bearing pain, and the final richness of spirit which comes from great tribulation patiently borne is oftener appointed to those who feel the deepest throbs than to those who pass more easily and swiftly through the shadow to the light.

The heart must bear the full shock of its loss if it is to make the spiritual gain which comes only out of deep experiences. If Dante had been capable of easy exaltation, he would never have pierced to the heart of life and plucked its deepest meaning; to those who see deeply and know profoundly are appointed the lonely paths and the terrible floods. It is in the pain of separation that the deepest joy of reunion is born; it is in the anguish of loss that the bliss of final recovery is prepared. Christ's sufferings were not light and illusory; they tore the heart and tortured the body. The bloody sweat, the anguish of loneliness in the garden, the bitter agony on the cross—in these awful experiences Christ drank the cup of agony to the bottom as men must drink it. The deeper the suffering, if it be nobly borne, the purer and truer the faith which issues from it. Those to whom it is appointed to feel deeply the sorrows of life, and to see the brightness as one sees the shining of a bit of sky at sunset through the rain, may bear their heavy burden without the added weight of doubting their faith; for the degree in which one goes to the very heart of a great anguish registers the completeness with which one takes from it the truth and power which are hidden in that heart.

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The MOST AMERICAN BOOKS[1]

T. W. HIGGINSON
BRANDER MATTHEWS
OWEN WISTER
HUGO MÜNSTERBERG
GEORGE E. WOODBERRY
EDWARD EVERETT HALE
EDWARD DOWDEN
CHARLES W. KENT
HAMLIN GARLAND
GRACE KING

American Genius and Life

By Thomas Wentworth Higginson

I AM asked, with others, to aid in telling the readers of The Outlook which are the ten books, or parts of books, prose or verse, that are most characteristic of American genius and life—literature which could not have been written on any but American soil. We must all recognize, in doing so, the fact, long since established, that fame offers a game of guessing; we must remember that Margaret Fuller Ossoli, the best American critic of her time, classed "Festus" with "Faust;" and that Mrs. Grant tells us that Sir Walter Scott was not very highly esteemed as a writer in Edinburgh, where he lived. With this limitation recognized, let us enter on the game.

1. Cooper's "Pioneers." Halleck wrote of this author:

Cooper, whose name is with his country's woven,
First in her ranks, her "Pioneer" of mind.

Let us begin, therefore, with this title. Cooper not only created American fiction, but established three several types of it—the novel of the Revolution, the sea novel, and the novel of the American Indian. Each of these is still read and translated—one needs but to examine the book lists of German booksellers to establish this fact; he has created men who are full of life and vigor, and can do everything but talk simply. Yet the books live and will live, and Balzac said of him that if he had painted character as he painted outward nature he would have said the last word of art.

2. Lowell's "Biglow Papers." This takes the lead of unequivocally American books—speaking, that is, of the America of his day. Its power comes from this, and so do its limitations. Its dialect was exaggerated even for its time and place; and it now seems yet more so, because the dialect itself is softened. The book was also a controversial pamphlet, although of the highest tone, and saying little which time has not confirmed; but it was the fruit of our most brilliant wit, and was something absolutely unproduceable elsewhere.

3. Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter." This book, whatever it was in other respects, was an essentially American

[1] In our editorial pages will be found The Outlook's own comment on this discussion.—THE EDITORS.

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product, and earned well on this ground that "knot in his forehead" which, as Mrs. Hawthorne told me, her husband carried during the whole winter while engaged in it. He could have produced the book nowhere but at home; and he also was the "Pioneer of Mind" in painting the early Puritan life. All the volumes of all the historical societies cannot bring that remote atmosphere before us as he does.

4. Emerson's "Essays." These go upon our list as a matter of course. No American man has so fulfilled the French Joubert's ideal of a writer "to put a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and half a life into a sentence." And this power is made manifest, best and most clearly, in the two volumes of Essays.

5. Thoreau's "Walden." This book, little read in its day, and certainly pushed by no arts of conciliation, presents the only picture of an absolutely free life which our literature has to show—a life equally untouched by flattery and by reproof. Neither its materials nor its aims could have been combined elsewhere; and the National life sings through it, precisely as the drum of the village youth, as described elsewhere by Thoreau, goes echoing through the darkness on the night before the village muster. "Fear not! thou shadowy drummer of the night, we also will be there!" And the prophecy was fulfilled.

6. Whittier's "Snowbound." In Whittier's "Snowbound" we have the absolute portrayal, person by person, of New England types, before an old New England fireside; each figure is real, attractive, simple, unflattered. There is not in all literature, probably, a family group so graphically and indeed immortally portrayed; we have to look outside of literature to Dutch and Flemish paintings to find a parallel. It is greatly to be regretted that there exists in books, as yet, no corresponding picture of an early Southern family, such as that of which we see a mere glimpse in the letters of William Byrd. We should then have some key to the history of the several elements in the Nation.

7. Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." They tell you at the British Museum, the final judgment-seat of English-writing authors, that there are not half a dozen books in existence which have gone into so many foreign tongues as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This is not the only test of fame, but it is one test; and it is only applicable, with such a result, to some book which represents with especial power some great and momentous situation. That situation is, in this case, the enslavement of one race of beings by another; and the book not only records one great aspect of history, but it helped to make history.

8. Longfellow's "Hiawatha." As Mrs. Stowe identified her name forever with the slavery and emancipation of the negro, so did Longfellow in his "Hiawatha" with the story of the American Indian. The temporary criticisms called out in its disfavor by the novel theme and the unwonted measure have long passed by, and it stands as the epic of a departing race whose traditions and picturesqueness he was, of all men, best fitted to appreciate; and the translations it underwent into ten European languages showed that he had secured for the Indian a world-wide audience at last.

9. Whitman's "Leaves of Grass." Whitman's "barbaric yawp," however high or low we may class it, is absolutely cis-Atlantic. He is as essentially steeped in his National life as Poe is detached from it. There seems no reason why Poe's prose and poetry, however rare their quality may be, might not have been presented under alien skies; and for this, and this alone, it must be omitted from this list.

10. Helen Keller's "The Story of My Life." All the authors whom I have thus far mentioned have now passed away from earth; let me close with one who, while dwelling on earth, has lived in an intellectual world beyond the ordinary methods and resources of this one. What heroine of romance has constructed for herself, aided only by one faithful companion, a career like that which she has described as her own? Where else could or would that career have been so thoroughly worked out? It was Mark Twain, I think, who said that the only absolutely interesting human beings produced during the last century were Napoleon and Helen Keller.

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From a German Standpoint

By Hugo Münsterberg

THE question what books are especially characteristic of America is probably to no one more natural than to the foreigner. He is almost accustomed to look on American literature from that point of view, and even his appreciation is often influenced by the subconscious tendency to overestimate that which is different from European writings in its content or its method. And yet the foreigner is clearly under a disadvantage. He has not grown up in continuous contact with American authors, and when he begins in later life to take interest in them he cannot make up the years of leisurely youthful reading wherein one does not hesitate to waste one's time with insignificant writers and finds one's own favorites among unknown books. The foreigner has no time for such explorations in unfamiliar regions; he is obliged to walk the trodden paths, and thus to confine his judgment to that literature which common opinion has examined and approved.

I turn to my answer with the strongest feeling of this limitation, and, moreover, with the fear that, especially in poetry, my judgment is impaired by the fact that there remains a thin veil over every foreign language. Of course I could easily say what I admire most, but my liking might be for authors whom I do not think characteristic at all—authors like Poe, Henry James, and others whose books appear to me, at least to-day, unexplainable from the conditions of the soil in which they have grown. But if I abstract from my personal preferences and look out for characteristic features only, I feel doubtful whether I ought to emphasize the content or the spirit. Characteristic American subjects which no European author would choose may be treated in a very un-American spirit, and I should rather think that even this strictly American content ought to be brought into the list only when the spirit of treatment shows American character. I must exclude, therefore, all the romantic novels of the day dealing with the Colonial times and later periods of American history; I have not happened to find one which strikes me as different, for instance, from a hundred German romances dealing with the European past. But I should include Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter"—wherein New England life, a world of characteristic content, is treated with the characteristic New England temper. The same unity of content and treatment I find in Cooper's "Last of the Mohicans," and in Bret Harte's "The Luck of Roaring Camp." While here the Puritans, the Californians, and the Indians are classically depicted, I cannot find pictures of other typical parts of America with equally characteristic style; the books of Kentucky life or prairie life seem to me all without American temper, and even the new West has not found a final description, in spite of strong writers like Fuller and Norris. Still more do I miss the negro.

But the expression of American genius does not depend upon the content; it is more important to seek it in the style and temper. It was always my opinion that no element of the American spirit is more essential than the often veiled idealism; I take Emerson's "Essays" as its noblest literary document. Next in importance stands the democratic temper of American society; it seems to me that, after all, Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" tells the whole story. Then the Puritanic conscientiousness, perhaps nowhere characterized with finer artistic quality than in Howells's "Rise of Silas Lapham." Let us add America's deep sense of nature, which shows through the whole of American literature and finds its most unique expression in Thoreau's "Walden." And, finally, American humor, in its grotesque aspect of hearty laughter and in its smiling sentimental one. I put Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad," certainly not his best book, on the list for the first type, and Holmes's "Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table" for the second. I cannot close my list without seeking at least one representative of the scholarly literature which has in its best examples a decidedly characteristic new note, a certain freshness and personal vividness which neither English, French, nor German authors

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would apply to scientific subjects; I may select as model William James's "Principles of Psychology."

My list has included merely such books as represent the noble traits of America. To be sure, there are defects which belong to her virtues, and books which embody those defects might also be called characteristic of American life. And yet the situation seems to me here somewhat different; in every country every possible weakness finds literary expression, and the important thing is not the fact that a bad book is written, but that it finds success. A book, let me say, like Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health" might be written anywhere; but that it should be bought by the hundred thousand is possible only through the mental disposition of Americans. Some of the fiction successes belong in this category; not the book, but the welcome, is characteristic. Characteristic books must be good books, and the list must be a list of honor.

What is Intrinsically American?

By Owen Wister

WHAT with our living and our dead, the American shelf in the world's library of prose and verse seems rich in specimens that are unmistakably indigenous to our native spirit. Historians we have, with poets, essayists, novelists, and, last (but perhaps greatest), certain utterances by men of action, in which, deliberately or unconsciously, as the case may be, our ideals and our whole meaning as a nation are set forth in words of noble simplicity.

Some of our best-known writings must be counted out, because they are not unmistakably indigenous. Let Franklin's autobiography be instanced. Though its events are of our soil, its author seems so detached, by reason of his particular philosophy, that he might be of other races, and almost of any era. In this he bears a certain resemblance to the poet Horace. To take other instances, much of Washington Irving could be English; and so could "Evangeline." The scenery and theme of this poem could have been, with study, similarly treated by an Englishman; while, on the other hand, Emerson's "Concord Hymn" has a perfume as plainly native as the arbutus. You will perceive that this perfume is absent from "Thanatopsis" and "The Raven;" and many more instances could be named of American prose and verse where the nationality is equally little inherent. Brief thinking makes it clear that scenery and subject do not determine the intrinsic nationality of a piece of literature.

In what, then, lies the indigenous?

Let us for a moment leave books and consider horses. The modern horse came here, did not grow here; but we have in generations developed the American trotter. He is our own. You cannot mistake him for the hunter or the Percheron. He can be recognized anywhere. And now consider the English sparrow. He is a later importation, and you could not tell a sparrow born in Wall Street from one born in Westminster Abbey. Our nervous climate, our democratic ideals, these have failed to modify this detestable little bird.

So, like the sparrow, for a while did we and our authors remain of the parent soil. Then we began to become American. Some of us started earlier than others. Some underwent but partial change, and some still now and then throw back. But for a century and over our soil has produced complete Americans, and a growing native literature to which our men of action have contributed importantly.

But what, finally, do I understand by *American?* Longfellow? sometimes. Cooper? often. John Fiske? always. Prescott? never. Sidney Lanier? very much. Artemus Ward? to the marrow. Here, then, is a contradictious mixture! And more names would make it more so, because the American spirit is no simple thing. First, it has Youth. We are a *young nation*, and possess the young virtues and the young faults; the hope, the daring, the generosity, the extravagance, the impatience, the irreverence of youth. But, next, we are an *old people*—Puritans, Huguenots; and this means fatalism,

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subtlety, a strange sadness, a pondering the problem of evil, a power of asceticism, and of exaltation. The figure of Uncle Sam, that lank, humorous figure, kindly but incredulous, symbolizes much, though not all, of our spirit, just as stout John Bull stands for sagacious Britain. Here, then, are the chief features of our native spirit, as I understand it; and it is they that govern the following list, which would be easier to make were it twice as long. The difficulty has been exclusion of fit alternatives:

Farewell Address, Washington; Gettysburg Address, Lincoln; Phi Beta Kappa Address, Emerson; "The Scarlet Letter," Hawthorne; "When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," Whitman; "Huckleberry Finn," Mark Twain; "Biglow Papers," Lowell; "Tennessee's Partner," Bret Harte; Autobiography, Grant; and for the tenth, in spite of proximity, I will name "Mr. Dooley," whose sane, profound incisiveness must delight the heart of Uncle Sam as much as did once the "Biglow Papers."

Culture or Creative Genius?

By Hamlin Garland

IN answering your request for the names of ten books (or parts of books) which, in my judgment, are characteristically American (could not have been written on any but American soil), I think at once of Whittier's "Snowbound" and Lowell's "Biglow Papers," which were among the first indications of a native graft on the Old World stock. Whitman by many would be put at the head of the list, for his democratic chants are subtly woven of first-hand experiences in a score of States, and could not have been imagined elsewhere. Bret Harte's "Argonauts" (and humorous verse) and Joaquin Miller's "Songs of the Sierras" and "Pictures in Rhyme" sprang from the soil of the Pacific Slope as naturally as its pines and redwoods; in them is the old California; in Frank Norris's "Octopus" is the modern California.

Howells's "Silas Lapham" and "A Modern Instance" (and "A Boy's Town") could not have been written by any other than a transplanted New Englander, so vivid and so true are they; and Mark Twain's "Roughing It" and "Life on the Mississippi" are deeply typical of Western New World humor, as are also George Ade's "Artie" and James Whitcomb Riley's dialect verse. Riley may be said to supplement both Whittier and Lowell. Owen Wister is a good representative of the swiftly increasing literature of the Rocky Mountains, and Miss Wilkins in New England, Miss Ellen Glasgow in Virginia, and Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart in Louisiana are capital examples of the fiction which is avowedly local in its inception, but which has a wide appeal by reason of its truth and its artistic expression. To this might be added Harris's "Uncle Remus," Henry Fuller's "With the Procession" (a study of Chicago life), Edward Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster" (one of the first of local novels), Harold Frederic's "Seth's Brother's Wife," and Irving Bacheller's "Eben Holden." In the drama, Herne's "Shore Acres" and Augustus Thomas's "In Mizzoura" are almost equally characteristic. I am not passing judgment on the absolute merits of the books named; on the contrary, I am keeping carefully within the lines of inquiry.

The reader may be a little startled, as I confess to have been, to find so large a body of our literature lying entirely outside the circle drawn by The Outlook's query, and this fact provokes a deeper comment. Is not American literature, as a whole, a literature of culture rather than of creative genius? Is it not, as Whitman asserted, a literature of delicatesse, a colorless, polite utterance far removed from the vital body and breath of the people? There are times when I feel like exclaiming with Clark (one of our earliest critics), "Why should a decrepit and provincial muse seat herself at the foot of the Alleghanies?"

I hope that the discussion on literary Americanism will emphasize the need

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of deeper study, larger and freer methods in poetry, fiction, and the drama here in these States, a needed work will have been done. Our writers, to justify themselves, must face the present and the future—having the boldness, the largeness, the irreverence (in a certain sense) of our strong men in other walks of life. There is no distinction in colorless counterfeits of Old World models.

An English Critic's View

By Edward Dowden

A WRITER who is not an American can be little trusted in his attempt to distinguish what is most characteristic in American literature. It is not true that a spectator knows us better than we know ourselves. But his errors may be instructive, as are the errors of "A Contemporary" in Browning's poem, who takes a poet for a spy—a poet being in fact a spy, only not, as the Contemporary supposes, a political agent; rather, one of the spies of God.

It must have been often remarked—for the phenomenon is patent—that a characteristic of much that strikes a stranger as indigenous in American literature is the juxtaposition, and at its best the fusion, in it of a very keen perception of fact and of a lofty, sometimes a rarefied, kind of idealism. "Hitch your wagon to a star" may serve as a motto expressing this special quality. We English notice in our own Colonials a grip of reality which we do not always find at home. The Englishman in a new world loses some of his supports—or swathing-bands—formed from traditions, conventions, and doctrinaire abstractions; he has to grapple with realities, and he finds that the accepted fictions (which are not wholly fictions at home) will not help him, and so he becomes alert, versatile, quick-witted. The change is not unlike that which altered British tactics during the South African war; the old solid formations, and even the old kind of discipline, had to give way; and these were replaced by a new discipline, which included individual initiative and a capacity to take advantage of every feature of the ground. But the colonial British do not always unite their quickened recognition of fact with a feeling for the ideal, though of late a patriotism at once local and imperial has supplied something that had been lacking.

Perhaps the theory is true that American idealism may be traced in part to Puritanism, and that what we may call a defecated Puritanism becomes almost inevitably a cult of the ideal. Tocqueville will have it, and perhaps he is right, that a great democracy is in its very nature prone to ideal ways of thinking and feeling, with results at once reassuring and open to the gravest risks. But the quick recognition of facts, and the shrewdness, the pliability which this engenders is a check upon the dangers which are perhaps inherent in a democracy.

Even American humor seems often only to translate the two qualities of shrewdness and ideality into the region of the comic, distinguished, as it often is, by a precision in extravagance, an exactitude in absurdity, and an inverted logic of nonsense which demonstrates nonsense in the end to be the driest good sense.

Some of Lincoln's speeches, in their noble combination of an enthusiasm for duty and patriotic effort with a very sharp scrutiny of facts, impress one as among the highest and most characteristic utterances of America. In the eighteenth century Franklin has kindred qualities upon a lower plane. He can say almost at one and the same moment, "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves," and "Imitate Socrates and Jesus." His idealism is ethical rather than philosophic or poetic, lying in a regard for conduct, but the idealism is never quite absent from the heart of Franklin's shrewdness. Add to New England vividness of perception and New England ideality a sentiment of romance, to which the remoteness from the mediæval world gives a certain wistfulness, and you have an expression for much that lay in the genius of Hawthorne. The idealism of Emerson appears sometimes to be highly attenuated, but at its best it is the

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exact translation of reality into what is yet more real—the idea. And Thoreau, moving within a more limited range, is at once naturalist, in a broad sense of the word, and transcendentalist; only his qualities are marred by a certain self-consciousness—a malice prepense of idealism—and an occasional aggressiveness. Many Americans may be reluctant to place Walt Whitman among their representative writers, but what was his central effort, successful or unsuccessful, except an effort to envisage at once the vast materiality of the United States and to reveal the underlying spirituality? "When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloom'd" seems to me to be one of the loftiest and most poignant dirges in all literature, and at the same time it is essentially an offspring of American soil.

I fear that I am not well qualified for doing justice to American humorists—to those at least who make a trade of laughter. They sparkle and snap electrically from the battery of the brain, and one's nerves twitch and tingle. But the humor I most care for is a sweet, wise, deformed child of the heart. The "Biglow Papers" are, happily, not the work of a professional humorist; they are thoroughly indigenous, and contain memorable lines and even stanzas; but they do not free themselves from the incumbrances of their time and place; what was occasional in them is not always lifted into the permanent.

I do not venture to speak of living authors. And as to one writer of high distinction, Poe, I suppose that he would have differed little from his actual self had he been born on an Irish hillside or in a German forest, or in any ultimate dim Thule, where it was possible for a dexterous brain to rehandle the suggestions of a subtle imagination. I have not mentioned "Hiawatha," though it has delightful qualities, because I conjecture that it also might, under favoring circumstances, have come from a writer of the Old World.

Essential Americanism

By Brander Matthews

IT is not a list of the most artistic books yet written in these United States that the editors of The Outlook are seeking, but rather a selection of those most characteristically American. They do not desire a group of titles of the works which most nearly attain to perfection of form and to certainty of phrase; they want instead to ascertain which of our writings best contain and most clearly disclose that essential Americanism which differentiates us, not only from all the peoples of continental Europe, but also from our kin across the sea, the sturdy stock that still dwells content in the British Isles. In other words, what are the half-score books which thoughtful Americans would recommend to an intelligent and open-minded foreigner who was striving to understand the American character, who wanted to spy out the sources of our strength and to guess at the causes of our weaknesses?

If the list is thus rigidly restricted, there will be ruled out many books that we should greatly regret to have the friendly foreigner pass over. It should exclude Poe's melodious verse and his exquisitely wrought fiction. It might omit Hawthorne's beautiful romances, even though they deal with native themes. It would debar Parkman's noble histories, so scientifically prepared and so artistically presented. It would probably refuse to admit certain books dealing delightfully with the externals of American life, such as the Knickerbocker sketches of Irving, and Cooper's strenuous stories of the frontier and of the backwoods. Possibly it would refuse to accept even Mrs. Stowe's implacable narrative of slavery days. No doubt the foreigner would find in all these writings much information about American life and manners and history. But these are not the books wherein he could best discover the essential characteristics of our young race.

But if we were to begin by handing to this imagined foreigner the "Autobiography" of Benjamin Franklin (1); and if we then asked him to compare the

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spirit of this with the spirit of Emerson's address on the "American Scholar" (2), we should have put him in a position to perceive and to appreciate two of the most deeply rooted characteristics of the American people—its direct and unhesitating practicality, and its lofty and unfailing idealism. If we were then to invite him to read Webster's two "Bunker Hill Addresses" (3), and then to set them by the side of the "Gettysburg Speech" and the "Second Inaugural" of Lincoln (4), we should have supplied him with needful material for understanding the spirit which animates our public life and our political institutions.

If, afterward, we suggested the perusal of Grant's "Personal Memoirs" (5), the foreigner would thus have a chance of getting acquainted with a vital type, and also of contrasting Grant's career related with Franklin's, and of observing how the path to eminence in the public service lay open in the nineteenth century as it had in the eighteenth. Then the "Biglow Papers" (6) would display the shrewd humor and the clear thinking of the dominating element in our commingled stock; and "Walden" (7) would reveal the aggressive independence of that element and its impregnable self-reliance. Certain of the poems of Walt Whitman (8) would serve to make plain the American acceptance of human equality, the fundamental respect for the dignity of the individual, and, above all, the superb belief in the future—the ingrained optimism which is perhaps the most salient element of our Americanism.

Finally, it would be well to put into the hands of the inquiring foreigner two works of fiction, the "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" (9) and the "Rise of Silas Lapham" (10). He should be bidden not to lay these aside until he had grasped their larger meaning, until he had perceived the true significance of the life thus faithfully and imaginatively recorded, until he had some understanding of the broad humor and of the large toleration which unite to give savor to our civilization.

A Composite Picture

By Edward Everett Hale

SINCE I received your question, whenever I have been in a particularly bright circle after the evening twilight has come on, I have propounded your interesting question as to the ten books, or parts of books, most characteristic of American genius and life. So is it that now, after seventy-eight days and nights, our camera is well charged with films on which are the results of many a successful snap-shot. Of these your readers shall have the benefit.

First, and unanimous, Ralph Waldo Emerson. And of the different books of different titles, probably the most widely read is the first volume of Essays. A man who thought he knew told me that more than five million copies of this volume have been printed in America. You know Dean Stanley said to Dr. Eliot that he had heard some thirty or forty preachers of different communions in his six weeks of America, and that in every case the sermon was by Mr. Emerson. And please to observe that he is everywhere and always distinctively American. He understands better the life of New England than any two men do of the next fifty I shall talk with. Holmes calls him "The Buddha of the West," and Lowell calls him "The Yankee Plato." Both phrases are good, and anybody who chooses to borrow them must remember the "West" and the "Yankee." One of the keenest of our advisers says that the first time she saw Mr. Emerson—when she was herself a young girl—the thing which impressed her was the union in his face of the practical New Englander and the profound philosopher.

Second. The Constitution of the United States. I have insisted on this in all the conferences. I am afraid that some of the conferees have never read it through, but they should have done so, and as soon as they do they will agree. Of people from the other side of the Atlantic whom I have ever talked with about it, Mr. James Bryce is the only one who ever

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understood it, or, indeed, wanted to. But every American who is worth his salt understands the distinction between national government and local government. This distinction is nowhere laid down so wisely or so completely as in the Constitution. It has a great deal to do with the national characteristics of to-day.

Third. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" has the unanimous vote of all of us. I do not believe that any single book in the English language this side of the Bible ever had so powerful an agency in producing a great social revolution.

Fourth. Many of the people whom I have consulted had never read Sylvester Judd's "Margaret," and half the readers of The Outlook have never heard of it. All the same, if there be anybody outside of New England who wants a comprehensive idea of New England character in the active duties of New England life a hundred years ago, he had better hunt up a copy of Judd's "Margaret" and buy it. I am afraid he will have to be satisfied with a second-hand copy. In hunting for it he may light on some good illustrations by Felix Darley.

Fifth. The "Biglow Papers" are absolutely characteristic. Indeed, there is no exaggeration in them. They are accurate snap shots.

So far, in making the list of ten, we have run unanimously and easily. Ignorance sometimes, but where we knew, we were unanimous.

Sixth. Of the people who read anything in England one-half have never heard of William Ellery Channing. It is said that Mr. Gladstone had never heard of him when his opinion of him was asked one day. It is quite sure that half the college graduates of this year in America have never heard of him. All the same, he is the earliest representative, and one of the best, of a new school of religious thought which did not originate in England, without which we should not have the Emerson, Lowell, Judd, and Hawthorne whom we have, nor Phillips Brooks, nor Horace Bushnell, nor "Modern Orthodoxy," nor Bret Harte, John Fiske, or Francis Parkman. If Channing's ethical and religious writings are not read now, it is, as the French critics say of him, because by this time all that he says so well has become commonplace.

Seventh. I am told that in a French book-shop you are more likely to find one of Cooper's novels in French than any other American book. I am also told that a great many copies are sold in Germany. All the same, these novels are not really American, excepting that they tell about Indians and trails and blazed trees and rifles and buckshot and moccasins. There was no moment in Cooper's life when he would not have been pleased to be mistaken for an Englishman. Thus, he talks of females when he wants to say women, simply because Walter Scott did the same thing. Hawthorne, on the other hand, not only likes American subjects, but he is glad he likes them. And he treats them as only an American could treat them. The same is true of Howells and Bret Harte, and the same is true of Whittier.

Eighth. We are only beginning to understand and feel the worth and power of John Fiske in the literature of the country for the last generation. He and his books are thoroughly American. Of all literary gifts, the gift of pure narrative seems to be the rarest. It is especially needed in newspapers. But you seldom find good narrative in newspapers. John Fiske has the gift of narrative in great perfection. His lecture or chapter on André and Arnold, for instance, is vigorous and vital from end to end. With this narrative power, by which he compels people to read American history who never read it before, Fiske joins such depth and simplicity at once in his most serious philosophy as commands for it the attention and study of all thoughtful readers. He has died before his work was done, but he has not died without giving to the generation now coming forward such foundations for the philosophy of life as makes one hope that the children may step forward more bravely and more wisely than their fathers.

Ninth. Indeed, the school of American history is, on the whole, to be spoken of with such certainty or confidence as we do not feel in speaking of poetry or of science or of music or of sculpture or of painting. I should not say that there is any American school of poetry, but certainly there is an American school of history. Irving, Bancroft, Palfrey, Motley, Parkman, Henry Adams, and Fiske, if

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one name no others, make such a school. With some caution, I should say that Francis Parkman is the most distinctly American author in this American school. When he tells you of a captive escaping through a tangle of rhododendron, you know he has been there himself. When he leads you into an Indian tepee, you know he has slept in one. There is no series of histories written in the English language in the eighteenth century which compares with Parkman's histories written in the nineteenth.

Tenth, and last. I have said a hundred times in print and in public that I know of no writing of the sixties, seventies, and eighties of the last century which has so good a chance to be read in the century beginning in the year 2901 as some of General Grant's descriptions written in his own despatches. For you have there the great advantage, not known to nineteen out of twenty of our American authors, that the writer knows what he is talking about. And in these despatches Grant is wholly indifferent as to style. He wants to get there. That is the instinct of a great soldier, and it is the necessity of a great author. I suppose Grant never once thought in his life that he was an author. Of which the result is that his work is always interesting. It goes without saying that it is always American.

Broad Principles of Choice

By George E. Woodberry

IT would seem natural, in seeking to determine the characteristic elements which American literature has contributed to the literature of the world, as shown in ten examples of its work that could not have been written elsewhere, to lay down a broad principle of choice. Foreign acceptance, a certain vogue in the world abroad, is clearly essential; the gift is measured in one way by its appropriation. It may be reasonable, however, that with this there should also go national consent on the part of American judgment; otherwise what is really caricature might take the place of character, and a grotesque distortion of American life be too readily taken as of permanent importance, especially in the sphere of humor, romance, and extravaganza of all sorts. What parts of our literature, then, has the world found interesting for our true and peculiar America there contained and expressed? What broad types, what general environments, what inhabiting spirit, should we set forth among our literary store as our contribution to the minds of men?

In the first rank "Hiawatha" has priority, as the accepted romantic type of the American Indian; and not so much in a personal way merely as the one character of the Indian brave, but as a summary imaginatively rendered of the manners and customs, the pursuits, the events, the joys and sorrows of the life of the race, their habitual earth-experience, the whole pervaded, too, with the sentiment of the thing; the Indian soul immersed in Indian life. It is the fashion to decry this poem, principally because of the flowing, easily parodied meter; yet this is a part of its winning charm, of its success; the melody is integral in the effect, so simple as to be truly primitive, the primeval chant of the human voice, with something of the monotony, the clearness, the commingling of natural sounds; sorrow sighs through it as in the forest. At all events, the world has found this white man's epic of the dying race of the forest-dwellers the single poetic embodiment of the Indian world, and no savage world has ever attracted the imagination and sympathy of men so strongly as the Indian. In the same rank as "Hiawatha," and for the same reasons substantially, stand the "Leatherstocking Tales," as presenting in Leatherstocking the ideal type of the pioneer, of the white man in romantic contact with the wilderness, expanding into a new being and taking on a new form and opening up a new human capability in character. "Hiawatha" and "Leatherstocking" together, representing the conflict of the two races here, constitute its contribution to the permanent romance of the world.

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Next in order comes that reincarnation of the world-old myth completely born again into local habitation and a name, Rip Van Winkle, in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." Such a birth is the rarest of literary phenomena, and stands in lieu of folk-lore, which never dies. Its companion piece, though in a far different sphere, is "The Scarlet Letter," a creation of spiritual nightmare, the spirit of Salem witchcraft turned to prettiness and art; but its fortune as the legacy of imagination to history is as secure as Shakespeare's Kings. The fifth work, also in the sphere of imaginative history, is "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which, for better or worse, has been and will remain the picture of the South under slavery, of the slave, the master, and the life.

Of the foregoing five works there can be little question, if their spread through the world, their root in the soil, and the consent of the Nation be considered. Of two others there may be less certainty. But in the pastoral form "Snowbound" gives the scene of home which appeals world-wide in any language, universal because of its humble truth; and "The Biglow Papers" sums up Yankee nature with more telling effect than any of the pastoral writers who have used the form for political ends, nor is the work more loaded with dialect and contemporary detail than is customary in such compositions.

I should reserve the last three places, if it be allowed to include political eloquence as a part of our literature, for Patrick Henry's speech for its love of liberty, Webster's for love of the Union, and Lincoln's for its concentrated expression of the spiritual passion of the Civil War. If these be excluded as not properly a contribution to world literature in the sense of the discussion, I should desire to give in their place Emerson's "Boston Hymn," but am withheld by its inferior form and its lack of vogue, though its moral substance and epigram are the best expression of our political spirit in verse; and, without argument, I suggest "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table," "Walden," and Bret Harte's mining tales, as the last three.

A Southern View

By Grace King

"THE characteristic elements that American literature has contributed to the literature of the world" . . . "ten books that are most characteristic of American genius and life, literature that could not have been written on any but American soil."

It is not the disqualifying clause only that makes the selection of such a list difficult; it is also the meaning of the word American. American literature, like American scenery, is not easily described or defined; especially when to such a task is joined the injunction to omit all features that could have grown on any but American soil. The popular judgment seems to be that our literature, like our government, is based upon the representative system, which is decided by numerical majorities; and therefore an American writer is almost as anomalous as an American politician. In this spirit our literature has been pictured by a literary journal as a kind of intellectual map, with the States bearing, instead of mountains, rivers, and railroads, the names of the prominent writers produced there. Some States are so closely printed over that the names are indeed indecipherable, as are on ordinary maps the names of the towns in these same States. Other States have not a name; mere deserts they are, or rather territories, according to the ingenious little map. But State and sectional demarcations seem very futile when applied to the republic of letters; in it a birthplace is of smallest consequence, as we know. A small jar, indeed, in which to hold a genius.

The representatives of the characteristic elements of American genius and life would seem rather to be those whose names are written, not by compatriots within the limits of a State and section, or the confines of a political or moral purpose, but those that are written across the whole continent in the chirography that fixed our great mountain ranges and rivers; those that belong to the whole

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country, in the same sense that the Rockies and the Blue Ridge and the Mississippi belong to it. And of these great features of our literature, as of our mountain ranges and great river, we can only, in the face of the disqualifying clause conditioning our selection, say that doubtless they could have been produced on other than American soil, but that—they were not.

Leaving out, for obvious reasons, the supreme names of our first and most glorious literary period, that of the American Revolution, the classical era of our patriotic genius, and leaving out, also, as *hors concours*, the renaissance of eloquence and of high achievement with the pen that preceded and followed our second revolution, the Civil War, what are the authors remaining that represent the whole country without geographical or political divisions? Fiske, Parkman, Mahan, we dare assert, are such; they have contributed to the literature of the world histories that are characteristic of American genius and life; and as Americans they represent the whole country. Their peers in our poetry are Poe, Longfellow, and Lanier.

Cooper was our first and, as it seems, our last great American romanticist. The day was, if it is so no longer, when American children (not Eastern, Western, Northern, or Southern children) read their Cooper with their Walter Scott, and learned to companion Cœur de Lion and Uncas, Long Tom, Leatherstocking, Ivanhoe, in their hearts as in one heroic heaven. In that same day they learned their Longfellow by heart, and made recitations from the "Building of the Ship," "Evangeline," "Miles Standish," "Hiawatha," as they recited from "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake;" Longfellow was then held to be the American Scott in poetry, as Cooper was the American Scott in fiction. Hawthorne comes after Cooper, only in chronological sequence.

Mark Twain and Joel Chandler Harris close the list. Perhaps they should head it; for of all the names in it, theirs, perhaps, pass most successfully through the test of a rigid application of both the conditions imposed upon candidates for entrance into it. Not only have they contributed to the literature of the world new, original, and characteristic elements of American genius, but we may say absolutely that what they wrote could not have been produced on any but American soil; and that they are Americans in every sense of the word.

Marks of Distinction

By Charles W. Kent

Professor of English Literature in the University of Virginia

MINDFUL of their national origin, Americans will surely harbor no desire to separate their literature from the body of English literature to which it proudly and forever belongs. But for convenience of treatment, and more especially as a concession to growing national pride, our literature may be distinguished from British literature by obvious and important marks. These, in addition to American authorship in the English tongue, of course, are, subject-matter, conception, and expression, peculiarly American. The books that are characteristic of our life and genius, such as "The Virginian," "An American at Oxford," and "The Battle-Ground," to use recent illustrations, have one or more of these marks. There is no room here for explaining or justifying this statement, but it may be clear from further examples of far more import.

When, long after the struggle for American independence, out of which came many a speech and not a few poems full of the new patriotism, Emerson finally delivered his famous address on "The American Scholar," there could be little doubt, less then than now, that his conception of the new independence yet unattained was intensely and personally American, and that his utterance was as the voice of the people. A little later, Hawthorne, emerging from a deep and absorbing study of his own section, began a series of books devoted to a phase of life and thought once peculiarly his ancestors' but made as peculiarly his own. This series culminated, artistically,

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in "The Scarlet Letter," not only the most characteristic and unique picture of a gloomily unique period, but also, in the words of a distinguished Justice of our Supreme Court, no less versed in letters than in law, "the greatest novel yet written by an American." To mention one other New England production—where many deserve to be mentioned—it is clear that, in spite of borrowed form, and in spite too of the easy parodies that tended to make this form ludicrous, Longfellow's "Hiawatha" has preserved, as no other poem or prose recital, that separate and distinct atmosphere encompassing with its poetic haze the romantic and idealized Indian. Whatever corrections of fact or form may be necessary, the appeal of this poem, especially to the romantic stage of youth, is persistent and genuine.

Earlier than these, however, was the semi-serious hoax, so seriously taken, perpetrated by Irving in his "Knickerbocker's History of New York." Against the true Americanism of Irving's later work perhaps a case may lie, though any foreign claim to Irving should be stoutly protested; but this early work represents, beyond all controversy, the American impression, conception, and expression of a social state never before had and never again to be revived. While the popularity of this book may decrease as the occasion of its wholesome humor recedes, it is not likely that such a fate will overtake Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales;" for their fame will be preserved by a character hardly less interesting than its turbulent author. In the case of this creation, the judgment of foreigners not only anticipated the judgment of the next generation of America, but the present estimate of these books among foreigners seems to indicate the permanent spell their author has cast.

As Americans, however, learn more and more of the Indian as he now is, they will ungrudgingly concede that, not in Cooper's romances nor in Longfellow's poem, but in one of the best purpose-novels yet written in America, Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona," will be found a far truer conception of the red man and the debt still due him from his white brother. No part of our common country is richer in distinctive peculiarities than the West. The successive tidal waves of life that have swept across the plains have left each its own separate layer of civilization. No author dare attempt any description of this full-lived section without complete acquaintance with its life, its thought, and its expression; and for this intimacy is needed, not the temporary sojourn of the literary "tenderfoot," but the deeper knowledge of one who has become, by nature or long residence, a part of the life he would paint. From many volumes that might not inaptly or inadequately represent this section richer in promise than achievement, the choice of Bret Harte's "Luck of Roaring Camp" will surely excite no adverse comment. It is not so easy to choose among the others; but Mark Twain's "Roughing It" is named even over his other Western productions, and this without depreciating the full Americanism of the boys' prime favorite, "Huckleberry Finn."

From the Southern States books genuinely American according to the criteria noted above have not been at any time rare, and in recent times have been surprisingly numerous. But the temptation to select ten books from this section alone has been resisted; so the further temptation of naming several that might have been chosen from poetry, fiction, and description must be withstood. Let two be mentioned that will doubtless receive general assent. Joel Chandler Harris's "Uncle Remus" could have been written nowhere but in America, and by no one whose knowledge of the negro was not the result of daily contact in the impressionable years of life. No less confident recognition may be accorded Thomas Nelson Page's "In Ole Virginia;" for among other stories hardly inferior, it includes "Marse Chan," not likely to be superseded or surpassed as the most perfect story of a period now gone.

It were easier to collate fifty titles that might be used to illustrate our Americanism, than select the ten most characteristic of our life and genius; but the die is cast, and as specimens from differing periods, differing sections, and differing types, this list is submitted:

"The American Scholar," "The Scarlet Letter," "Hiawatha," "Knickerbocker's History of New York," "The Leatherstocking Tales," "Ramona," "The Luck of Roaring Camp," "Roughing It," "Uncle Remus," and "Marse Chan."

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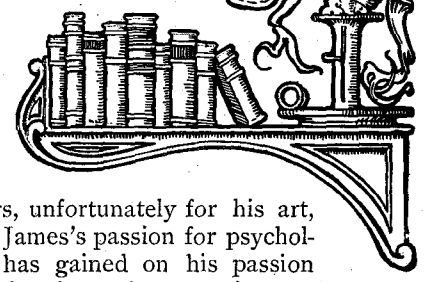
THE NOVELS OF A SEASON



AMONG the scores of works which have come and will come from the presses this autumn a few may be selected because they bear the stamp of literary quality; a larger group because they are well constructed and interesting stories well worth reading even when they do not rise into the region of books which one wishes to preserve; while the large residue may be ignored as lacking both literary quality and wholesome story interest, being for the most part crude, ill constructed, vapid, cheap, or vulgar. The temptation to write for a market is felt more directly in the field of fiction than in any other department of writing; and in no other field is there so much inferior and worthless work. To this temptation men of real literary gift and the conscience which usually goes with it rarely yield, and in each season a few novels appear which are born in the imagination and experience of serious lovers of art, and make a line of light through the welter, as Carlyle would call it, of insincere and mechanically fashioned novels.

Mr. Henry James has never had any master but his art, any passion but the passion for perfection. His attitude toward life and toward his own vocation has been profoundly serious; he has suffered no changes of public taste to influence him; he has loyally and persistently followed his own ideals. His earlier work was extraordinarily fine in fiber and penetrating in character study; his style was close and fastidious, but it was also clear and deeply expressive, and the human interest was great. This was true not only of the short stories but of "The American," "The Portrait of a Lady," "The Princess Casamassima."

There has always been in Mr. James, however, an instinctive liking for the elusive, the subtle, the complex in character; he has a physician's interest in the problems of morbid experience, a psychologist's passion for following to their end the by-paths of passion. Of late years, unfortunately for his art, Mr. James's passion for psychology has gained on his passion for the dramatic portraiture of character, and the artist has lost the ground which the psychologist has gained. Psychology is a part of all true fiction, but with Mr. James it has become the greater part; and psychology, while deeply interesting, is no more literature than are anatomy and physiology, which so many coarser-grained novelists have of late years substituted for literature.

Mr. James's latest story, "The Wings of a Dove" (Scribners), is, like all his work, stamped by ability of a high order and by distinction of mind and taste; but it is not in any true sense a contribution to fiction; it is a study in psychology. The characters are realized with marvelous skill, but the main motive of the story is not only improbable—given the character of the heroine it is incredible. It must be frankly said also that, while the story is full of delicate touches, the style as a whole is unmistakably bad—involved, obscure, congested, irritating beyond measure. It is a pity that so great a talent should be so misdirected; the country is full of amateur psychologists, but the artists in fiction may be counted in a breath; we do not need more psychologists, but we are in sore need of more artists.

Mr. Aldrich, in striking contrast to Mr. James, has clarified and perfected a style always singularly pure and limpid. Like Mr. James, he has followed his vocation with a lover's jealous devotion, and as he has grown older has become even more exacting of himself than in those days when his lyrical gift and his charm as a story-teller were first disclosing themselves. He is perhaps the most fastidious

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of our writers; the most sensitive, not only to beauty of form, but to the oft-missed artistic qualities of reticence, selection, condensation.

His work is done with a very light hand; nothing is stated which could be implied, nothing put into words which could be suggested to the imagination. The material is sometimes slight, but it is touched with a sure and delicate sense of its artistic possibilities. Mr. Aldrich has so deep a feeling for the beauty of fugitive things that he somehow relates them to fundamental things and gives them significance. This skill, which is of the soul as well as of the hand, is brought to bear in his fiction as delicately as in his verse. In "A Sea Turn and Other Matters" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) there are several examples of this power of conveying far more to the imagination than seems to be disclosed to the eye; this power of securing, by means of a series of light touches, the grouping of a few impressions, completeness and totality of artistic revelation and effect. "An Untold Story" is made up of a few impressions; but it possesses the imagination as a tragedy told to the very end. The light and vivacious humor which makes "The Story of a Bad Boy" and "Marjorie Daw" so captivating has lost none of its gay and buoyant quality; it gives an air of ease and spontaneity to such delightful bits of fiction as "The Case of Thomas Phipps" and "Shaw's Folly." Mr. Aldrich has had no message to bring to his time save the old word which has been in the hearts of all the poets and in their speech: the love of beauty for its own sake as the final and therefore the highest form of expression.

Dr. van Dyke's "Ruling Passion" perceptibly widened his circle of readers and advanced his reputation by reason of its genuine human quality and its beauty and force of style. The poetical imagination dealing with the deepest passion, the most masterful motives of action, was beautifully humanized in vivid character-studies. In his latest volume, "The Blue Flower" (Scribners), this versatile writer, who succeeds not by reason of his facility but of the reality of his insight and art, turns from the outward to the inward life, and in a series of tales throws a streaming light on the vicissitudes, temptations, perils, and rewards of the pursuit of happiness. By way of introduction and as an explanation of his purpose Dr. van Dyke prefaces his transcriptions of idealism wrought into experience with a new translation of Novalis's story of "The Blue Flower"—the symbol of the Ideal among the German Romanticists of the early part of the last century. The nine stories which appear in the volume, widely different in fictional quality and in manner, are all phases of the pursuit of the ideal. "The Source" is an allegory of great beauty; "The Mill," under a humorous form, interprets one of the deepest truths of experience; "Spy Rock" is a character-study of dramatic interest and with a clear perception of the tragic sequence; "Wood Magic" is a bit of mysticism which could have come only from the author of "Fisherman's Luck;" while three of the stories, which have been widely read in other forms, find their places in this volume as concrete examples of the search which, in some form, engrosses the best men and women.

The autobiographic note in Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's latest long story, "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn" (Scribners), is unmistakable. It is a long time since a writer of fiction has ventured to show his heart so completely in his work, to uncover so boldly and yet so reverently the springs of human tenderness. The contemporary man of letters in England and America, as a rule, Mr. Barrie being a conspicuous exception, shows no lack of courage of conviction, but lacks the courage of his emotions. And yet much of the greatest fiction is suffused with emotion—emotion tempered and controlled, free from sentimentality, but frank, deep, and abounding. The man of to-day who essays to write in the mood in which "The Newcomes" was written must burn his bridges behind him.

In two earlier novels Mr. Smith touched the romance of toil—the romance of the man and woman who put heart into their work. In "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn" he has written of love and art in a way which is at once unconventional and wholesome, manly and tender; a romance of youth and art of the kind which is as old-fashioned as the love of beauty in nature and woman, and as new as the

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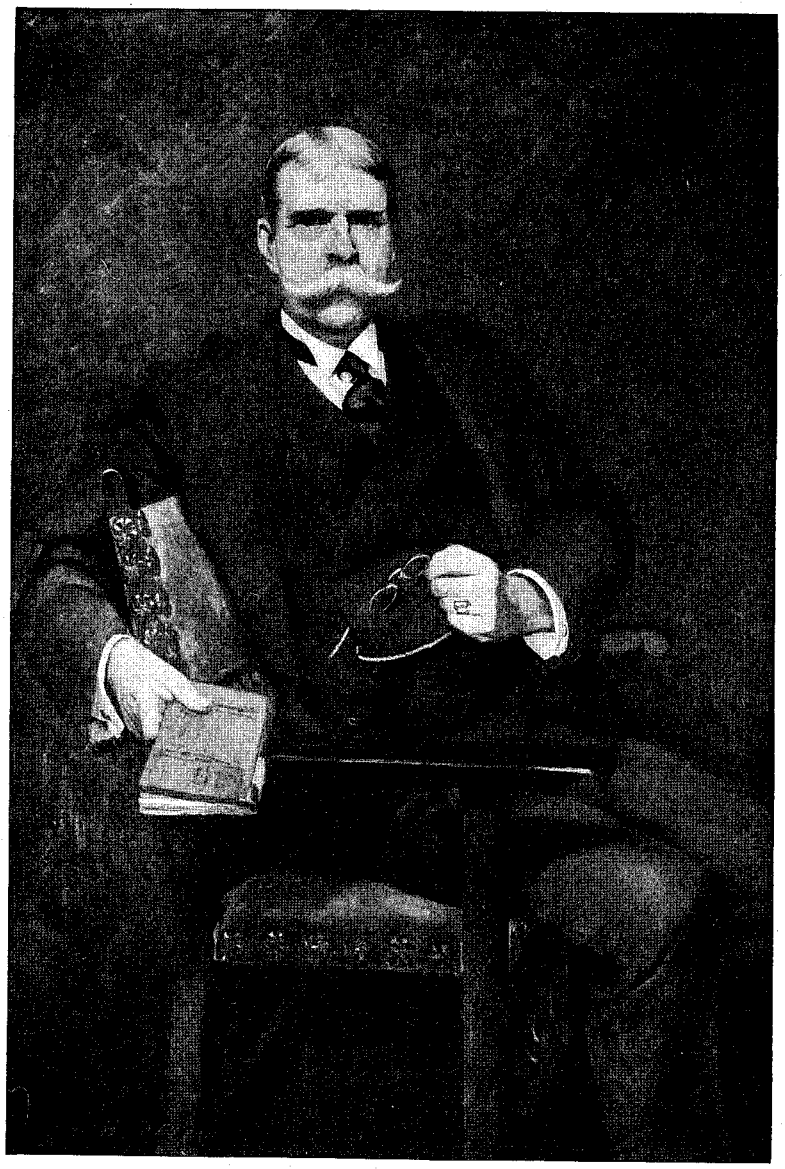

F. HOPKINSON SMITH

From the Painting by Oliver Hazard Perry.

passion in the fresh heart of to-day. The story has a charming background in the old-time life of Maryland; it reflects the somber stir and tragedy of war; and it recalls, with the vividness of memory of real persons and happenings, the studio life of New York in the days when the Tile Club was young, and half a dozen artists, who have gained for American painting a new appreciation and valuation, were happy sojourners in Bohemia. The freedom, sincerity, aspiration, and spontaneous gayety of that life Mr. Smith has revived with that freshness of feeling which is the joy and the magic of the artistic temperament. He has drawn gentlemen and gentlewomen in the old-time sense of these much-abused words, and has interpreted the spirit and temper of the old-time aristocratic ideals in terms of social obligation rather than of social indifference. The story has the charm not only of trained literary skill but of sincerity, reverence for things good and

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MRS. CRAIGIE (JOHN OLIVER HOBBES)
Photograph by Elliot & Fry, London.

pure, and a quality of heart which refreshes the reader while it deepens the beauty of a very artistic novel.

Mr. Booth Tarkington has written two stories of such engaging quality that his critics have been disarmed and have credited him with all the fine qualities which his enthusiastic readers have discovered in him. "The Gentleman from Indiana" was a novel of considerable force, although very uneven; it had also delicate feeling and distinct charm. "Monsieur Beaucaire," written earlier but published later than the Indiana story, had the grace, the gallantry, the brilliant manner of the old comedy; it was like a piece of old china or old lace, touched with the distinction of delicate workmanship. Both these stories, at a time when a great deal of current fiction is rough and crude, are attractive without much reference to reality. "The Two Vanrevels" (McClure, Phillips & Co.) has much of the same charm, but it has also much of the same lack of reality; and, unfortunately, the material of the story seems to demand clear, vigorous, vital treatment. We are grateful for such a bit of art as "Monsieur Beaucaire," and recognize its right to be as we recognize the right of "Prince Otto" to be; but when Mr. Tarkington takes us to Indiana at the outbreak of the Mexican War, we expect to be in Indiana, and not in an ideal country. "The Two Vanrevels" is delightful, but the scene is laid too near us; we cannot forget that we are supposed to be in Indiana, but every chapter makes

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us aware that we are not within a thousand miles of that interesting State. The scene, the characters, and the atmosphere are not congruous; that is the secret of our discontent. The manner of "Monsieur Beaucaire" does not rest easily on Indiana in the forties, and we cannot forget the fact. If we were in Zenda or Altruria, we should yield ourselves up to the charm of this graceful and poetic story; but Mr. Tarkington has set us down in Indiana, and we do not recognize our surroundings.

In "Cecilia" Mr. Crawford returns to Rome and to the portraiture of Roman character, in which he excels. His versatility and skill in the invention of plots and what may be called the mechanism of story-telling have obscured somewhat his unusual fecundity of imagination and the charm of his characterization at its best. As a writer as well as a *raconteur* he is seen at his best in such novels as "Saracinesca," "A Roman Singer," and "The Cigarette Maker's Romance"—stories with Italian backgrounds and dealing with the racial Italian traits. In "Cecilia" a group of people are drawn not only with distinctness of outline, but with the divination of intimate knowledge. No novelist has so clearly understood the simplicity and directness of the Italian nature, and none has more successfully interpreted these qualities in action. The subtlety of mind which is also Italian, and which is commonly supposed to be characteristically Italian, interests Mr. Crawford less than the free play of a force of nature which is singularly direct in its impetus and method. In this story there is an infusion of that mysticism which gave the zest of a novel interest to "Mr. Isaacs." The plot is so unusual that to describe it would deprive the reader of one of the pleasures of reading the book. Indeed, to describe it would make it seem incredible. In Mr. Crawford's hands the incredibility vanishes, so dexterously are the normal and the extra-normal woven into a congruous story. It is a long time since Mr. Crawford has given us a novel so well planned, so admirably worked out, so full of high qualities of character and of technical skill.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts takes the art of fiction seriously; he writes with the evident purpose of probing the subtleties of the human heart, of presenting individual men and women each with a character, temperament, and moral tendency unlike any other, and of working out the relations of cause and effect in the passions of every-day life. English critics have found in his methods broad resemblances to those of George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, and Richard Blackmore, yet none accuses him of being an imitator. His local background is Devonshire, and more especially Dartmoor; and the humor and quaintness of his country people are racy of the soil. Almost alone of modern novelists he dares to write of external nature in elaborate descriptive passages; and while these passages sometimes verge on the ecstatic, they are balanced by minute knowledge of the scenes he describes—moor and river and forest and growing things. Thus, in his new book, "The River," he almost makes the Dart itself a character of the romance, so closely are its varying moods intertwined with the action of the tale. A large proportion of fiction-readers invariably "skip" descriptive passages; one who does this with "The River" misses much that is rarely poetical, much that is alive with love of the beautiful in nature.

JAMES B. CONNOLLY
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The story itself, while it has situations that are distressing and scenes that verge on the melodramatic, is intensely human and is relieved by the broadly, unconsciously humorous talk of the rustic minor characters, who are almost as enjoyable as those of Hardy's "Under the Greenwood Tree." The central character is a great-hearted peasant, "an uncommon man whom chance had made gentle though his calling was rough," a lonely, simple laborer with a noble affection for his kind, and a childlike religious faith sprung from his communion with nature. The terrible tragedy of his betrayal by the girl he loves, who on his very wedding day deserts him for a worthless, hateful enemy, is the first crisis of his life; the second comes in his temptation when, at the close of the tale, he has to choose between this woman (now become a widow) and another who loves him and whom he is about to marry. The book has qualities of solid strength, and its scenes, while often painful, are always vivid. (Stokes.)

In "The Little White Bird" Mr. Barrie is at his best—imaginative, tender, whimsical, full of the wisdom of childhood. The story can hardly be outlined; its charm rests in the telling, and no one but Mr. Barrie could have told it. It is at once the romance of earliest childhood and of maturest experience, and after so many novels in which the fruit of the tree of life is eaten in haste and defiance, with a wearisome retelling of the old story of disillusion, cynicism, or sorrowful home-coming to health and clear sight, the adventures of David in Kensington Gardens read like a chapter from the history of an unfallen race. The story has the purity of a mountain rivulet, the simple faith of the pure in heart. Those who think nothing real unless it is touched with evil, and nothing true to life unless the stamp of some disease of the spirit is on it, will do well to leave this lovely and profoundly true fairy tale unread. It is not for the *ennuyé*, the *blasé*, the disillusioned; it is for those who have remained children at heart. To these it will seem, not wholly faultless, but singularly delicate, humorous, winning, affecting; a reverent and tender story of the immortal childhood which never perishes, but is renewed with the incoming of every child and in the work of every man of genius who sees deep enough to pierce the confusions of life. (Scribners.)

EDEN PHILLPOTTS AND HIS WIFE

Two volumes from the prolific pen of Marie Corelli bear the imprint of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. "A Christmas Greeting" is made up of several contributions to the periodical press, in prose and verse—the one being apt to overflow into the other. This author is inclined to revile her readers for not being merry at Christmas time, rather than to cheer them on toward that desirable state of mind. She has what might be termed a barbed-wire tongue, impaling all trespassers upon her range. She palpitates from the most severe and plain-spoken denunciation of the men, the society, or the government that displeases her, to a series of bewildering forays of imagination. What we assume to be a characteristic bit of composition is a fantasy entitled "The Devil's Motor"—the Devil who had on his thin lips a frozen smile more cruel than hate, more deadly than despair, so we are told. He yelled, and rushed, and called upon all sorts of villains to ride with him. The fancy ends

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MARK LEE LUTHER

Photographed for The Outlook by Gertrude Käsebier.

with a curious color scheme, more than a mere "purple patch." "Gradually, gently, and by faint degrees, a purpling fire crimsoned the wavering rise of dawn—a cool wind parted the air into sweet breaths of fragrance—and in the center of the awful stillness a scarlet sun rose slowly in a clear sky, fixing the seal of God on the closed history of a world." From this we turn to three stanzas addressed to "The Quarterly," which it seems struck at the author, who describes herself as a Happy Insect. Fortunately, no harm was done. To make up for the lack of gayety noticeable in the reflections of the author, they are cheerfully decked with holly and mistletoe designs done in bright green ink.

"Temporal Power," the second of these books, is a novel which enunciates many deeply imbedded convictions, and serves as an outlet for a mighty flow of English words. The second title, "A Study in Supremacy," strikes the keynote of the work. It is the tale of a king who came to himself and a comprehension of his subjects by means of the simple device of joining a Revolutionist Society under another name. What could be more direct? To add to the simplicity, he took the name of Pasquin Leroy. There is much to arrest thought in the story, and many ideas are clearly worked out and expressed. It is quite essential to have had a course in Marie Corelli in order to enter into her atmosphere and comprehend her intentions at first glance. This sensible and ingenious King, after freeing his subjects from much misrule and purifying his government to a great degree, collapsed (perhaps, considering his creator, we might say slumped), and sailed away into infinity, beside the corpse of the woman who had roused him to free his people, upon her funeral barque. This barque, at her request, had been towed out to sea, cut adrift, and sent forth to be wrecked in the

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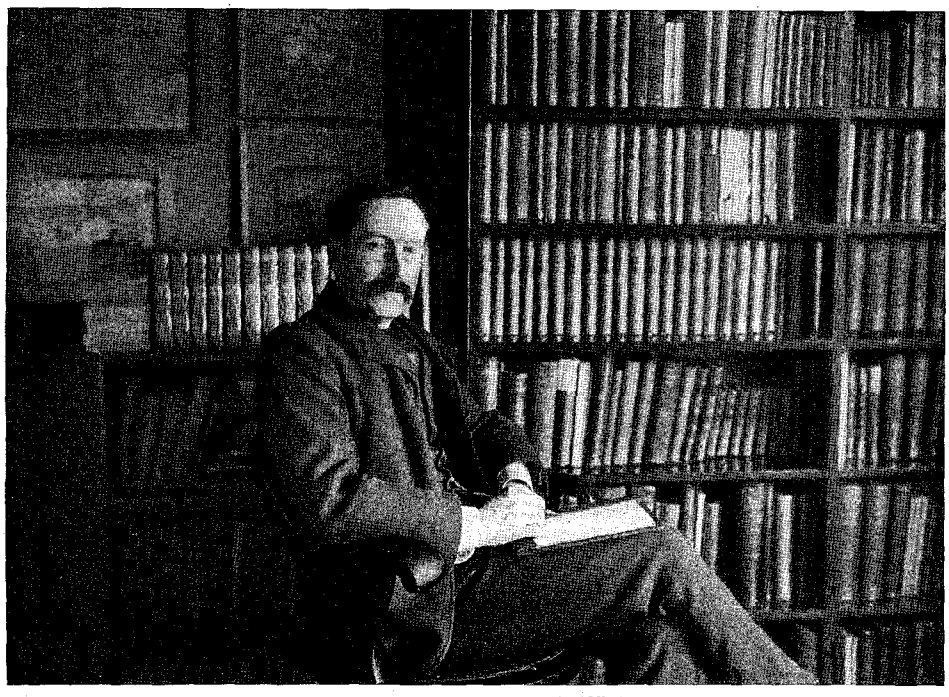
ocean. Thus the King abdicated, and left the Heir Apparent, who had been blessed by a happy love, to straighten out the tangle of government bequeathed to him. One can but hope that the author will write a sequel and tell us how it came out. We are forced to the conclusion—whether it is that of the author or not we cannot tell—that love is supreme; not love of country, or of wife, or of children, but a noble and erratic love that seizes its prey and in this case acts as does Herford's Useful Ant, who

> Seizes ev-erything in sight
> And drags it home with all her might,
> And all she takes she keeps.

Mrs. Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) has chosen an unattractive and enigmatic title for her new story—a reader who should miss one particular sentence in the book might puzzle himself indefinitely as to the title's application, and even if he does not miss this sentence he may wonder why Mrs. Craigie uses the plural in "Love and the Soul-Hunters." But the book itself is genuinely absorbing. It is the custom among reviewers to call attention to the cleverness of the talk in Mrs. Craigie's books (one might think that by this time she would almost hate the word "clever") and to lament her lack of constructive ability and deny her power of creating real characters, alleging that they are all mere mouthpieces for the author's brilliant epigrams. Brilliant and clever the talk in this book certainly is, but there are half a dozen people in it who stand on their own feet very positively, not merely the soul-hunter himself, an urbane, cultivated, *fainéant* Prince who is "consumed by the desire for beauty—in nature, in art, in souls," but also half a dozen others, men and women, and not least so some of the subsidiary characters. It must be admitted, however, as regards construction, that the author has not yet attained the art of keeping the reader in suspense and of making the last third of a novel the best. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

Although a new recruit in the ranks of American short story writers, Mr. James B. Connolly, author of "Out of Gloucester," is not likely to remain very long a private. His work is so fresh and original that he is likely, if he is faithful to his best, to win distinction. "Out of Gloucester" is a collection of short stories of Gloucester fishermen—those rugged New Englanders who from their number have furnished some of the most daring and intelligent seafaring men of modern times. Mr. Connolly was born among them, has



ARTHUR MORRISON IN HIS STUDY

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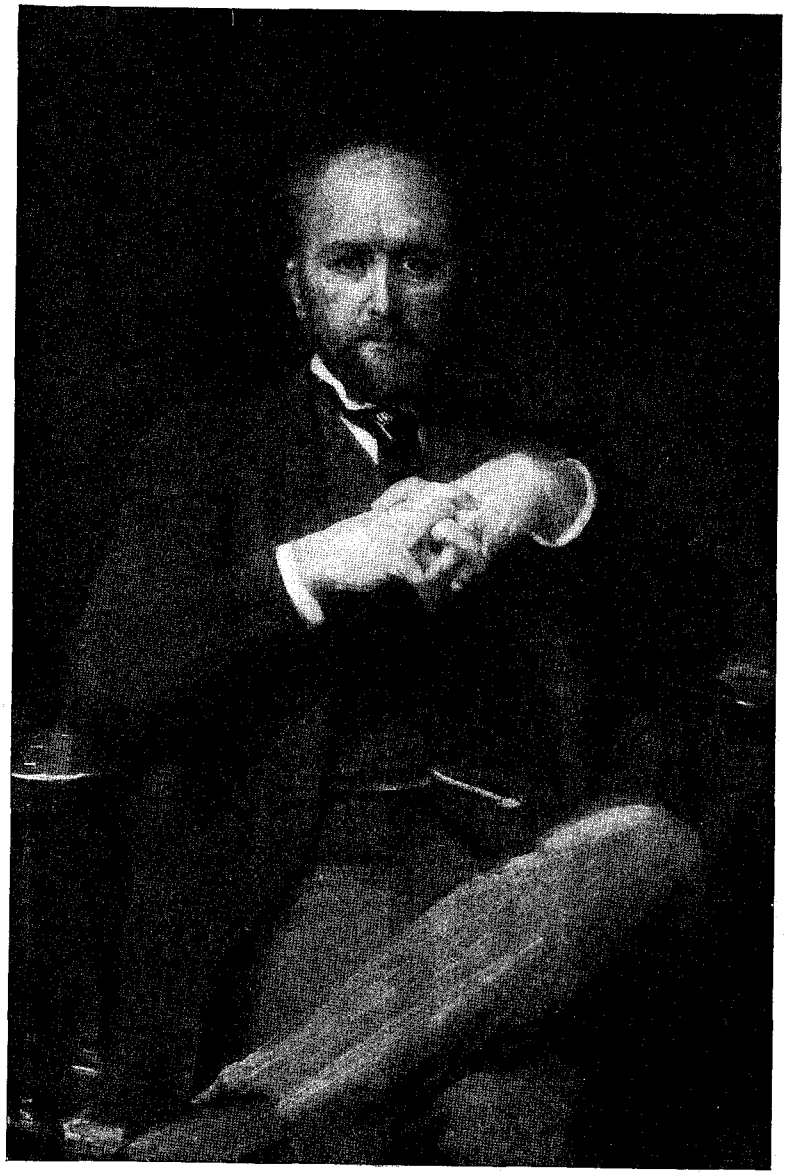

HENRY JAMES
From the Painting by Anna Lea Merritt.

lived, sailed, eaten, and adventured with them, and he tells us most vividly not only what they do but what they are. Oddly enough, that story of the collection which possesses the most of literary and human charm is not of a Gloucester man at all, but of an Irishman—"The Fisherman of Costla;" it is not a mere piece of fiction, but a real human document. All of the stories included in the volume are interesting, readable, and full of the peculiar movement, life, and feeling of the sea; but one or two of them may be criticised as too newspaperish—too reportorial in style. "The Fisherman of Costla" is entirely free from this defect, and is a promise, we hope, of what may be expected in the future from this new, virile, and loyal depicter of a distinctively American phase of the sea and its masters. (Scribners.)

Of several recent novels which deal with American political life, none has been so sharply outlined, so close to the

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real thing, as is Mr. Mark Lee Luther's "The Henchman." The author traces the rise of one Shelby, a not very scrupulous New York county politician of the machine type, until he comes into touch with the party "Boss" of his State, works in harness under the party whip, and is pushed or helped into the Governor's chair in the belief that he will be a tractable and subservient figurehead. Once Governor, however, Shelby rises to a sound view of his responsibility to the people, takes the reins into his own hands, and acts for the public good. In the closing scene the Boss brings all his subtlety and knowledge of men and their ambitions to bear to induce the Governor to sign a canal bill; after a keen-witted encounter the Governor smilingly remarks, "I took the precaution to veto the bill before you came to tempt," and the baffled Boss sincerely and almost kindly remarks, "I've never met anybody quite like you in politics, Shelby; you are a paradox—a sort of admirable fool." There is a sort of quasi-resemblance in all this to actual history which piques curiosity. As for the picture of the Boss, that at least is a portrait from life and one admirably done in detail and general conception. Apart from its political side the story is a good one, brisk in its dialogue, original in incident, quick in its action. (The Macmillan Company.)

What stands out vigorously in Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "Captain Macklin" is not the semi-heroic hero's character, as was presumably the author's intention, but the vivid picture of a Central American revolution and counter-revolution. The plotting, fighting, and betraying, the kaleidoscopic scenes of victory and defeat, the rapid alternating in power of government forces and insurgents, decidedly have the effect of reality in the narrative, and hold the attention with a strong grip. Captain Macklin himself is a born soldier and adventurer, dismissed from West Point for a comparatively trivial offense, who plunges into a war in Honduras with joy, barely escapes with his life, tries civil life with repugnance, and at the close of the story throws up chances of success and love to become a soldier of fortune in Algeria. He is depicted as bumptious, proud, and a little grandiloquent, suffering from an unpopularity which he cannot understand. One feels that there are in him the rudiments of a picturesque character, but that the author has not clearly worked out his conception. As a love story the book is a sad failure; the feminine part of Mr. Davis's large constituency will never accept the story as a worthy successor to his "Soldiers of Fortune." (Scribners.)

It is not easy to account, on literary grounds, for the interest awakened by "The Confessions of a Wife" during its appearance as a serial in the "Century Magazine;" but it is very easy to account for it on emotional grounds. The story is in a way able; it is extraordinarily vivid, and it abounds in those touches which could be given only by an experienced writer. The identity of the author has not been divulged. The novel is a study in hysteria and neurotism, and as such it is a capital piece of psychological work, overwrought, unbalanced, intense, feverish, and unreal to the last degree; trembling at times on the borders of insanity, totally lacking in humor either in expression or in the background of the author's mind, fundamentally inartistic because fundamentally untrue and unbalanced. Nor is the moral object of the story brought out and the respect of the reader for the husband maintained by the introduction of the morphine habit as a solvent of the tragedy. The real tragedy lies in the husband's character, and one source of his tragedy lies in the fact that he permitted himself to marry a nervous, hysterical person. The only sane man in the story is the doctor, who acts with superhuman wisdom in everything except his love for the "Wilderness Girl." (The Century Company.)

Miss Fowler's "Fuel of Fire" is characterized by the same vivacity and finish of style that won such popularity for "Isabel Carnaby." The story deals with the fulfillment of an ancient curse pronounced against the house of Baxendale. The working out of this curse causes the course of true love to run very far from smooth. But that which appears to be a disaster proves a blessing in disguise, and a happy ending leaves one with a comfortable and satisfied feeling. The interest of the book, however, lies, not in the plot, but in witty repartee and clever characterization. Miss Fowler's humor is spontaneous and

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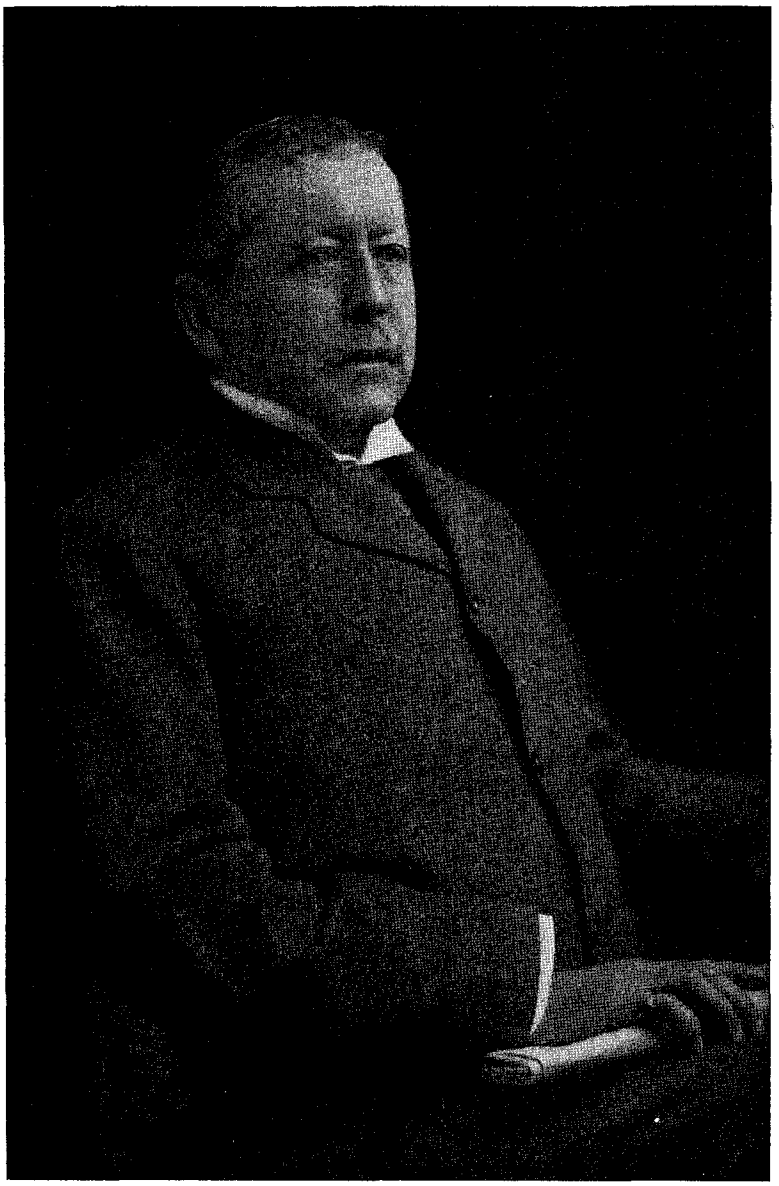

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH
Photographed for The Outlook by Morris Burke Parkinson.

keen always, and has found most delightful expression in "Fuel of Fire." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

In "The Four Feathers" Mr. A. E. W. Mason has again shown that natural gift of story-telling which made popular his "Courtship of Maurice Buckler" and "Miranda of the Balcony." Moreover, he has hit upon a notably original and unusual theme for the subject of the present romance. The book is really a study, not of cowardice, but of one who is morbidly afraid of proving a physical coward when the test of battle comes. So strongly does this mordid idea take hold of the young officer's imagination that he resigns his commission just before the outbreak of the war in the Soudan. He thinks he does this in such a way that no one can detect the motive, but it is discovered by three fellow-officers, who send him a box containing their cards

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and three white feathers. The box is received when the wretched young man is talking with his sweetheart, and when she sees the meaning of the white feathers and learns the story she adds a fourth. How the "coward," who is really a brave man at heart, redeems himself, and how each of the four feathers is recalled by its sender, makes up the substance of an exciting and strongly worked out romance. (The Macmillan Company.)

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart is one of those sincere and unpretentious people whose work is often undervalued because it is left to make its own place and select its readers without blowing of trumpets and beating of gongs. In the little group of writers who deal with real things in a real way in this country she holds a secure place. She has various gifts—skill in characterization, feeling for her background, a good sense which shines in well-phrased reflections; but her most original gift is humor—unforced, spontaneous, kindly, full of human tenderness. The story of "Napoleon Jackson" (The Century Company), aptly described in the sub-title as "The Gentleman of the Plush Rocker," is, in its way, a little masterpiece. It is a bit of life reproduced with contagious mirthfulness, with genuine skill, and with a keenness of insight into character which commands our respect while it compels our laughter. A more beguiling story has not appeared this season, nor a more real one.

In "Donavan Pasha and Some People of Egypt" (Appleton), Sir Gilbert Parker collects fifteen short stories of persons and places which have to do with the Nile country. The material is rich because the contrasts between the character and habits of the governing race and the manners and ways of the governed are striking and dramatic. The stories lack the brilliancy of "The Seats of the Mighty" and "The Right of Way," but they are the work of a writer who never fails to be interesting.

The twelve short tales which are contained in Mr. Kipling's "Just So Stories" are in the atmosphere of the "Jungle Tales," but they are much more familiar. They are addressed as a rule to younger readers, and the element of humor has freer play in them. They are less distinctly contributions to literature than were the "Jungle Stories." They are not so convincing, and there are occasional touches of satire, irony, or humorous reflection which are beyond the experience of children. The stories are also very uneven. Any collection, however, which contains two such stories as "The Elephant's Child" and "The Cat that Walked by Himself" will stand out by reason of originality, imagination, and graphic style. No one could have written this book except Mr. Kipling, and certainly no one else could have illustrated it, for the illustrations are quite as characteristic of Mr. Kipling's genius as the stories themselves. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

No survey of the season's fiction would be complete which failed to recall the names of several books already reviewed in The Outlook. Mr. Merriman's "The Vultures" (Harpers) is a spirited tale of Polish insurrection, of diplomatic intrigue, of love and tragedy. Mr. Hornung's "Shadow of the Rope" is an original study of the suffering of an innocent woman accused of murder, almost but not quite convicted. Mr. Arthur Morrison's "The Hole in the Wall" is a powerful series of pictures of London riverside slums a generation or two ago, with a strong thread of human interest. Mr. Conrad's "Typhoon" is a wonderful piece of sea-painting, with one strong personality dominating the storm and danger (Putnams). Miss Jacobs's "The Sheep-Stealers" (Putnams) introduces a new English novelist of rare promise.

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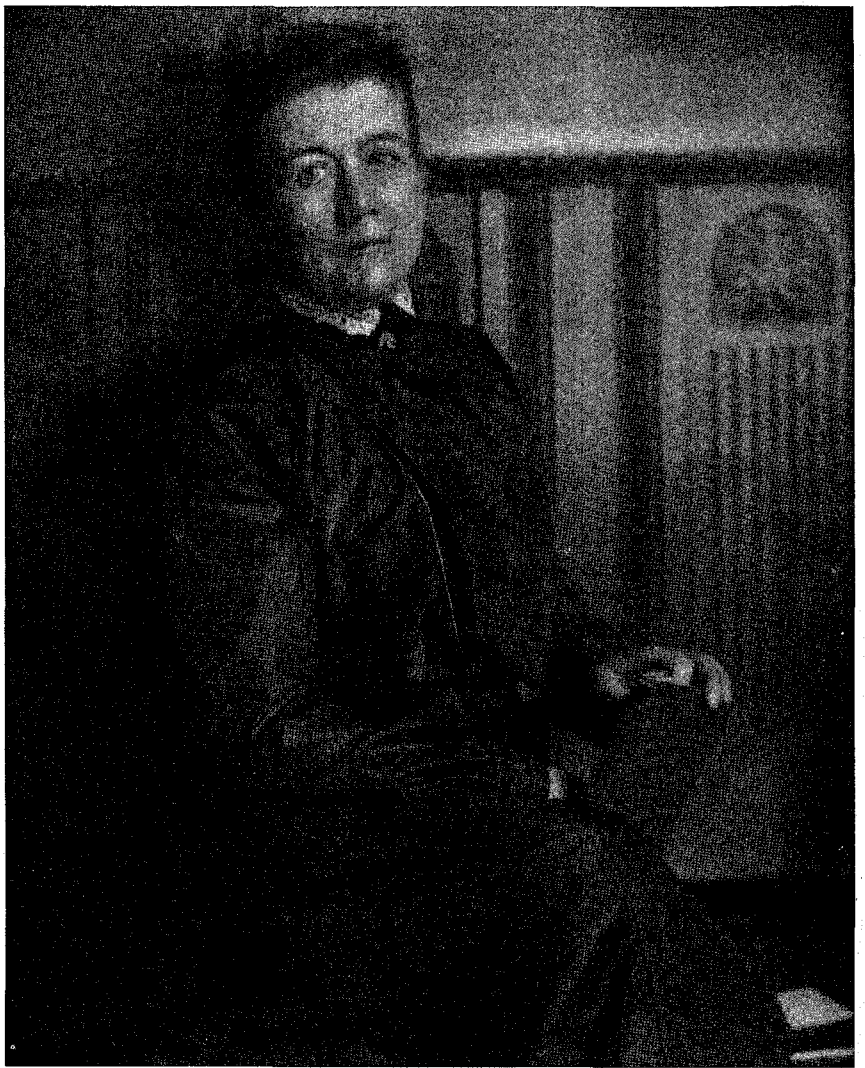

Lillian W. Betts

Among the women who have not only made a first-hand study of social conditions in the tenement-house districts of the great cities, but have put themselves into sympathetic relations with the people who live in these conditions, Mrs. Betts, who was for many years a member of the editorial staff of The Outlook, holds a prominent place. For a long time past she has put her heart and mind into a genuine fellowship with the people whom she has tried to serve. She has lived with them in so true sense that she has come to know them intimately in their homes, their pleasures, their occupations, and their deepest experiences. A keen observer, extraordinarily sensitive to the atmosphere in which she moves, with the faculty of vividly describing what she sees, and a passion for helpfulness, Mrs. Betts has not only done invaluable work in the field of social service with thought, pen, tongue, and in numberless acts of helpfulness, but is in a position to do the most effective and influential work of her life in the near future, as an interpreter of a host of men and women to those who are eager to help but do not know how. "The Leaven in a Great City" is being widely read, and its freshness, vividness, dramatic interest, and deep human sympathy promise to make its publication a notable event in the movement for social regeneration.

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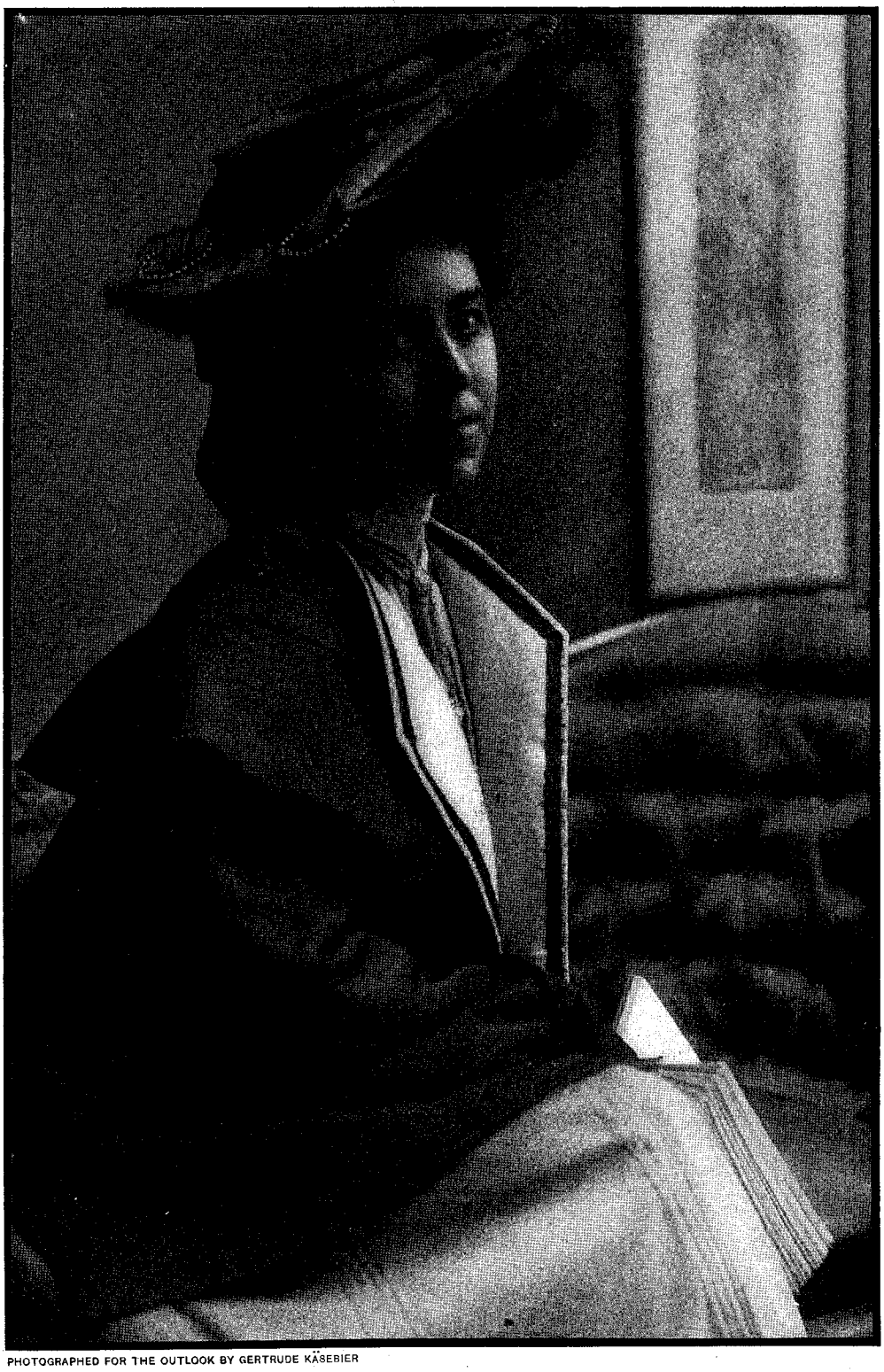

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE OUTLOOK BY GERTRUDE KÄSEBIER

MISS ALICE C. HEGAN

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Alice Caldwell Hegan

By William Frederick Dix

ON a terrace, a little back from the street, in the handsome residence portion of Fourth Avenue, Louisville, is a commodious red-brick house, standing by itself in pleasant grounds, beneath whose hospitable roof there assembles periodically during the winter months a little coterie of clever women who read aloud original short stories, poems, and sketches which they afterwards discuss and frankly criticise. The hostess on these occasions is a young lady who, ever since she left school about ten years ago, has not been content to give all her energies to social pastimes, but has had a constant ambition to write. Slightly above the medium height, with dark hair and eyes, animated in conversation and intensely interested in almost every phase of life, Miss Alice Caldwell Hegan is one of the leading spirits of this Southern literary club, because of her charmingly vivacious personality, her social tact, and her cleverness with the pen. Until about a year ago she considered herself merely an amateur, and had tried various kinds of story and sketch writing with varying success. It was not easy for her to find time for regular work, because the members of her family were shining exponents of Southern hospitality.

We in the North can hardly realize what the Kentucky idea of "open house" means. The Hegan home was the city rendezvous of a large group of friends and relatives who lived in the neighboring but lesser towns of Lexington, Covington, and Shelbyville, and in the country round about. These people, with delightful ingenuousness, would drop in, singly or in groups, for a few days' visit at any time, seldom thinking of giving notice beforehand. Consequently the Fourth Avenue home was in its normal condition when overflowing with guests; and as the daughter of the house is of practical as well as literary turn of mind, her writing could be done only at odd moments and when there happened to be a quiet household.

Then, too, there were the week-end parties "out at the cabin," which interfered with work and which from early spring till late autumn were a family institution. This cabin was built of logs chinked in with plaster, built in the forest a few miles out of town, a forest which the Hegans owned and loved. It had a great porch running entirely around it, with a "dog-trot" or open passageway through the center, with an outside stairway in it rising to the bedrooms. On one side of this "dog-trot" was the large dining-room, on the other a living-room, and the kitchen was in a "lean-to" at the rear. The countryside had been scoured for quaint old furniture, and the cabin had four-post bedsteads, old pewter and engravings, rag carpets, splint-bottom chairs, and a round dining-table, with a revolving center raised a few inches and designed to hold the vegetable-dishes, so that one could secure some viand on the other side by turning this central part of the table around! Between meals one quenched his thirst from the water-gourd and bucket of spring water in the kitchen, and here, far from town, with the leafy Kentucky forests shutting out the world on all sides, the merriest of house parties assembled almost every week for a day or two of pioneer life, for tramping and riding, for lazy hours in the hammocks swung on the porches, and for companionship with congenial friends. Over the dining-room fireplace, just under the Revolutionary musket, is painted this motto:

> He who a cheerful nature owns
> A palace rears from hovel stones.

And this is the very spirit and idea of this little log cabin in the woods.

The longing to accomplish something grew stronger each year, and, after dipping into Kentucky history and trying various themes more or less historical, Miss Hegan suddenly realized that what she could probably do best was that which lay nearest at hand. It lay, in fact, so near at hand that she had been steadily overlooking it! The Cabbage Patch! For years she had been executing unobserved acts of charity in this forlorn and unbeautiful part of Louisville. Here, "where ramshackle cottages played hop-scotch over the railroad tracks," she had been

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a regular and welcome visitor. All doors were opened to her, and to her sympathetic ears the woes of the neighborhood were poured out. Winter after winter she had done much to relieve the stress of poverty, and the incident in her book of the letter to the newspaper, and the instant responses in money, clothes, and food it brought to a stricken family, was founded on an actual occurrence.

Curiously enough, that which probably made her such a welcome visitor among these people of the Cabbage Patch was what has been the chief element in her success—her strong love of humor. She has to a remarkable degree a quick and acute sense of humor—humor, that is, which is funny and humor which is pathetic; she sees the pathos in life as sensitively and appreciatively as she does the incongruous and the absurd. So she thoroughly understood the various phases of lowly human nature in this squalid part of Louisville, and established among its people a strongly human understanding with them.

And so, when the idea came to her of writing up her own experiences, she had but to add a thread of fiction, to change a few names and concentrate the innumerable episodes, and the book seemed actually to write itself! It seemed absolutely spontaneous! Yet, when it was written, she mistrusted it and worked over it with painstaking care, and even when she felt she could do no more with it, she had the gravest doubts over this little record of some of her own experiences. Of course the introduction of the love episode was the fiction which strung the scenes in the story together, and it was with many misgivings that "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was offered for publication.

About a year ago, Miss Hegan, while in New York, had the pleasure of calling upon her publishers and receiving in her hands the first copy of a modest little green-covered book of about one hundred and fifty pages. She turned the leaves with shy but intense interest, and wondered if it would ever be noticed among all the large and beautiful books that were coming out. This was her first real venture in the field of letters she had looked into from afar for so long. Almost at once the little tale began to be read and talked about; soon a thousand copies were sold, then five, ten, fifteen thousand! Her picture was sought after for publication; new editions were quickly exhausted; twenty, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty thousand copies went, and still the new editions are quickly disposed of; and within the year this Louisville girl has emerged as the writer of one of the most popular, most wholesome and human books of recent years.

What is the secret of its success? It is full of human love and sympathy. It was written from the heart, without self-consciousness or false motives, but with simplicity and sincerity. It shows a subtle earnestness of purpose which shines behind all its mirth. It is deliciously humorous because the humor is perfectly natural, it is pathetic without being sentimental, and with all its pathos it is never sad because there is not a note of despondency in it. Its optimism is constant, and it is a perfectly true and convincing picture of life.

Another book by Miss Hegan is about to appear. It is called "Lovey Mary," and the scenes are laid in the same Cabbage Patch. The question naturally arises, Can she repeat her success? There is no reason in this case why she should not. As she herself has remarked, "The Cabbage Patch is full of stories." And no one will doubt that if they are to be found, the author of "Mrs. Wiggs" will find them; for success has not robbed her of her freedom from self-consciousness, and any of the charity-deserving residents of that part of the town will tell you that she herself is still "the good angel of the Cabbage Patch."

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Ballad of Father Hudson

YOU may doubt, but I heard the story
Just as I tell it to you;
And whatever you think of the setting,
I believe the substance true.

The great North Seaboard Province,
From Fundy to Chaleurs,
Is a country of many waters,
And somber hills of fir,

Where the moose still treads his snow-yard,
Breaking his paths to browse,
Where the caribou rove the barrens,
And the bear and the beaver house;

Where Killooleet sings from the ridge-pole
All through the night and the rain,
When the great blue sweet North Summer
Comes back to the wilds again.

In that land of many rivers,
Bogan and lake and stream,
You may follow the trail in the water
With the paddle's bend and gleam,

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Where the canoe, like a shadow
Among the shadows, slips
Under the quiet alders
And over the babbling rips,—

You may go for a week together,
Reading footmark and trace
Of the wild shy woodland creatures,
Ere you meet a human face.

There when the Loyalists came
And the houses of men were few,
Little was all their wealth
And great were the hardships they knew;

But greater the hardy faith
They kept unflinching and fine,
And chose to be naught in the world
For the pride of a loyal line.

And there came Father Hudson,
As I've heard my father tell,
To serve the wilderness missions
With sound of a Sunday bell.

Sober he was and a toiler,
Cared not for ease nor place;
They speak of his humor, too,
And the long droll shaven face.

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Labor he did, and spared not,
In that vineyard wild and rough,
And often was sore with travel,
And often hungry enough,

Doubt not, as he carried the word
By portage and stream and trail,
That still in the mind of his people
The fire of truth should prevail.

And once was a church to build,
Little, lonely, apart,
Hardly more than a token
In the forest's great green heart.

With his own hands he reared it,
And often was wet to the hide,
And often slept on the shavings
Till the birds sang outside;

Then up in the fragrant morning,
And back to hammer and saw,
Building into the timbers
Love and devotion and awe.

So the fair summer went by,
And the church was finished at last;
But Father Hudson was called
To a country still more vast.

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In the land of the creaking snowshoe
And the single track in the snow,
There's many a thing of wonder
No man will ever know.

It happened about the feast
Of the blessed Nativity,
When the snow lay heavy and silent
On every bending tree,

When the great north lights went stalking
Through the purple solitude,
Father Hudson's successor
Passed by the church in the wood.

And he saw the place all lighted
Though it was not the hour of prayer,
And the strains of a triumphing organ
Came to him on the air.

In amazement he turned aside.
Who could the player be?
And who had lighted the lights?
The door still fast, the key

On its nail in the little porch!
He turned, put one foot on the sill,
Unlocked, opened, and entered.
The church was dark and still!

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The white-robed spruces around it
Stood still with never a word;
The sifting snow at the window
Was all the good man heard.

Verily, Father Hudson,
Strong was thy sturdy creed,
But stronger and more enduring
The loving and holy deed,

Which so could enthrall the spirit,
Setting its door ajar,
To see the thing that is not,
Vivid as things that are!

O brave are the single-hearted
Who deal with this life, and dare
To live by the inward vision,—
In the soul's native air.

Bliss Carman

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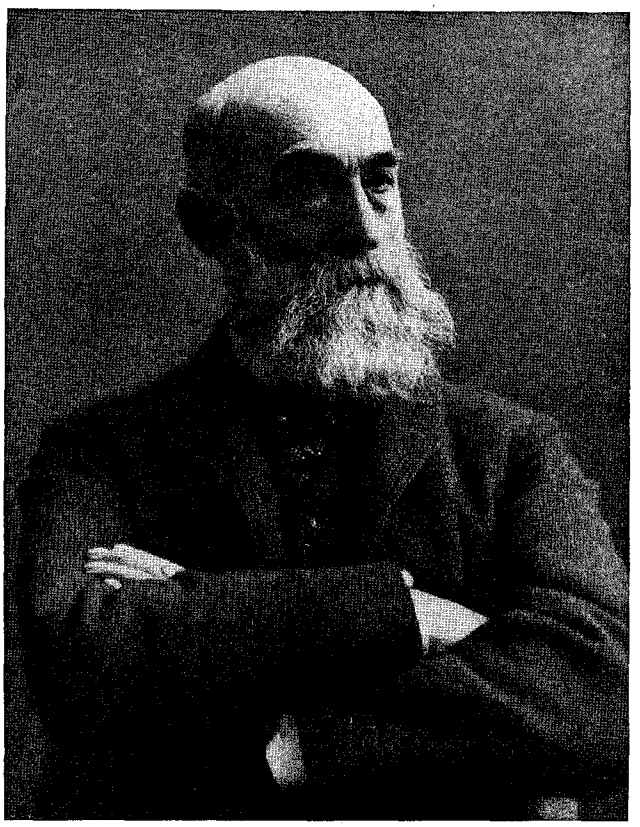

Horace Howard Furness

By Talcott Williams

WITH "Twelfth Night, or What You Will," Horace Howard Furness completes the twelfth play and the thirteenth volume of his great task for twoscore years.

> A piece of work
> So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
> In workmanship and value.

Happy the man who early finds his life-work, finding knows, and knowing does. Dr. Furness was thirty when he consciously began his variorum edition. He still lacked two years of forty when the first volume of the series, "Romeo and Juliet," appeared, 1871, and the twelfth play leaves the press just thirty years later. This labor has absorbed life. There were, before it began, brief wanderings—college at Harvard, law at Columbia, thoughts (due, perhaps, to a trip abroad which carried him to Damascus) of Arabic as a life-study, short years of law practice, and then, in 1862 or 1863, the conception of a new variorum. One there was in 1821, "*the* Variorum," in twenty-one volumes. The new was to give a volume to a play—"Hamlet" has two—and must outspan a single life.

This early consciousness has centered life. "Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play; alone, in company"—the great task has gone on. It had its early leadings. The Philadelphia Shakespeare Society, to-day the oldest in existence, had been organized for ten years when he began. He is still its Dean. Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Pierce Butler, had brought to Philadelphia—of all cities, Sir Henry Irving has said, the most Shakespearean—close personal touch of the current and

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living interpretation of the stage. From her came the gloves for whose ownership by Shakespeare the chain of title is so good that one willingly believes that the one personal relic of the poet rests in the study of his most tireless commentator. Time has been at Dr. Furness's command, and he has been able to collect the wide range of original sources, housed together in a galleried study richer in these treasures than any but two or three great libraries.

Out of this laboratory these volumes have come. The commentators of Shakespeare have been either men of letters or men of studies—men like Pope and Johnson, who turned aside from full lives, or men like Capell and Theobald, who turned inside from narrow ones. No man can read anew Dr. Furness's prefaces or fare his slow but fruitful way through these volumes and not realize that they have had an editor both a man of letters and a man of studies.

Nowhere better than in these volumes can one trace "the power," as this editor noted of others in his preface to "Hamlet," 1873, "of Shakespeare's genius as shown in its stimulating effect on minds of a high order." "Romeo and Juliet," in this series, began but heaped citations, scarce a word from the editor. In "Hamlet" he did not even express his own conclusion that its hero is a "man of action." As the volumes increase, notes multiply, and there has been in the past thirty years such gain of weight, such interpretative capacity, and such acquirement and acquisition of the high joy of sheer style as is itself one more monument to the value of the study of the great to those great enough to profit thereby.

The fruitless effort for a new and perfect text was abandoned with "Othello," 1886, and the text of the First Folio reprinted with masoretic accuracy. In other collections there are flaws. None in this alone. The vicious tendency towards subjective interpretation and emendation, rife in all commentators, most of all in those of the Bible, has never appeared. Humor has survived this journey through a wilderness of study. The sane readiness to leave something unexplained perpetually checks conjecture.

The student who began forty years ago, slowly searching and gathering these "cankered heaps of strange achieved gold"—though no one who sees that face or knows that frame will ever think that Dr. Furness has "broken his sleep with thought, his brains with care, or his bones with industry," so easily and to such well-rounded ends has this benedictine labor been mastered—has become in "Twelfth Night" a master of the revel, a "manager of mirth," the leader of all the choir. The preface in these volumes, which was earlier a bald tale of plan, has expanded to an essay on date, sources, and tendency. Where once "the Editor" was silent, he speaks now a court of last resort. Here, as through all these volumes, there is no mere gift of gathering, no mere "quintessence of dust," but selection out of the vast accumulation of three centuries to secure the precise share in text, comment, and apparatus which lights the play.

Limits there are even here. The value of determining the date of each play, to which Dr. Dowden drew attention years after this labor began, Dr. Furness scouts in this volume as before. To his eye, Shakespeare's plays have no clue as to his development. But how small is this refusal to accept the more recent view, certain to color all future criticism, by the side of innumerable services—the recovery of Capell, the check to ceaseless emendation, the proper estimate of the German critic—too often "from the waist downward, all slops," above all, the sanity, the restraint, and the common sense. Industry will make any head learned. Only mother-wit will make it wise.

Since the "Othello," 1886, each volume has borne its record of a great sorrow which interrupted their ordered progress. There is to-day associated with Dr. Furness his son, Horace Howard Furness, Jr. Those who have sat with the younger student in the Philadelphia Shakespeare Society know that this vast work, if not in one life, in two, will be well ended and well done.[1] He will begin his share in the joint work, it may be announced here, with the historical plays, opening with "King John."

[1] Fortunately, the leading plays are already done, and all of this cast and class we may hope will be completed by the same hand. The full list is: "Romeo and Juliet," 1871; "Macbeth," 1873; "Hamlet" (two volumes), 1877; "King Lear," 1880; "Othello," 1886; "The Merchant of Venice," 1888; "As You Like It," 1890; "Midsummer Night's Dream," 1895; "Much Ado About Nothing," 1898; "Twelfth Night," 1901.

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CHILDREN'S BOOK-PLATES

BY ZELLA ALLEN DIXSON

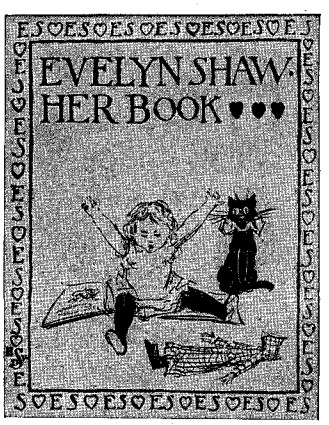
BY BEULAH M. CLUTE

IN its simplest definition a book-plate is the name-label that is pasted in the inside front cover of a book to denote its ownership. From the last half of the fifteenth century an increasing number of individuals have used these plates. In the British Museum in London there is a collection of book-plates numbering 200,000 specimens. Such a list includes, more perfectly than the best biographical dictionaries, the names of the great in all departments during those years.

To have your little child mark its nursery books with a book-plate is to make for it a point of contact with all that such a list represents. To have a book-plate is to be personally interested with every other plate and to seek information of all connected with it. To know even a few plates well is to have learned indirectly many things not generally known in history, literature, travel, biography, heraldry, and fine art. A little child who owns a good book-plate and has been made to understand all about it, the race to which it belongs, the ideas it embodies, has not only gained a personal acquaintance with illustrious lives that will overshadow and influence its own, but will enter the race of life better equipped and will be better educated than a little child who has not had this formal introduction into the world of the past.

In discussing any phase of this subject one should remember that a book-plate is only one of several time-honored methods of checking the inherent tendency in books to stray from the library to which they belong and never again take their places beside their companions upon the shelves. The most ancient libraries were housed in temples, with priests charged with their care. The check in these collections was the ever-vigilant jailer-librarian, terribly in earnest to see that none of the unfortunates under his care made their escape.

During the monastic period, when the energy and devotion of the Benedictines had given a second birth to literature and learning and added to the book world the beautiful illuminated books of the Dark Ages, a second check came into existence. Having now the care of books upon each of which a lifetime of patient skill had been expended, books that were worth a king's ransom, the wise old monks decided that treasures so scarce and valuable must not be left to readers with slippery fingers and defective memories. So each book was securely chained with a strong iron chain to the desk or shelf on which it was to be used. In all history this has proved the only effectual method of preventing book-stealing.



BY HOWARD VAN DOREN SHAW

Libraries of chained books were to be found throughout the civilized world up to the latter part of the

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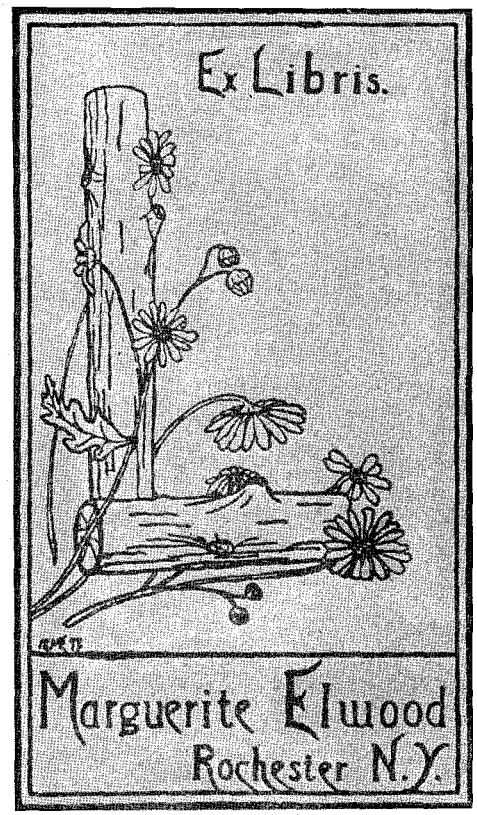
fifteenth century, when the invention of printing from movable type gave the book-loving world a volume cheap and plentiful enough to be used without chains, and relegated the libraries of chained books to the museums and treasure-trove rooms of great institutions. At the same time it became clearly evident that something to indicate that the books owned by institutions as well as those rapidly forming into private libraries were not public property was urgently needed. To meet this want the book-plate was born into the kingdom, to be the ever-present silent witness against the book-thief. At first little thought was expended upon it. It came at a time when few could read and write, when the possession of books was the prerogative of three favored classes, the clergy, the scholars, and the scions of nobility. So in its earliest form it was simply the copy of the family blazon. The coat-of-arms of the family was placed on all articles of value—the carriage, the horse-trappings, fine jewelry, silver plate, effects of swordsmanship, etc. When the book collections began to form in the living-rooms, the same mark was placed on them, with little thought of the matter and no realization of the line of great and illustrious descendants that was to follow. The earliest book-plates known to collectors to-day fall within the years 1450–1490, which is the period now generally accepted as the time of the formal introduction of process-made books. From that date to the present moment book-plates have been steadily multiplying and their use becoming more and more general, until to-day not to own a book-plate with which to mark your books is to argue yourself quite out of the trend of culture and education.

In order to impress the lesson implied by the presence of the book-plate, verses and couplets were added to reinforce it. Some of these were in praise of books, some warnings against the unlawful appropriation of the treasured volume, and all very much to the point, as some few quotations will show.

On an early monastic plate is this rather startling command: "Ho there! take me back to my master."

"Steal not this book my honest friend,
For fear the gallows will be your end.
Up the ladder and down the rope,
There you'll hang until you choke.



BY MARGUERITE ELWOOD

Then I'll come along and say,
'Where's that book you stole away?'"

"My book is one thing; my boot is another:
Do not steal the one, for fear of the other."

"Of borrowed books I take no loan,
Nor lend a book that's not my own."

"If thou art borrowed by a friend right welcome shall he be
To read, to study, not to lend but to return to me.
Not that imparted knowledge doth diminish Wisdom's store,
But books I find if often lent return to me no more."

"All those to whom this book I lend, I give one word no more.
They who to borrow condescend, should graciously restore."

The making of book-plates has kept pace with the manufacture of the books themselves. The most eminent artists during these years designed and cut them. Down through the years they have been the mirrors reflecting the manners and customs of each age in which they have been used. By means of them the student to-day gleans many a side-light on the path

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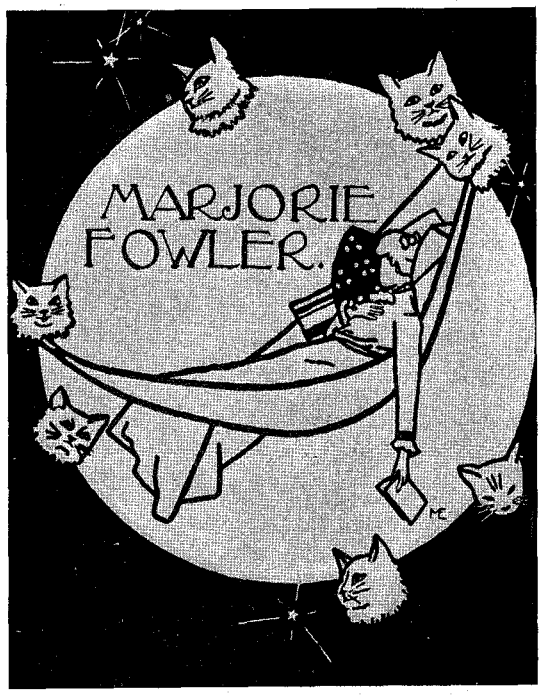
of research. As a single case in point, that might be duplicated many times, one might cite a certain type of heraldic plate numerous and rather puzzling to one not understanding the reference it mutely records. This plate represents a landscape more or less varied, but always with a tree in the prominent foreground. On this tree is hung a shield, on which is emblazoned the coat of arms of the individual to whom the plate belonged. The reference is to a rather picturesque custom connected with the popular life of the people of the period to which it belongs. During the public festivals and tournaments it was the custom for knights to challenge the world for their right to bear arms. The knight would hang his shield, beautifully ornamented with his heraldic emblems, near the center of the festivities. A follower would remain to guard the shield and to accept the challenge of any one who should proclaim his doubt of the right to bear arms by casting his spear against it.



BY MARGUERITE ELWOOD

For many years the armorial has been the chief form of the plate, but that is no longer the only form, nor even to-day the most popular type. In France and England, where so long the heraldic devices have been so generally the form used, one sees now, in increasing numbers, the library interior, literary, biographical, rebus, pictorial, and purely decorative. The terms Jacobean, Rococo, Chippendale, seem destined to become the terms of description of decadent types of book-plates.

The individuals who are the happy possessors of book-plates to-day are to be found, not only in every civilized land, but in every walk of life, and with no restrictions as to sex, age, or previous condition of servitude. Edmund Gosse defines the book-plate as "the outward and visible mark of the citizenship of a book-lover." As the children have been admitted for more than a century to the world of books, so also for the same period have they held this outward and visible sign of their citizenship in the literary kingdom.

These plates have followed the usual forms of those used by mature individuals, even including armorial of the heaviest and most uninteresting type; but by far the greatest number are purely pictorial. A child's plate should be small in size, simple in design, and thoroughly understandable to its young owner. If it has representations, they should be taken from the child's own world; if literary references, they should be to characters familiar to juvenile literature.

A design that exemplifies in a most charming manner these qualifications of a good plate is one made by the talented Mrs. Beulah M. Clute for Marjory and Percival Mitchell. Here we find not only the "cow that jumped over the moon" and "Goosey, Goosey Gander," but dear old Mother Goose herself, touching with her magic wand the imaginations of two little tots curled up on the floor amid their toys, busy with an open book. On much the same order is the book-plate used by the little Carey children, of Cambridge, Mass. This was designed by Mr. Weston Smith, and represents a little black and white "bunny," the merry little companion of the children of Astor Carey. Below the rabbit is the inscription, "Carey children, their mark."

The book-plate of little Evelyn Shaw,

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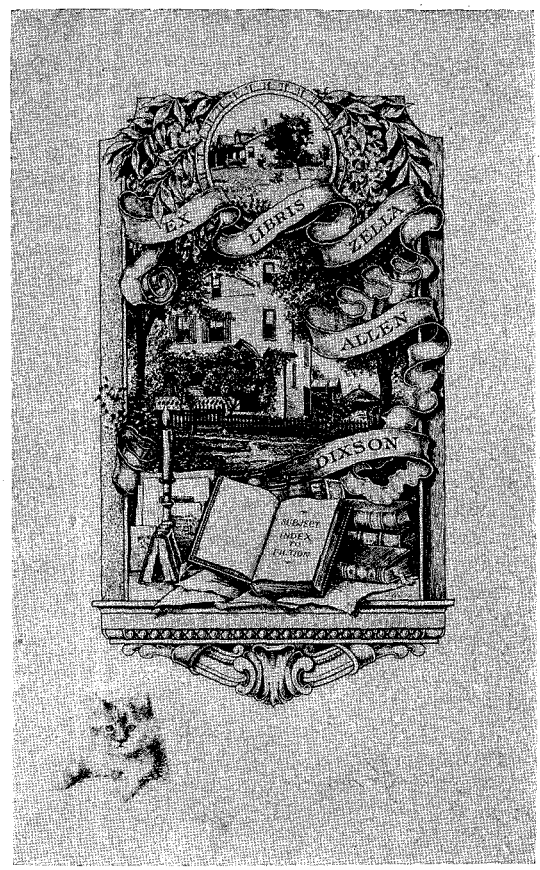
the work of her artist father, Howard Van Doren Shaw, is one that children themselves admire greatly, and their taste is well worth considering. The illustration represents a small maiden seated on the floor surrounded by her books and playthings. She is reading aloud, with excited gesticulations, to the doll and to the cat, who seems dressed up for the occasion. The doll has impudently gone to sleep; but pussy looks as if the story was one of the tracts of the Anti-Vivisection Society. Above the picture are the words, "Evelyn Shaw, her book." Most book-plates have a border of some conventionalized design, that means little to one not artistically trained. Mr. Shaw, in this design, has substituted a very clever border made of a repetition of the initials of the name and a pictured heart. The appeal to the childish intelligence is fine. It is a common observation that a child early learns to connect the initial letters of its name with its own personality. Again, what member of a child's body so soon becomes a conscious part of its anatomy as the heart! The tiny lips will lisp, "I love you with all my heart;" or, in answer to the query, "Do you love papa?" reply, "I love you a whole heart full." The sight of this plate always brings a personal vision of a dear little boy of five years, to whom it was once shown. His small finger made the trip around the entire plate, as he repeated softly to himself, "Evelyn Shaw's book, Evelyn Shaw's book," etc. When asked what the border meant, he replied, after a moment's hesitation, "Evelyn Shaw loves her book and will be good to it."



BY J. WINFRED SPENCELEY

Harold May Elwood has the distinction of owning two very good book-plates; one by Mr. Harvey Ellis, the water-color artist, and the other by Harold's father, Mr. George May Elwood, of Rochester, N. Y. The former represents a lad in a very boyish attitude enjoying what seems very much like "Puck" or "Judge;" the latter is a plate that possesses a fine motif for a juvenile library. Over the top of the plate is the quotation, "Watchman! what of the night?" Beneath is a very sleepy child, gowned for bed, holding up a clock that points to the dreaded hour of retiring. Underneath the picture is the name, "Harold May Elwood." Is there anything in this sad old world that is so universally detested by the entire race of little children as bedtime? It has only one redeeming feature—that in many homes the dear mother or father has sweetened it a little by making it the children's hour, and reading aloud to them while they prepare for bed; and so it has come to pass that in the thoughts of a little child the book and the bed are closely associated.

One more plate belonging to this family is worthy of special notice; it is a punning plate, and designed by its owner when she was eleven years old. The letter "L" is made of wood and decorated with marguerite daisies. The name underneath the design gives the key to the rebus, "Marguerite Elwood." Miss Elwood has designed other plates. One that is a prime favorite with children is the plate of

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Marjorie Fowler, whose representative, having read herself to sleep in a hammock, dreams that the stars are inhabited only with cats.

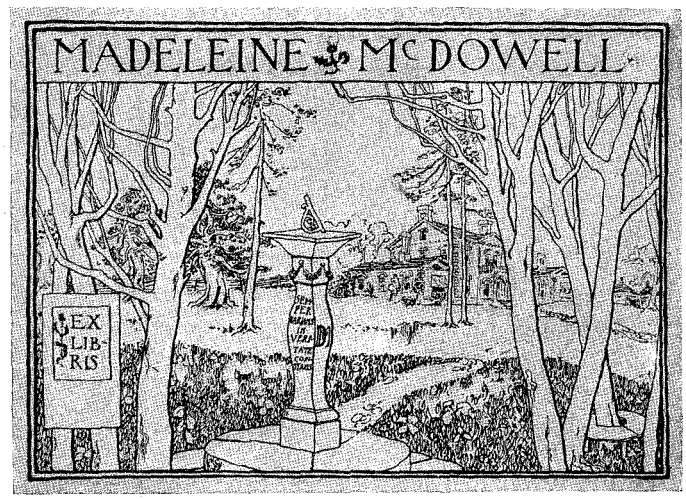
In Germany and France, as well as in America and England, this custom of providing children with book-plates as a means of education and culture has given us many beautiful and interesting plates.

A recent personal experience gives at least a hint of what a "royal road to knowledge" a book-plate may be made to a little child. Much of my leisure time last winter was spent in identifying and classifying a mixed lot of *ex libris*. Rather unexpectedly, this labor was shared by a little friend of the mature age of six years. The friendship dates from one morning when she called at my office to give me her new book-plate and receive mine in return. As the work on the plates proceeded, Little Marie heard many book-plate stories, and learned how plates were identified. She had many delightful looks through the powerful magnifying-glass, and soon learned to know as well as an expert the signs of nationality. She became familiar with all the charming little legends and tales that cluster around the choice of a national emblem; knew why a thistle stood for a Scotchman, a rose for an Englishman, a lily for a Frenchman, and a shamrock for an Irishman. The plate of Paul Revere held a subtle fascination over her, and many an evening, after the work was laid aside, we took down the illustrated edition of Longfellow's Poems and read from the "Tales of a Wayside Inn" the story of the "Midnight Ride of Paul Revere." From the French plates of the eighteenth century she heard for the first time the story of the French Revolution, and much about a beautiful French Queen who was also called "Marie."

Here is a little sequel to our winter's work, as her father recently told it to me. In the family to which Little Marie belongs there still exists that now almost obsolete habit of reading aloud in the family circle during the evenings. The book selected was that most vividly written work, "Life of Marie Antoinette," by Maxime de la Rochéterie. The book was nearly finished when one evening, as an offset to a very long afternoon nap, the child was allowed to sit up beyond the usual hour for retiring. As the reading continued the father and mother exchanged amused glances, noticing that their little daughter on the floor seemed more interested in the reading than in her playthings; but the reading claimed their attention, and the child passed out of mind. At length, dimly conscious of a small elbow pressing against his arm, the reader paused, and, looking down into the eager little face at his side, said:

"What is it, dear?"

"I know all about that man," said she. "He was captain of the Swiss Guards, and once he saved Queen Marie from the mob. The liberty cap on his plate did not save him. They cut off his head after all. I have helped work out his book-plates."



BY HOWARD VAN DOREN SHAW

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Booth Tarkington

By Charles Hall Garrett

ONE balmy summer evening Mr. Booth Tarkington, after his graduation from Princeton, stood idly with a group of friends on the porch of the Garden House at Jamestown, Rhode Island, watching the dancers within.

"Booth," asked one who had known him for years, "what are you going to do now that you have graduated?"

"I think," he said with a certain amount of earnestness, "I will enter journalism."

In vain for years he sought recognition, always rewriting his returned manuscripts, never being satisfied with the work of his pen, persevering, till the way opened and two novels were accepted at once.

While at Princeton he drew for one college publication and wrote for two others. In one can be found almost the entire circus scene of "The Gentleman from Indiana." Although, after graduating, he desired to become a writer, he began the study of art.

"But," said Mr. Tarkington, "I never advanced beyond technique. I sent a drawing and a joke to 'Life.' The drawing was accepted and the joke rejected. A subsequent drawing and joke were reversed in the matter of acceptance. I followed them up with forty drawings, all of which were refused. It was the disproportionate return for my work in favor of the text that forever decided me to undertake journalism."

In his native town, Indianapolis, he had taken an active interest in an amateur dramatic club, and had written for it three plays. They were so well received that he rewrote them, with the idea of playing a part, and in 1895 came to New York in hopes of having one of them produced, only to be disappointed and to return home.

"I then wrote a story," continued Mr. Tarkington, "of fifty thousand words. It was refused by many publishers, but became the greater part of "The Gentleman from Indiana," so my pains were not thrown away. I submitted 'Monsieur Beaucaire' to 'McClure's,' which they liked, and wrote to me asking me to call, and inquiring if I had written anything else. I spoke of 'The Gentleman from Indiana,' which was in an unfinished state. They asked to see it, advised me to complete it, and then to do a little pruning; and I might say I did not spare it, but slashed, condensed, and rewrote the book from beginning to end; always bearing in mind it was to be a serial, that each installment should in some way make reference to the past, and have an ending both satisfactory and carrying—which the publishers have excused me from doing in my last, 'The Two Vanrevels.' I think as a book it will appear better constructed."

"The Gentleman from Indiana" appeared serially before "Monsieur Beaucaire," which was dramatized for Mr. Mansfield and ran successfully.

Up to the time of the acceptance of his first two books, Mr. Tarkington's total receipts for five years' work amounted to but $22.50, all of which he received from "Life," although he had written under the *nom de plume* John Corburton for the Indianapolis papers, and while in New York, in 1895, for a magazine called "John-A-Dreams," signing himself S. Cecil Woodford.

"The death of that little magazine," said Mr. Tarkington, "on the staff of which I was supposed to be, was the greatest blow I ever sustained.

"At an early age my mind revolved around bits of local Indiana history, and when too young to write easily, my sister acted as my amanuensis. To her I dictated my early impressions, and delighted in stories of daring and of adventurous life. Jesse James, the desperado, appealed to my youthful fancy, and, in consequence, my early attempts at composition invariably commenced—'It was dusk, and four horsemen were seen riding over the top of the hill.' With my companions, I fashioned a stage in my father's barn, and there we enacted 'The Escapades of Jesse James,' from my pen, charging an admission of three cents. How distinctly I remember the bar-room scene, always too short to my way of thinking, with the crack of pistol-shots! And how pungent was

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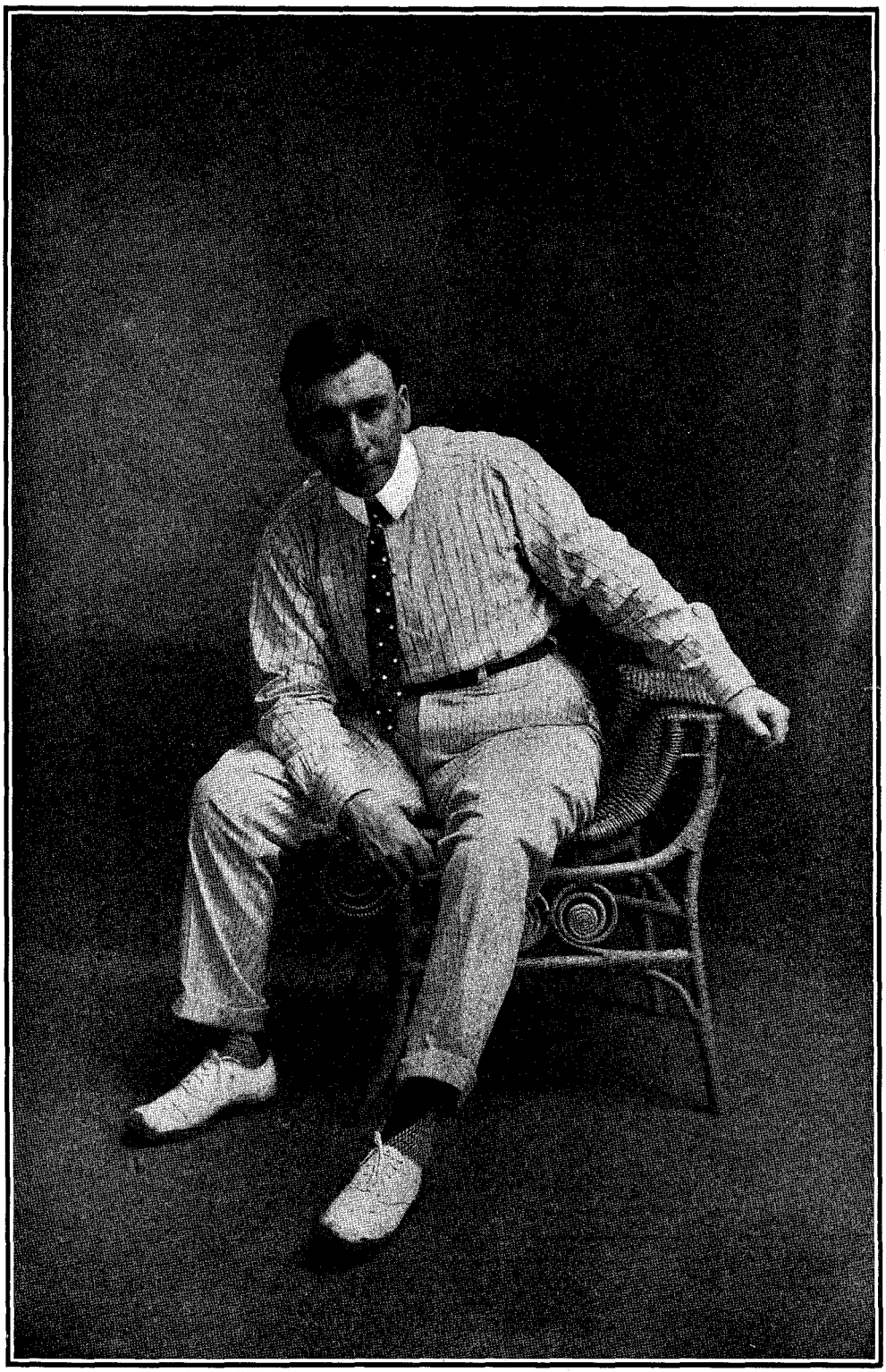

BOOTH TARKINGTON

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my regret that I could not play both Jesse James and Bob Ford, his slayer!"

Mr. Tarkington was a precocious child, of an over-inquiring mind and retentive memory, who, although repeatedly taken from school for two or three months by the advice of the family's physician, read and studied at home, and at the end of a term would be at the head of his class, or in its foremost ranks, in examinations. At college he was seldom known to take notes, yet when men came to him to be posted, he was always able to impart the information they desired. He attended Exeter, went to Purdue University, and entered the Junior Class at Princeton.

Mr. Tarkington is a representative to the State Legislature of Indiana, and tells, in connection with his campaigning, many amusing incidents; the following is one which the local papers delighted in printing:

"A friend," said Mr. Tarkington, "stumping for me, thought he would feel the sentiment of a crowd he was about to address at a cross-roads.

"'Are you going to vote for Tarkington?' he inquired.

"'You mean that actor-fellow?' asked a man in the crowd.

"'Yes, that acrobat,' said my friend.

"'That's what,' came the reply.

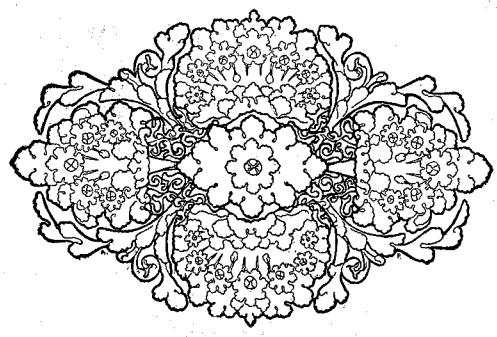
"'Why?' he asked.

"'Want to see what sort of a fool he'll make of himself,' was the cheerful retort."

Probably the most amusing fictitious story told at his expense was the one that gained general credence concerning a doughnut factory. Mr. Tarkington owns a little corner piece of property in Indianapolis which he rents to a baker. The baker's next-door neighbor objected to the smell of doughnuts baking, and asked him to discontinue their making. The baker refusing, he brought suit, and Mr. Tarkington as owner of the property became co-defendant. Then some one, as a joke, circulated the report that he had started a doughnut factory. It was published abroad, and his newspaper clippings increased threefold. His friends greeted him on the street with, "Well, Tarkington, how are doughnuts?" The Indianapolis papers cartooned him rapidly eating doughnuts. He had occasion to go to New York, and thought no one would know of the story there, but on walking into a club where three of his friends were playing pool, he was hailed in chorus with, "Well, Tarkington, how are doughnuts?"

"I do not expect," he said, "to live that story down in my lifetime.

"I wrote 'The Two Vanrevels' many years ago, as a short story of two thousand words, and put it away in hopes it would develop in my mind into a more pretentious work. Recently I wrote a play. Mr. John Drew and two managers declined it, the latter saying they would accept it if I would make certain changes, which I declined to do, being unwilling to sacrifice the artistic, as I did in 'Monsieur Beaucaire' to satisfy Mr. Mansfield."



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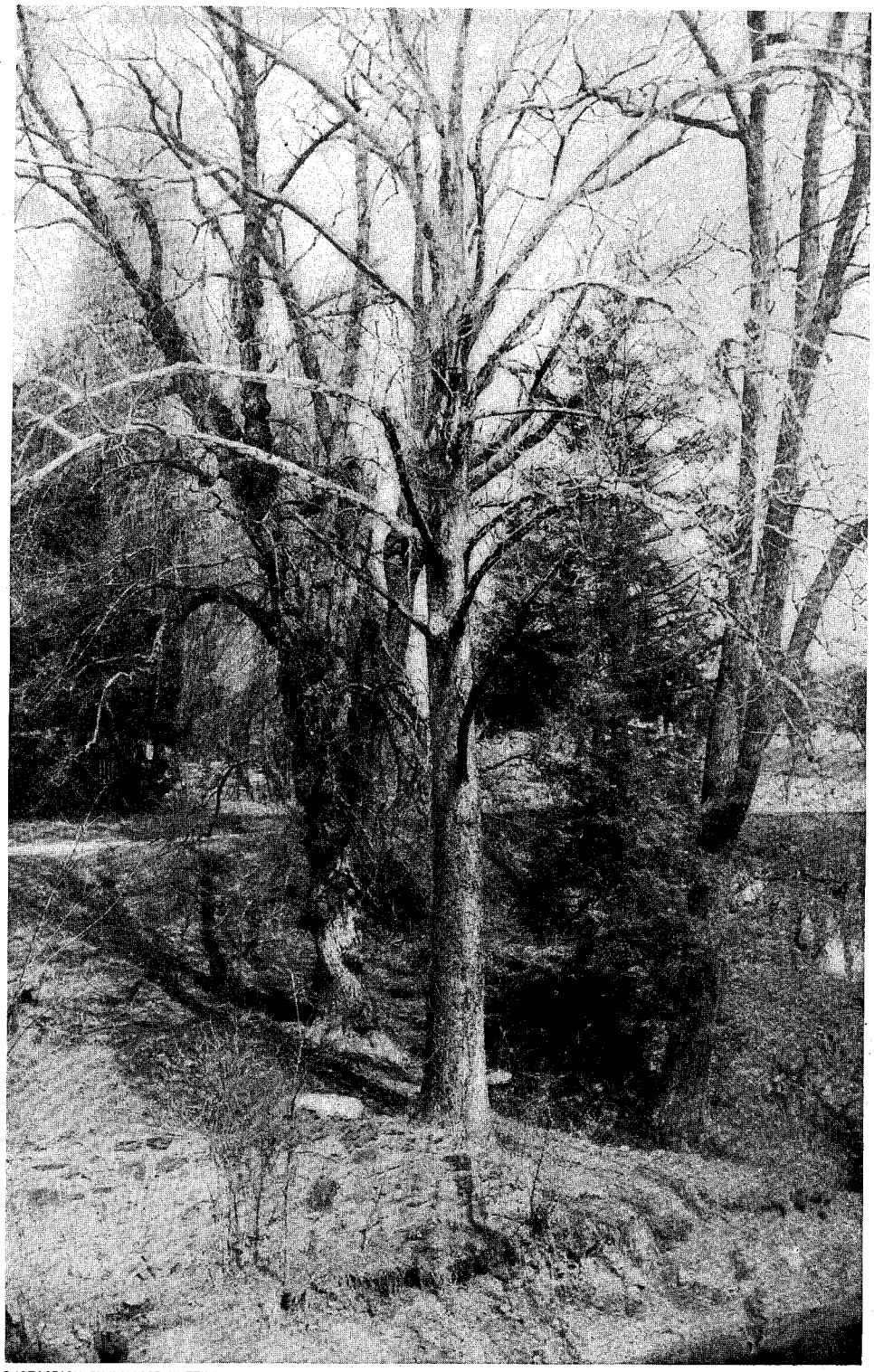

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE NUTTING

THE ENTRANCE TO SLEEPY HOLLOW

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THE WASHINGTON IRVING COUNTRY

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

IRVING and Longfellow were primarily translators and interpreters of the Old World to the New; to them, more than to any other of our early writers, was due the liberation of the young nation from provincialism, not by the use of fresh motives or of novel literary forms, but by bringing the American imagination in touch with the imagination of Europe, and reknitting the deeper ties which had been, in a way, severed by forcible separation from Old World rule. There was, in the first three decades of the nineteenth century, general dependence on European literature and general deference to European taste; a dependence from which Emerson and Poe, by definite and urgent teaching as well as by practice of art with that freshness and force which always form a new beginning, finally effected our liberation.

But this deferential attitude, this imitative spirit, had nothing in common with that assimilation of the experience, sentiment, poetic association, and historic charm of the older civilization which Irving and Longfellow effected. They assisted in the emancipation from servile imitation by greatly forwarding the equalization of the conditions of culture between the Old World and the New, and by bringing the New into spiritual sympathy with the Old. This work was different from that of Emerson and Poe, but they share the distinction of breaking the formal while reuniting the vital ties, and thus preparing the way for the free interchange of influence on a basis of equality which to-day constitutes the rich spiritual commerce between the Old World and the New. To this great end Cooper was also a strenuous and effective worker; failing dismally when he tried the rôle of interpreter in "Precaution," succeeding on original lines when he portrayed the fresh experiences and characteristic types of the new society in "The Spy" and "The Leatherstocking Tales."

But while Irving and Longfellow were translators in a high sense and with fresh feeling of the Old World to the New, they were also original forces in the literature of the new country. Their urbanity, geniality, hospitality of mind, and sweetness of nature gave them rare sensitiveness of feeling for things old and ripe and beautiful, and a winning quality of style; traits which, among a people whose literature, during its first important period, was to carry suggestions of the pulpit with it, have tended somewhat to obscure their originality and significance. Longfellow was so gentle a preacher that, aside from a few poems so frankly didactic that we forgive their exhortations for the sake of the pure impulse they convey, the bands and gown are concealed under the singers' robes; while Irving's preaching was wholly the silent influence of one of the finest, kindliest, and truest of men. In the preponderance of ethical over artistic interests in this country Longfellow and Irving have carried less weight and made less impression than writers of more urgent ethical impulse but of far less poetic and literary power. When a great deal of current writing has been forgotten, and much that Irving and Longfellow wrote has passed into the same oblivion, it is safe to predict that "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" and "Rip Van Winkle," and "Evangeline"

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and "Hiawatha," will hold their own because of their quality as literature and because they are part of the very limited legendary lore of America. Irving gave permanent form to the Knickerbocker tradition when he created Diedrich Knickerbocker and Rip Van Winkle; and in "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" he was not only the forerunner of the American novelist but the first and perhaps the only American myth-maker.

Like Longfellow and Cooper, he was often in Europe; and it may be suspected that when these writers were young, and for a long time after, the new country was a lonely place for men who craved richness and beauty of life, the charm of old association, the ripeness of a society which had gotten through with foundation-laying, had built its roads, and had passed on to love things which are beautiful as well as to do things which are useful.

Born in 1783, in the cosmopolitan city of New York, where even at that early period eighteen or twenty languages were spoken, Irving went to Europe in search of health in his twenty-second year; saw something of France, Italy, Holland, and England; enjoying with the freshness of a young imagination nature, art, society, and life. "I am a young man and in Paris," he wrote to a friend at home. Returning to New York in 1806, he took his place at once in the little group of wits and men-about-town, in the good sense of the phrase, of which Paulding, Brevoort, Henry Ogden, and the Kembles were members—a spirited, vivacious company, with great capacity for enjoyment and with gifts of humor and satire which, under the influence of Goldsmith, Addison, and the eighteenth-century essayists, were soon at work in the little city "to instruct the young, inform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age," to quote from "Salmagundi," which ran its meteoric course in twenty numbers and then vanished in the mystery from which it had come. When "The History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker" appeared, it reminded Walter Scott of Dean Swift and of Sterne.

In 1815 Irving went to Europe for the second time, and seventeen years passed before he set foot in his native city again. During this period he wrote "The Sketch-Book," a collection of essays in his most characteristic vein, urbane, genial, full not only of Old World atmosphere but of Old World grace, ease, mellowness of reflection, and sentiment, but full also of New World feeling. "Bracebridge Hall" brought the fragrance of old gardens and the dignity of old homes once more to the children of the men and women who had left them behind two centuries before; "The Tales of a Traveler," which appeared two years later and was read with eager interest, dealt with old things, but was full of novelty to the untraveled America of the third decade of the last century. "The Life of Columbus" was begun, and "The Tales of the Alhambra" and "The Conquest of Granada" were finished, during this long residence abroad, and when he returned, in 1832, Irving's most characteristic work was done. He was still to write "The Life of Washington," "Mahomet and His Successors," the charming account of Goldsmith, and other books; but he struck no new notes and disclosed no new qualities as a writer.

At first glance it would seem as if Irving's work had been done against many backgrounds, English and Spanish as well as American, and as if his note had been cosmopolitan rather than American. The real Irving, however, was a true son of the country of which New York is the capital, and his characteristic and abiding work had behind it a city, a river, and a mountain range which were not simply the stage setting of his life, but which gave color, atmosphere, tone, to his writing. As a translator Irving rendered a great service to his country, and enriched its literature with meditations on Westminster Abbey, the description of Stratford-on-Avon, and the group of studies of English life and landscape in "Bracebridge Hall;" but the Irving who will be known to the future will be the Geoffrey Crayon of the Knickerbocker city, and the books which will live longest, because they are in material and manner most completely his own, will be the legends of the Hudson.

His kindly and pervasive humor has as little in common with the keen, pungent New England humor as his genial and urbane spirit had with the strenuous, ethical temper of New England. The rigidity of the Puritan, the concentration

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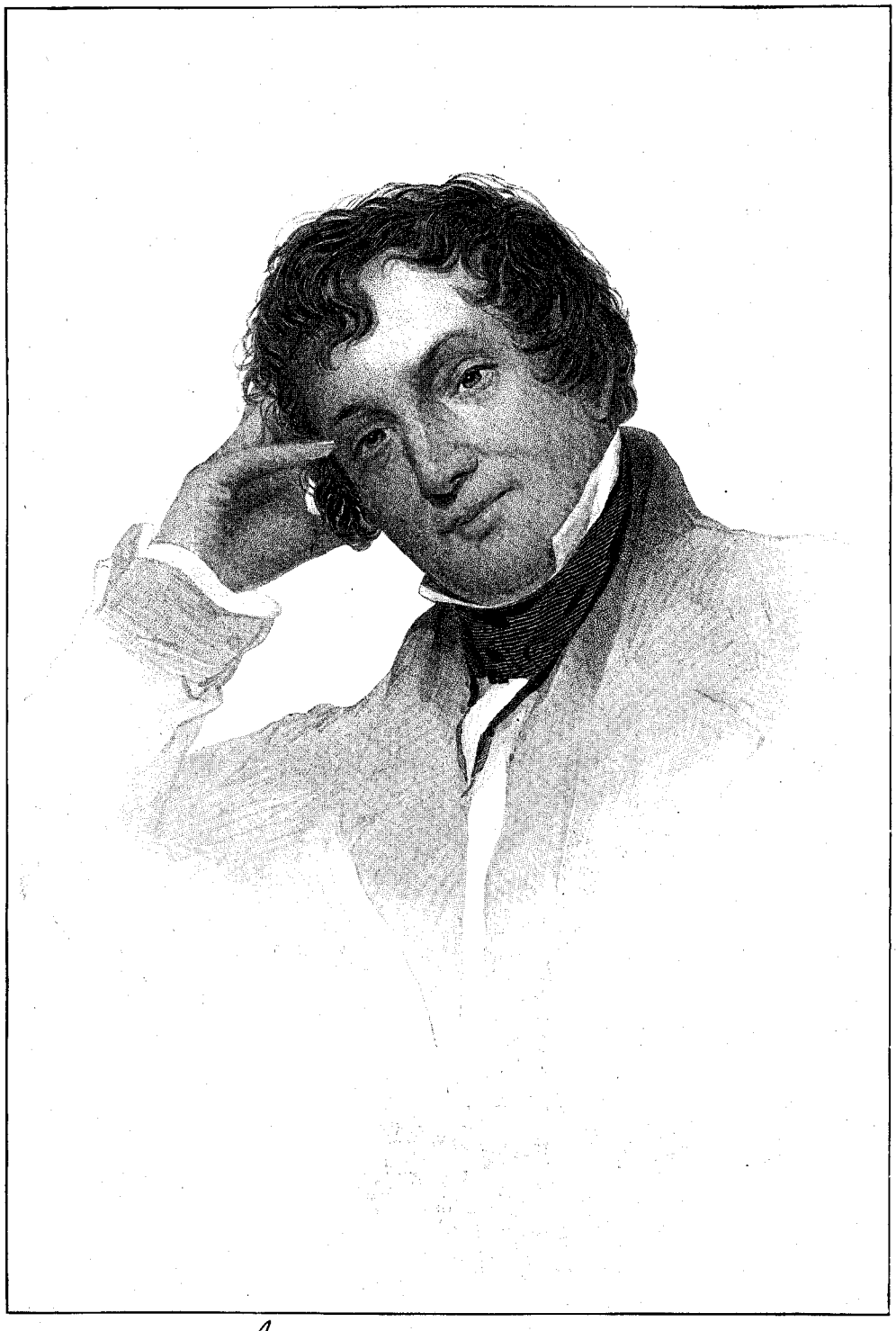

Washington Irving

Sunnyside. Dec. 15th 1851.

After the Portrait by Charles Martin.

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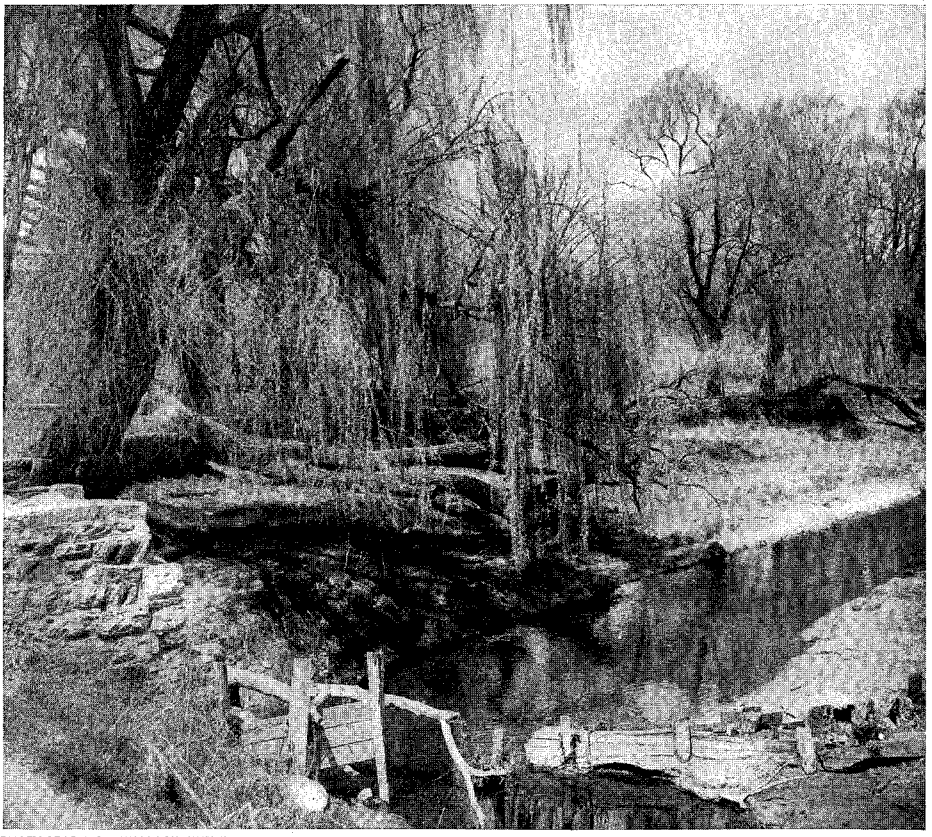
of the reformer, were entirely alien to his tolerant nature. The intense feeling for the locality, the emphasis on the section, characteristic of the South from a very early period, were equally alien to him. He was a true child of the metropolis; tolerant in temper because he was on easy terms with many different races, urbane and gracious because he had found virtue in many kinds of men, charm in many kinds of women, and sincerity in many kinds of religion; with a vein of deep and tender feeling running through his nature and his work, but always relieving the strain of emotion with that touch of humor which makes men kin. The qualities of the cosmopolitan city were all his: urbanity of manner, breadth of view, tolerance of temper, and a kindly, easy, genial attitude towards life.

The atmosphere of the New York of the first quarter of the nineteenth century penetrates Irving's work as thoroughly as the air of Ayrshire breathes through the songs of Burns, as the lonely loveliness and the wild ruggedness of Trossach and lake appear and vanish and reappear in picture and vision in Scott's prose and verse, and the multitudinous murmur of waters of Cumberlandshire is heard in poems of Wordsworth.

There was no strain of didacticism in Irving, but there was an attitude towards life which gave his work a beautiful quality of sympathy. "If, however, I can by a lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sadness; if I can, now and then, penetrate the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good humor with his fellow-beings and himself, surely, surely I shall not then have written in vain."

This is the temper of the true citizen of a metropolis—a place where races meet and mingle on easy terms; slowly and often blindly, but none the less surely,



PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE NUTTING

ALONG SLEEPY HOLLOW BROOK ON THE OLD PHILIPSE MANOR

The ruined dam and gate are two hundred years old.

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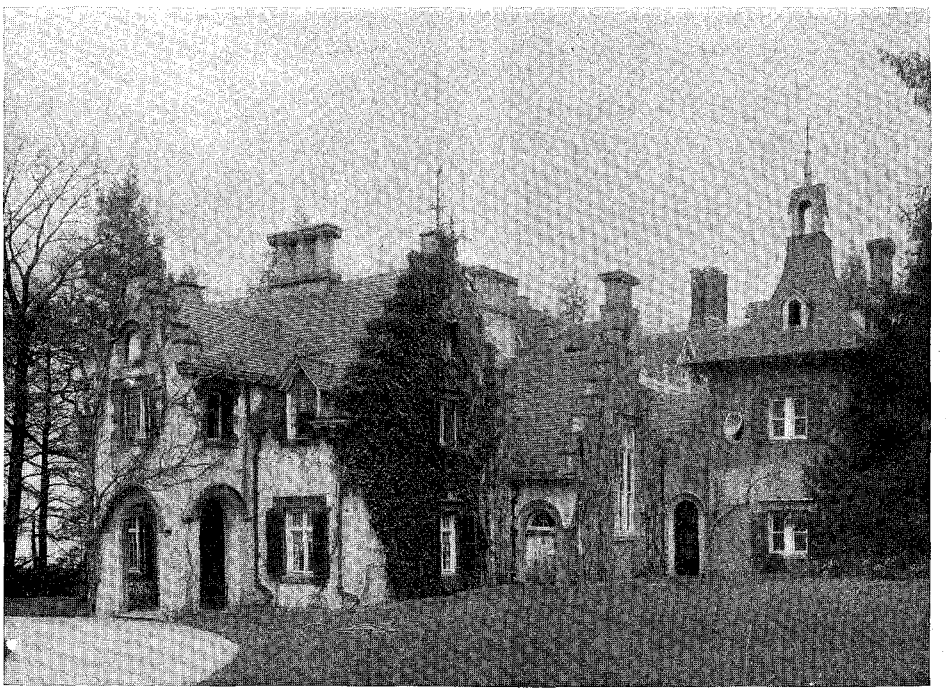

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE NUTTING

SUNNYSIDE

through mutual comprehension and the tolerance that comes from it, defining in terms of experience the unity of the race and realizing the brotherhood of man. And it was still in the cosmopolitan temper that Irving wrote to a friend: "I have preferred addressing myself to the feelings and fancy of the reader more than to his judgment. My writings may appear, therefore, light and trifling in our country of philosophers and politicians. But if they possess merit in the class of literature to which they belong, it is all to which I aspire in the work."

There was something of this breadth of humor, this love of literature for itself and not as a tool for the preacher and the reformer, this old-fashioned, kindly, easy-going metropolitan temper, in the aspect and bearing of the man. "Forty years ago," writes Mr. Curtis, "upon a pleasant afternoon, you might have seen tripping with an elastic step along Broadway, in New York, a figure which even then would have been called quaint. It was a man of about sixty-six or sixty-seven years old, of a rather solid frame, wearing a Talma, as a short coat of the time was called, that hung from the shoulders, and low shoes, neatly tied, which were observable at a time when boots were generally worn. The head was slightly inclined to one side, the face was smoothly shaven, and the eyes twinkled with kindly humor and shrewdness. There was a chirping, cheery, old-school air in the whole appearance, an undeniable Dutch aspect, which, in the streets of New Amsterdam, irresistibly recalled Diedrich Knickerbocker. . . . This modest and kindly man was the creator of Diedrich Knickerbocker and Rip Van Winkle. He was the father of our literature and at that time its patriarch."

New York was a little city of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, living well below the site of the present City Hall, when Irving was born in a house on William Street, between Fulton and John, and christened in St. George's Chapel in Beekman Street. He went to school in Ann and Fulton Streets, but he was given more to wandering about the pier-heads and watching incoming and outgoing ships in fair weather than to orderly study. He came to know the little city intimately in its most characteristic aspects and localities; for the loafing of an imaginative boy is a golden opportunity of getting at the hearts of things. In this

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same blissful mood, while the mind was still much more concerned with the face of the world than with its own thoughts, he explored the secluded and solitary recesses of Sleepy Hollow and felt the quieting beauty of Tappan Zee on summer afternoons. A little later he made his first voyage up the Hudson on a sloop—a voyage which was then more unusual and exciting than a voyage across the Atlantic is to-day, and one quite as long.

"Of all the scenery of the Hudson," he wrote years afterwards, "the Kaatskill Mountains had the most witching effect on my boyish imagination. Never shall I forget the effect on me of my first view of them predominating over a wide extent of country, part wild, woody, and rugged; part softened away into all the graces of cultivation. As we slowly floated along, I lay on the deck and watched them through a long summer's day, undergoing a thousand mutations under the magical effects of atmosphere; sometimes seeming to approach, at other times to recede; now almost melting into hazy distance, now burnished by the setting sun, until in the evening they printed themselves against the glowing sky in the deep purple of an Italian landscape. . . . To me the Hudson is full of storied associations, connected as it is with some of the happiest portions of my life. Each striking feature brings to mind some early adventure or enjoyment; some favorite companion who shared it with me; some fair object, perchance, of youthful admiration, who, like a star, may have beamed her allotted time and passed away."

This first voyage up the river with which he will always be associated was as truly a voyage of discovery as was Hendrik Hudson's in 1609; and it was the river in its entirety, its large lines, its atmosphere, rather than its details of curving shore and climbing hill, the sweep of its powerful tide, that took possession of the boy's imagination, and became as much a part of his life of the mind and of his work as the mountains about Cadore were a part of the mind and work of Titian. It was not until April, 1835, that he purchased Sunnyside, that secluded and fragrant spot where he found such peace in his later years; and "Rip Van Winkle" had been published twelve years before its author set foot in the country which he had described more vitally than any other traveler has ever done.

From the early days of his dreaming boyhood Irving knew the river in its large outlines, its noble molding of shore, its harmony of different types of landscape composed in one great picture, its atmosphere and its associations. "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," the most original and characteristic of Irving's creations, were written in England during the period when he was transcribing with a sensitive and sympathetic hand the ripe loveliness of the English country and the rich associations of ancient structures and localities; but the Hudson valley, from the city at its conflux with the Bay to the fastnesses of the Catskills, was the background against which his imagination was working, because it was the background of his childhood.

It is now, perhaps, somewhat a matter of association, but there is a certain congruity between Irving's work and his country. In his attitude towards his fellows, his bearing in the world, Geoffrey Crayon bore the impress of the little metropolis which he has made for all time the city of the Knickerbockers; for, although Diedrich Knickerbocker has never been seen since he climbed into the Albany stage leaving his bill at the tavern unpaid, he has left his name and the tradition of his quaint personality to the great metropolis to-day as its one touch of mythology—a bit of fable symbolical of a past which has been buried under crushing masses of stone and iron. In the free play of his imagination, in the geniality of his humor, in the ease and leisureliness of his mood, the characteristics of the larger background of his life are constantly suggested. If the Puritans had discovered the Hudson and turned its shores and current to thrifty account, it might have suggested movement, energy, the stir of active races; it suggests instead repose, quietness, long summer days of a temperature which predisposes to acceptance of what fortune brings rather than resolute grappling with adverse conditions. Sunnyside wears its name, after all these years and changes, with gracious assurance. Approached by a long shaded lane and embowered by trees, it remains true that it looks the summer in the face in the broad expanse of Tappan Zee.

It was a happy stroke of felicitous description which called the quiet little vale where the Pocantico takes its rise Sleepy Hollow; a place as reposeful,

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PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE NUTTING

"THIS STURDY WRECK IS MUCH VALUED BY THE SQUIRE: HE CALLS IT HIS STANDARD-BEARER"—WASHINGTON IRVING

after all these bustling and hurrying years, as it was in the days when Irving first described its pastoral somnambulance; a place not so much for meditation as for those reveries which come between sleep and awakening and add the charm of consciousness to the sensuous delight of sleep.

And although the Catskills have mass and nobility of line which produce an impression out of proportion to their actual magnitude, they have friendliness of aspect, an air of quiet hospitality, a something which eludes analysis, which imposes respect and yet invites familiarity. On summer afternoons they seem to sleep against the western sky; and a well-known artist, who has lived with them on terms of intimacy for many years, is in the habit of saying that they frame the most magnificent sunsets in the world. They stand revealed in their mystery of noble repose only in the hours when the shadows lengthen and the light loses its garishness; they are most expressive in the afternoon, when they seem sometimes

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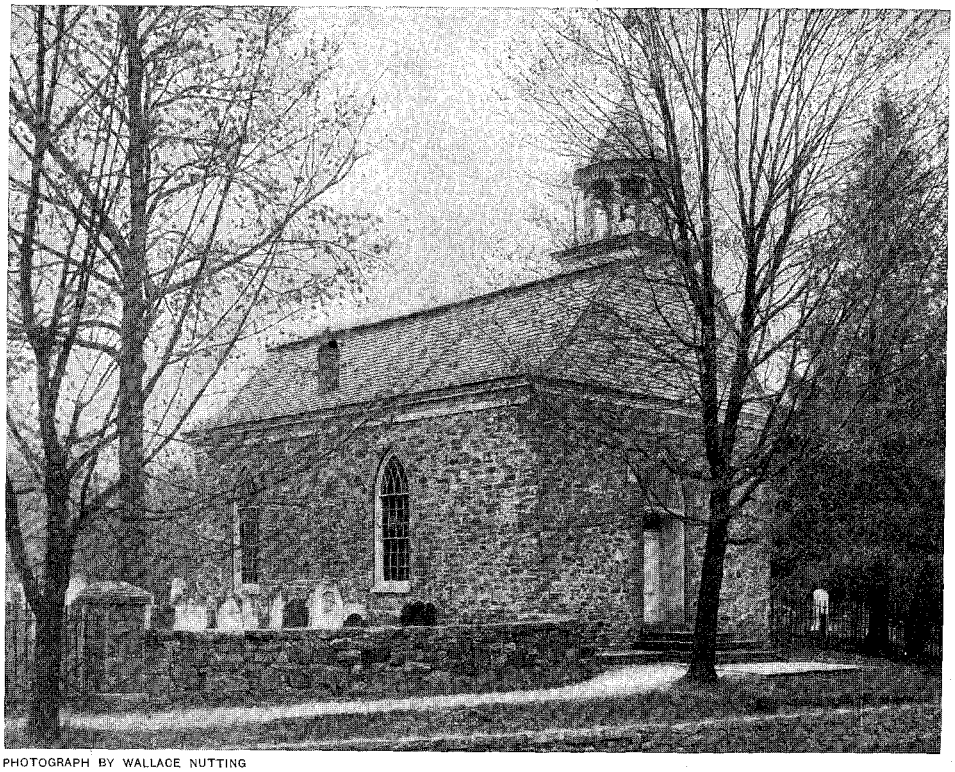

PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE NUTTING

THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH IN SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY—BUILT IN 1699

to float in a mist of heat and to bound the horizon of the actual like noble visions of a world in which the light flows like molten gold. The White Mountains become bolder in the high light of morning, and invite strenuous approach and hint at great, positive rewards for the climber.

In October the Catskills hold the very genius of the season in their keeping; so deep is the quiet that enfolds them, so rich the atmosphere in which they lie, removed at times as in a golden mirage and again distinct in softened line and golden distance.

Mr. Curtis has said, in pardonable poetic phrase, that the Rhine is lyrical and the Hudson epical. The Rhine is beautiful in localities, romantic, picturesque, entirely apart from their manifold associations. The Hudson is beautiful in its totality, its sustained interest, its singular harmony in diversity, its impressive continuity of changing landscapes blending into a nobly composed picture. The Rhine has a swift current and gives one a sense of movement and agitation; the Hudson flows so quietly that its very motion seems part of the stillness. On a summer day the voyage which Irving made as a boy with kindling imagination can be made between dawn and sunset, and takes one through a valley in which it seems to be always afternoon. There is activity of many kinds on either bank and on the surface of the river, but in the spaciousness of stream and landscape the hum and stir are resolved into all-embracing silence, and the quietness of Sleepy Hollow broods over wooded shores, distant hills, and flowing water.

The acquaintance with the Hudson made when Irving was a boy was renewed and deepened when he finally returned from Europe in 1832, after an absence of seventeen years. New York had grown into what seemed to him a vast city; a few years later he described it in a letter to a friend as a "great crowded metropolis . . . full of life, bustle, noise, show, and splendor, . . . one of the most racketing cities in the world." One wonders what he would think of the roaring vortex of life which the slow little town of the forties, when this description was written, has become in these times of rebuilding

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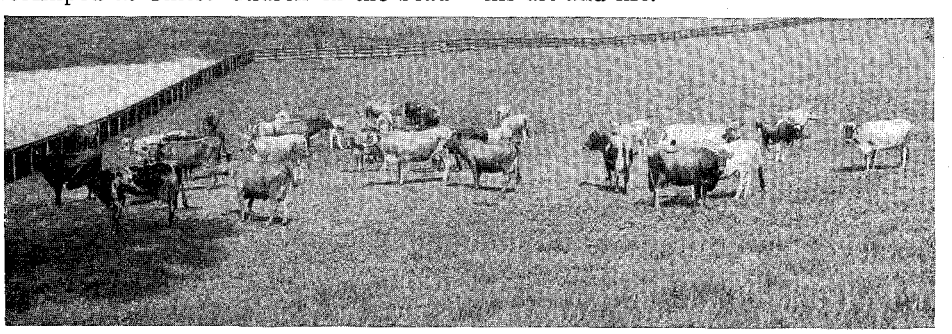
on a scale which would have appalled the magicians of "The Arabian Nights."

Sunnyside was already old when he made it a retreat from the tumult of the city and began the process of enlargement which has adapted the ancient house to modern needs without sacrificing its old-time charm. "My own place has never been so beautiful as at present," he wrote years later. "I have made more openings by pruning and cutting down trees, so that from the piazza I have several charming views of the Tappan Zee and the hills beyond, all set, as it were, in verdant frames; and I am never tired of sitting there in my old Voltaire chair, of a long summer morning, with a book in my hand, sometimes reading, sometimes musing, and sometimes dozing, and mixing up all in a pleasant dream." A beautiful picture, surely, of the old age of a man of letters who continued the tradition of the ripeness of spirit, the meditative temper, geniality, and humor, which has never lapsed among the English-speaking peoples.

In those years when the Albany stages were making their last trips and the mild thunder of the first railroad trains began to wake the echoes of the Highlands and disturb the slumbers of the Rip Van Winkles who have never been lacking in the old towns of Dutch origin, Irving was enriching the Hudson with literary and personal associations and making it a place of pilgrimage, but his own associations with it lay far back in his boyhood. In the later years it was the background of his personal life; in his early years it was the background of his life of imagination and sentiment, of his dawning consciousness of his gifts and his vocation, of his gentle and responsive but essentially robust spirit. He lived at Sunnyside, he worshiped at Christ Church in the beautiful old village of Tarrytown, and he lies at rest in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery: these are the obvious associations of the man with the country which will long bear his name. To find his deeper and more vital connections with the Hudson valley one must go back to his youth, to his earlier books, to the heart of his work. Its beauty, always reposeful and in summer touched with elusive dreaminess, went home to his young imagination and reappeared again and again in charming description, in two legends which have taken their places among our classics, not only because of the charm of their form but because they are penetrated with the very spirit of the region they portray, and in the quietness, the sensitiveness to old associations, the charity for that ease which the strenuous New England temper called by another name, the pervading humor which is never obtrusive or boisterous but is full of heart and fellowship, the happy blending of dignity, graciousness, and the modulated cadence of English speech in his work.

In the long future there may come a Hudson of new associations; a river freighted with the traffic of a valley which has become a continuous city from its mouth to the foothills of the Adirondacks. In that day some writer may appear whose work will echo the multitudinous voices of countless factories and the murmur of a vast population. But for many a year to come the Hudson which Hendrik explored with stout Dutch courage as the herald of a host of sturdy Dutch settlers, the Hudson of long decades of slumberous plenty, of stately and humble homes—the Hudson of three centuries—will flow through Irving's country, and remain typical of his genius; the background of his art and life.



PHOTOGRAPH BY WALLACE NUTTING

A HUDSON VALLEY PASTORAL

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Victor Vinctus

By Robert Haven Schauffler

A conqueror once beat his breast and sighed
  In all the insolence of curbless man,
  And cried on all the gods to raise the ban
That barred him from extending system-wide
His universal sway.
  Just as he cried,
  Up rose that hoary-haired republican
  Whose arm has laid kings low since kings began—
And Time smote Alexander in his pride.

But, as we met and walked the fields to-day
  And found our spirits answering each to each
    All vibrant with the sense of perfect rhyme—
We held the pregnant moments in our sway,
  We sealed a pact gross years might never reach,
    And triumphed o'er indomitable Time!

Helen Keller

By Edward Everett Hale

MY intimacy with Helen Keller began the first time I ever saw her; she was a sweet little girl of seven. At that time, and for many years after, she lived in the charming belief that everybody loves everybody; everybody had always loved her, and she did love everybody. She has always been singularly graceful in her movements. When she was a child, this grace showed itself in ways not then restricted by the conventionalities of later life. She ran across the room and sprang into your arms, really supposing that was the way in which people always greeted each other.

Poor staid Laura Bridgman, who had been brought up in all the conventionalities of the most rigid New England propriety, used to say that Helen was crazy. It was the craziness of sweet, natural love.

I am an Everett on my mother's side, and she is an Everett on her great-grandmother's side, so we have always called each other cousin.

As soon as she came to Boston, it was a pleasure to me to ask her to meet some other little girls of her own age at my house. As Helen came in with her dear teacher, Miss Sullivan, Miss Sullivan led her to a freestone statue of the god Terminus, which stands at the end of the piazza. It is an old relic of Egypt. Helen had then never "seen" any statue, and she felt of this rough, banged-up little god, two thousand years old, and at once, in Miss Sullivan's hand, spelled out the words, "What an ugly old man!" We brought her into the house, and after a few minutes I led her to a charming little marble tablet by the sculptor Bernini, which represents in alto-relievo the Saviour and John the Baptist as boys playing. Helen felt of their faces, and bent over at once and kissed them both. This was the beginning of her delight in sculpture.

I think that the first experience she had of the rough side of human life was when a playmate said, "I do not love Mary or Jane." Helen rushed to Anna Sullivan to speak of this horror, as you might speak of the breaking out of Mont Pelée or the destruction of Pompeii. It was news to her entirely that any human being could fail to love any other human being. In all which there is a lesson for the rest of us.

To me, in conversation with her, or

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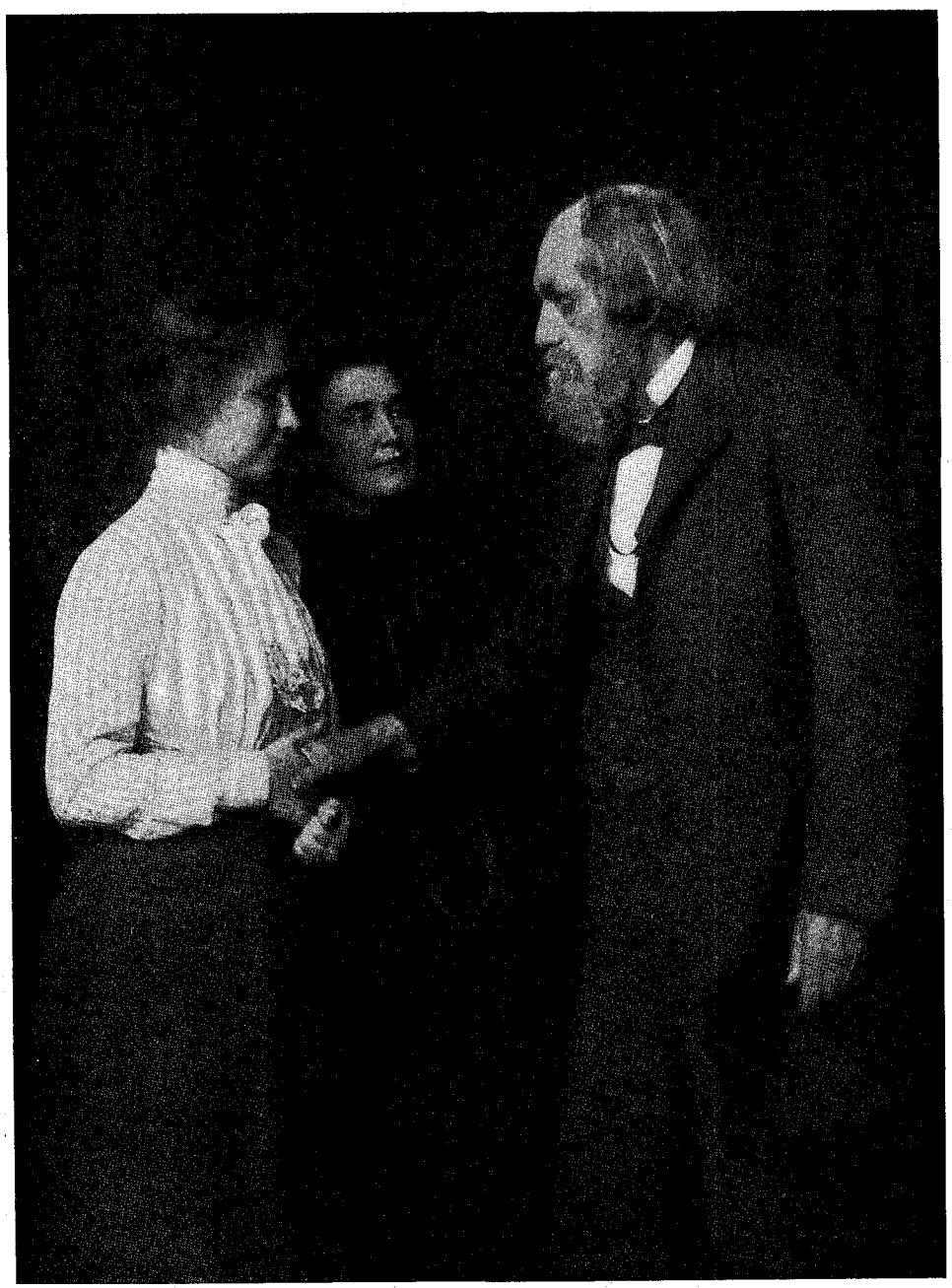

TO APPEAR IN MISS KELLER'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.

A NEW PHOTOGRAPH OF HELEN KELLER, DR. HALE, AND MISS SULLIVAN

whenever I visit her, this fresh charm of childhood seems to have been perfectly preserved. Here she is a mature woman untangling the intricacies of college machinery, and yet she speaks to you with the most perfect simplicity. I never come away without thinking to myself that the way to enter heaven is to become as a little child. Yet she is now twenty years old.

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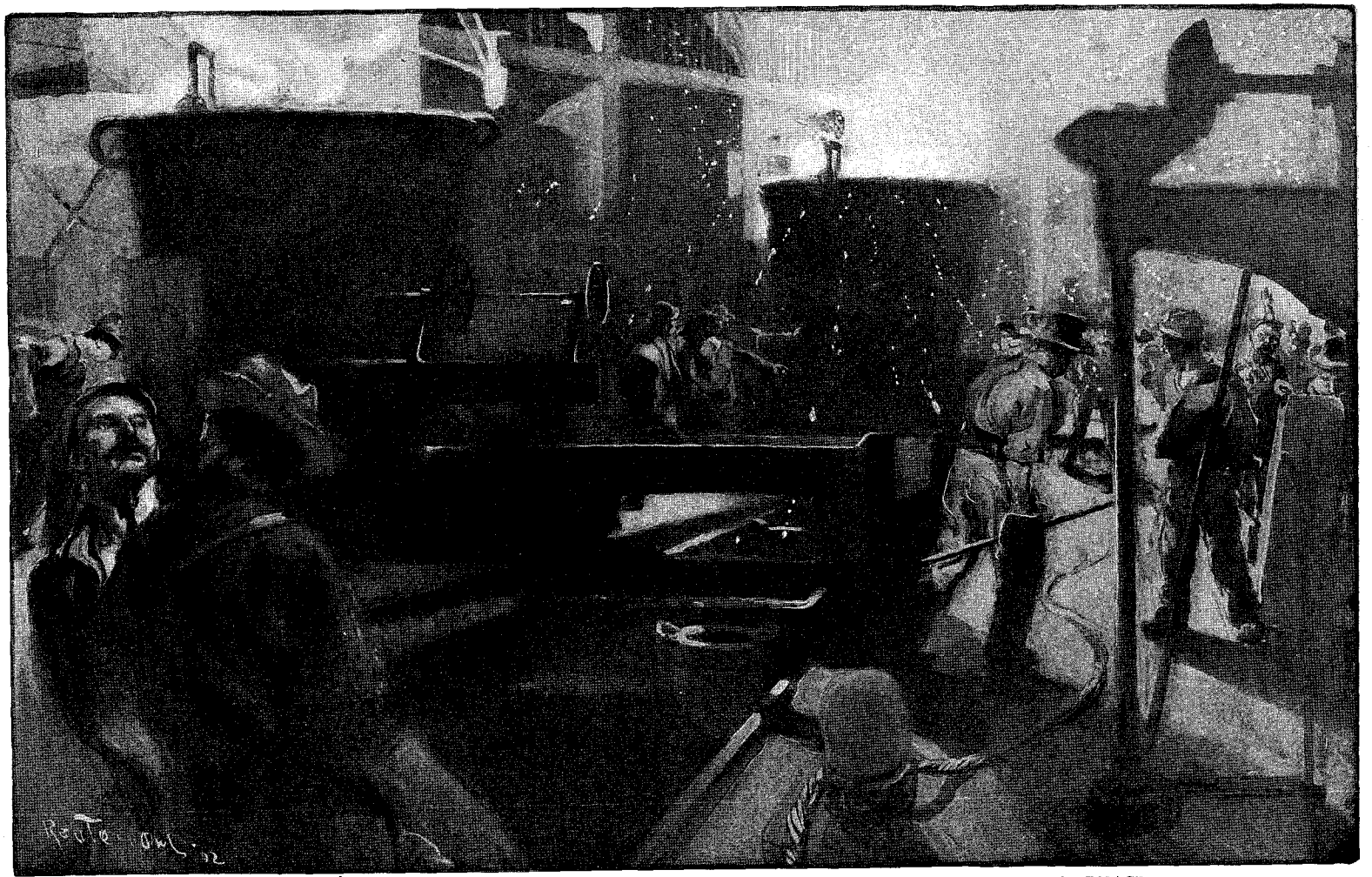

CASTING AN ARMOR PLATE FROM AN OPEN HEARTH FURNACE. THE TAPPING OF THE FURNACE

Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl from his own sketches made at Bethlehem, Pa.

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THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY[1]

By JOHN D. LONG

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FROM 1897 TO 1902

BUILDING THE NEW NAVY

THE New Navy of the United States was launched in the waters of uncertainty. The training of centuries had bred a reliance on wind as the motive power for ships which forty years of experience with steam had not dispelled. Though steel had been adopted for the hulls of merchant steamers and parts of war-ships constructed abroad, there was apprehension whether plates of sufficient tensile strength and ductility could be manufactured in the United States. Besides, the cost of steel and its propensity to corrode and foul in salt water were objections urged against its use for men-of-war. The country was pitifully lacking in large private ship-yards, and it was asserted that there would be no real competition between ship-builders.

Under the practice of a century, navy-yards were regarded as the proper places to construct vessels, though it was recognized that those existing were ill equipped with tools for working in steel, and that political corruption and favoritism flourished vigorously within their limits. So deplorable was their condition in this respect that it was charged, with some show of truth, that, instead of being maintained for the sake of the ships, the ships dragged out a protracted existence for the sake of the yards.

When the United States laid the keels of the first ships of the New Navy, it was in this, as in other departments of naval science, far behind foreign maritime nations. Europe had discovered the superior combustibility of bituminous coal and was equipping war-ships with furnaces for its use. The United States was content to burn anthracite, notwithstanding the inferiority of this variety and the known existence of bituminous coal within its borders. Attention had been especially given abroad to water-tight subdivision, drainage, ventilation, forced air drafts, etc. At home, beyond slight improvements in ventilation, no progress had been made in these important branches of ship construction. Our machinery was lamentably inferior to that in the navies of foreign nations. We had not begun the regular use of compound engines, and were still building and installing old-fashioned boilers. Experiment and war had supplied Europe with rifled guns of high power. Our country had only reached the point of inserting rifled tubes in its antiquated smooth-bores. Rapid-fire guns, capable of penetrating the sides of any of our ships from a distance of two thousand yards, looked threateningly through the ports of European men-of-war. There were not a dozen of these weapons in the American navy. The Hotchkiss rapid-fire gun, which was introduced into foreign services, was the invention of an American, who, unable to induce his own Government to adopt it, had been compelled to exploit it abroad. Even the renowned Ericsson, to whom the country was so deeply indebted, failed of recognition from the Navy Department, and at the age of eighty-three years was forced to turn to other governments for encouragement. Inventors and manufacturers were spurred to the achievement of greater triumphs for the benefit of Europe. There was no incentive in this country to naval

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This is the second of a series of twelve papers to appear in the Magazine Numbers of The Outlook. Other papers will be: The Organization and Education of the New Navy, The Administration of the Navy, The Preparation for the War with Spain, The Battle of Manila Bay, The Blockade of Cuba, Bottling up Cervera's Fleet, The Battle of Santiago, Valiant Deeds in the War with Spain; Samoa, the Philippines, and China; Recent Naval Lessons.

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development. In the seventeen years following the close of the Civil War, Europe spent more than two billion dollars for the maintenance of her navies, and almost four hundred million dollars in their development. In the same period the United States expended three hundred million dollars, most of which was disbursed for maintenance, while a good share of the rest was wasted. Admiral David D. Porter expressed the European view of the United States when he said that "foreign nations laugh at us, and say we can neither go to war nor defend ourselves from attack, because we cannot build ships nor make guns." This contemptuous attitude was due to our feeble naval condition, and also to our dependence upon Europe for ship material.

Thus, while the United States was known to possess boundless resources, the energy and ability to develop them had not yet fully manifested themselves. The country was undoubtedly anxious for a navy—not a large one, but an establishment built up along the lines of the old policy of creating the most effective ships of their respective classes and in sufficient numbers to protect expanding American interests.

The Act of 1882, which authorized steel ships that were never built, provided for the organization of the Second Naval Advisory Board, two of the members of which it specified should be civilian experts. The naval officers appointed on the Board were Commodore Robert W. Shufeldt, designated as President; Chief Engineer Alexander Henderson, Commander J. A. Howell, Lieutenant Edward Very, and Naval Constructor F. L. Fernald. The two civilians appointed were Mr. Henry Steers, ship architect, and Mr. Miers Coryell, marine engineer. Assistant Naval Constructor Francis T. Bowles was appointed Secretary of the Board. Commodore Shufeldt was an officer of wide experience, not only in the regular naval establishment, but in the merchant marine and consular service. He had served on the European station, and while abroad had studied naval development. Upon his return to the United States he had been appointed Chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting of the Navy Department, in which position he had acquired valuable information as to the needs of his own service. Chief Engineer Henderson had had thirty years' experience with the machinery of the wooden and iron men-of-war of the navy. Commander Howell was a recognized torpedo expert. Lieutenant Very, an ordnance officer of known ability, was the only member of the First Naval Advisory Board selected for service on the Second Naval Advisory Board. Naval Constructor Fernald was one of the leading officers of his corps. Mr. Steers and Mr. Coryell had both achieved high reputations in their respective professions. Mr. Bowles, whom I was to have the pleasure of recommending for appointment in 1901 as Chief Constructor, which position he now holds, had recently returned from Europe, where he had undergone a course of instruction at the Royal Naval College. His modern education and the information he had obtained were of great service to the Board during its preparation of the plans and specifications of the new ships.

The Chicago, Atlanta, Boston, and Dolphin were the first ships of the new navy. That they might embody the latest inventions, Congress directed that before contracts were placed for their construction "the Secretary of the Navy shall, by proper public advertisement and notice, invite all engineers and mechanics of established reputation and all reputable manufacturers of vessels, steam-engines, boilers, and ordnance having or controlling regular establishments and being engaged in the business, all officers of the navy, and especially all naval constructors, steam engineers, and ordnance officers of the navy having plans, models, or designs of any vessels of the classes hereby authorized or of any part thereof, within any given period, not less than sixty days, to submit the same to said Board." There was decided public interest in the competition, but, either because the time was too limited or because no compensation accompanied success, not a complete set of designs was submitted. Many plans of sections of a war-ship and of guns with which to arm the vessels were received, and a number of models were brought to the notice of the Board. Examination of the responses made failed to show any designs of a novel character worthy of adoption. The Department

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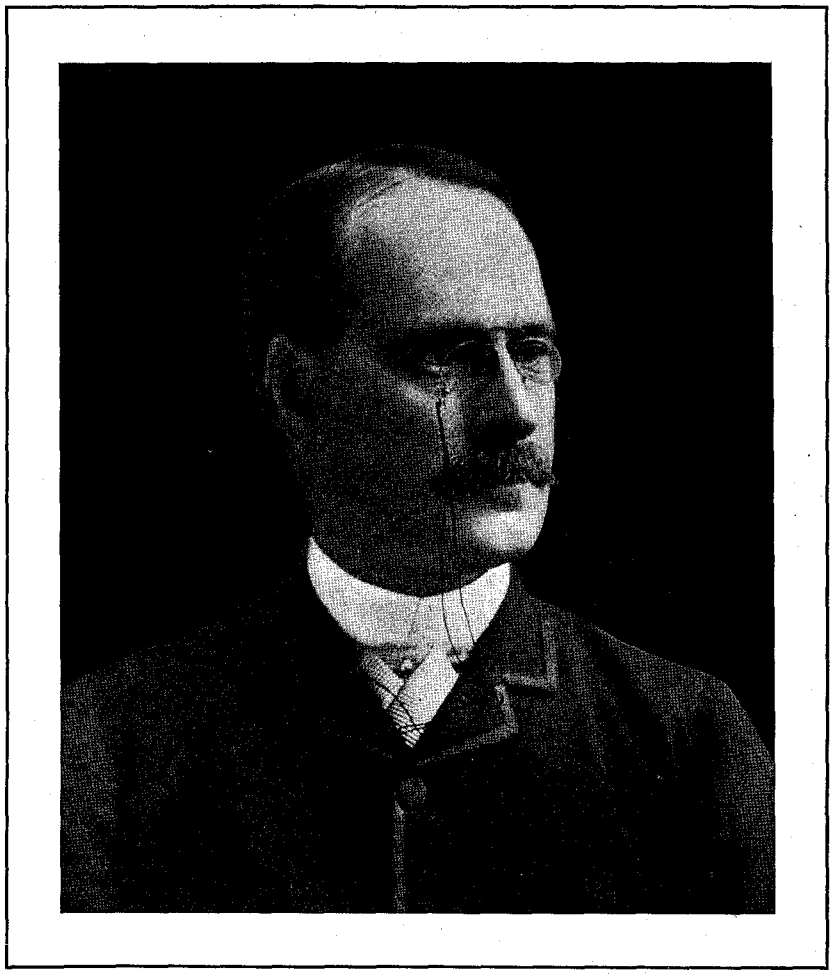
then turned to the ship-builders of the country for suggestions.

In the meantime, the Naval Advisory Board had been at work upon the important problems given it to solve. The question arose as to whether single or twin screws should be adopted for the ships. The first vote showed the Board unanimously in favor of the single screw. Before announcing the result, Commodore Shufeldt invited the youthful Secretary, who had no vote, to state his views.

"I am sorry I cannot agree with the judgment of the Board," Mr. Bowles responded. "I believe twin screws are better, and if I am given the time I think I can demonstrate it."

Without consulting his colleagues, Commodore Shufeldt adjourned the Board, and young Bowles set to work to gather information and prepare as strong an argument for twin screws as he could frame. That argument carried conviction with it, for the Board decided to provide the largest vessel—the Chicago—with twin screws. Single screws were retained for the other ships. The machinery of the Chicago also differed from the recognized naval practice, and seemed to be a reversion to the style used in the celebrated Stevens battery of thirty years' earlier date. The plan was prepared by Mr. Coryell, and it was said by a member of the Board that it was adopted because of the unwillingness of the naval members to become involved in a dispute with the



PHOTOGRAPH BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY

Secretary of the Navy under President Cleveland

Through his efforts the Bethlehem armor plant was established.

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civilian experts, and in the belief that development in machinery before the authorization of additional ships would convince the country of the inadvisability of repeating the Chicago experiment. The machinery of the Boston, Atlanta, and Dolphin was merely a duplication of that which had been installed in wooden vessels of latest construction.

Discussion of the method of propulsion of the ships involved consideration of the question of the sail area that should be supplied to them. Great difference of opinion existed on this point. The Act of 1882 required that the vessels authorized thereby should have "full sail power and full steam power." The Act of 1883 provided that the ships should be constructed "as recommended by the Advisory Board." The Board recommended that they be equipped with only two-thirds sail power. This recommendation provoked a storm of criticism. Mr. Steers thus described the conflicting views entertained in the service:

"A number of naval officers asked me, 'Why do you not give the ships more sail power?' Said I, 'Very well; we will give it. But what do you give up for it? Sixty tons! You get rid of sixty tons of coal and you take that sixty tons weight and put it on the spars.' A naval officer said to me, 'Steers, why do you not put on more sail? Why do you not have a larger sail power?' I told him why. I left him, and another naval officer of equal standing the very next moment said to me: 'Steers, why do you put so much sail on these boats; why do you not cut it down?'"

The reconstruction of the navy demanded the harmonious co-operation of all the officers of the service. Instead, a disposition was manifested to place obstacles in the way. The constructing bureaus of the Department adopted an attitude of antagonism toward the Advisory Board, and this antagonism went to the extent of open condemnation of the designs after their adoption and work on the ships had begun. Chief Constructor Theodore Wilson said the Chicago could, under favorable conditions, make the sea speed of fourteen knots required by her contract, "if her engines develop 5,000 horse-power and her screws are properly designed. There is a very grave question how long she will keep it up, from the fact that, not being sheathed with wood and copper, she will foul very quickly and her speed will be reduced." Mr. Wilson predicted that as seagoing vessels the Atlanta and Boston "will practically be failures."

In spite of doubt and disagreement and the virulent criticism made of the plans prepared under the supervision of the Board, William E. Chandler, the then Secretary of the Navy, adopted the recommendations of Commodore Shufeldt and his associates, and called for bids for the construction of the projected ships. The Chicago was designed to have a displacement of 4,500 tons, a sea speed of 14 knots, and an armament of four 8-inch, eight 6-inch, and two 5-inch breech-loading rifles. The Atlanta and Boston were each to displace 3,000 tons, to have an average sea speed of 13 knots, and be armed with two 8-inch and six 6-inch guns. The Dolphin was to be of 1,500 tons, 15 knots speed, and to carry one 6-inch gun. Secondary batteries of small guns were to be supplied to all the vessels. That Secretary Chandler was firmly of the belief that the designs would produce splendid ships is shown by the following extract taken from his annual report for 1884:

> They represent three main types of unarmored war-ships now universally considered as indispensable components of any fleet suitable for general national service upon the high seas. The Chicago is an example of the largest and best unarmored cruising and fighting vessel now built, and will have no superior in the world in the combination of speed, endurance, and armament. In the Boston and Atlanta speed and endurance have been given full development, while their fighting power has been notably increased by placing the battery in a central superstructure on the spar deck and adopting a brig rig, thereby leaving the extremities clear and unobstructed for fore and aft fire. In the Dolphin an important auxiliary in naval operations will be obtained, and she is expected to furnish an excellent model from which may be expanded a high-speed commerce-destroyer, instead of taking as a standard either the overgrown merchant-line steamers or the large and expensive despatch vessels which have been built abroad, of questionable utility in time of peace.

The bids for the new vessels were opened on July 2, 1883. Eight firms participated in the competition. The proposal of John Roach, whose ship-yard was at Chester, Pennsylvania, was the lowest, and it was accepted. To the

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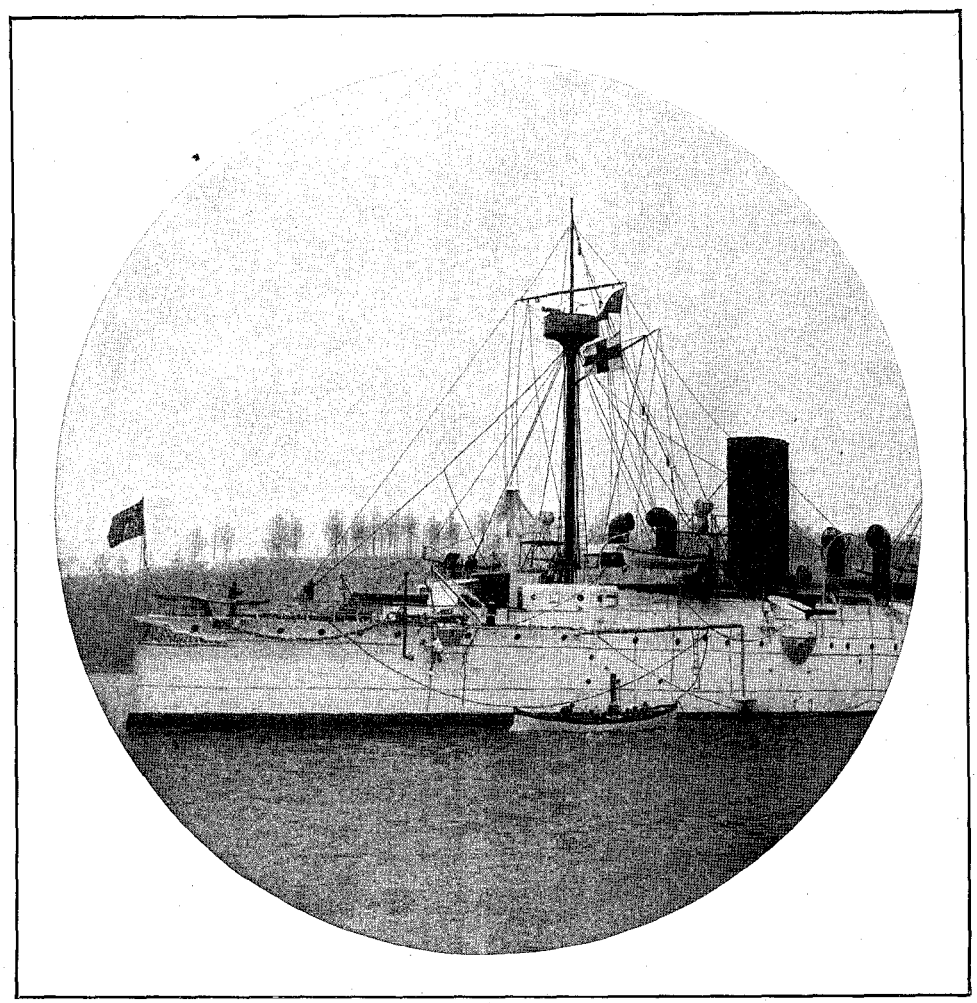

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. LOEFFLER

THE CHARLESTON

One of the cruisers authorized by Congress in 1884.

gratification of the Department, the contract cost of the four vessels, excluding masts, spars, rigging, and boats, was only $2,440,000. This was $774,100 less than the estimates of the Advisory Board. Now that the contracts had been awarded, the pessimists reiterated the statement that it would be impossible to carry out the provision of the law requiring that the vessels should be built of "steel of domestic manufacture, having as near as may be a tensile strength of not less than 60,000 pounds to the square inch and a ductility in 8 inches of not less than 25 per centum." To insure compliance with this law the Advisory Board prepared a set of strict regulations governing the acceptance tests of steel supplied to the navy. The high standard then fixed is largely responsible for the excellent reputation early gained by this product of American resources and skill and for the phenomenal growth which the industry has attained, so that again the navy is to be credited with one of the greatest industrial advances of our time. Before the construction of the Chicago and other vessels of her day began, steel was held at 8½ cents per pound; it immediately dropped to 4½ cents; and this reduction, as well as its speedily recognized merits, brought about its use for the many purposes for which it is now employed.

The criticism which had torn the rotting hulls from the live-oak frames of the old navy, and had discovered flaws in the

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designs of the new vessels, suggested grave defects in the new ships as their construction progressed. Inadequate sail power, slow speed, the doubtful value of the machinery of the Chicago, the absence of sheathing, and the peculiar shape of the Atlanta and Boston, were the subjects of never-ending comments by critics of the navy. The Dolphin was denominated merely a pleasure-boat without offensive or defensive power. Criticism waxed louder when the Dolphin, on her official trial, failed to attain the horse-power required by her contract, and structural defects were asserted by the trial board. William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy in Cleveland's administration, 1885–89, declined at first to accept the Dolphin, but ultimately did so. The little vessel was subjected to a series of severe trials; but, in the course of a cruise she was directed to make, she made 58,000 miles, and was under steam 9,000 hours. In that entire period she was compelled to stop but once for repairs, which were completed in two hours. The unfortunate financial failure of John Roach in 1885 forced the Government to take over and complete the Atlanta, Boston, and Chicago, and it was not until 1886 that the Atlanta was commissioned, and 1887 that the Boston and Chicago entered active service. When the designs for these vessels were in course of preparation, there were but eight 16-knot vessels in existence. The highest speed for one hour attained by the Chicago was 16.35 knots; the Boston, 16.33 knots; and the Atlanta, 16 knots. For ships of their date and class they are to-day efficient vessels. These three ships, with the Yorktown of later date, formed the famous White Squadron, which twelve years ago visited Europe and gave the maritime nations of that continent visual knowledge of the possession by the United States of modern men-of-war. The war with Spain taught Europe that the navy those ships represented was fit to battle with and able to destroy the war-vessels which her own yards had built.

While criticism raged Congress halted in the reconstruction of the new navy. Additional ships were not authorized until the session of 1884–85, which authorized the building of two cruisers, subsequently christened the Newark and Charleston, and two gunboats named the Yorktown and Petrel. The Charleston was built upon designs purchased in England. The drawings for her engine and boilers were a combination of features of the machinery of several foreign cruisers. Their lack of proportion and agreement necessitated many expensive changes. The Charleston was further criticised because she was provided with compound engines, when the naval practice, at the date of her construction, had changed to triple expansion, an advantage which will be appreciated when it is understood that the new type made possible a considerable increase in speed. Like her predecessors, however, the Charleston performed efficient service during her short life. Her first notable achievement was the capture of the steamer Itata. The Itata, which had been seized by the United States Marshal at San Diego, California, on suspicion of filibustering in connection with the Chilian Revolution of 1891, escaped from his custody. Vindication of the majesty of American neutrality required her recapture. President Harrison directed that the Charleston be sent to overhaul her. Under war conditions the cruiser speeded after the chase. Before the object of the voyage was accomplished, she had steamed to Iquique, Chili, a distance of more than six thousand miles. On her way to Manila, during the war with Spain, the Charleston entered the harbor of Agaña, Guam, and demanded the surrender of the island. The Spanish Governor and the inhabitants were unaware that the mother country was at war with the United States, but the frowning guns of the man-of-war convinced them of the fact, and surrender followed. The Charleston's career was brought to a tragic close. While cruising off the north coast of Luzon in 1900, she ran on an uncharted reef and sank. Her officers and men, fortunately, succeeded in leaving the ship before she disappeared. A new Charleston, practically an armored cruiser and embodying the latest developments in naval science, was contracted for in 1901, and her characteristics give promise of a vessel which will make a formidable enemy in time of war, and an effective guardian of American interests in time of peace.

Almost two years elapsed before the

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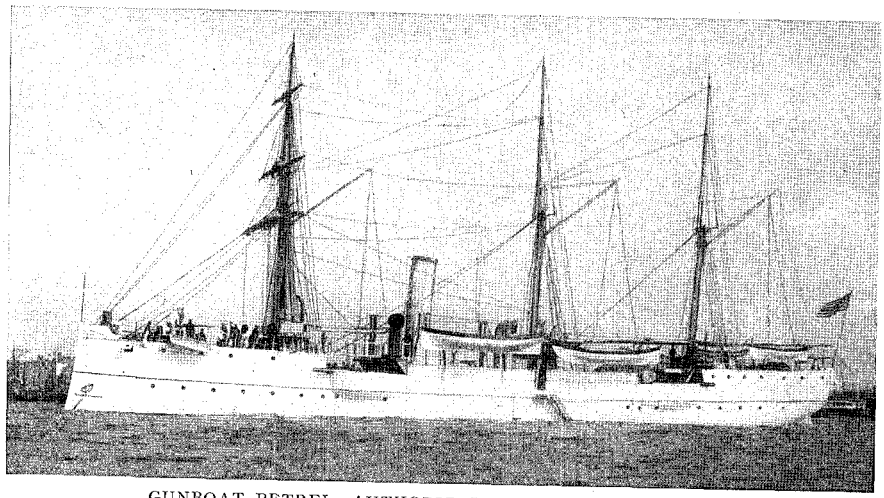
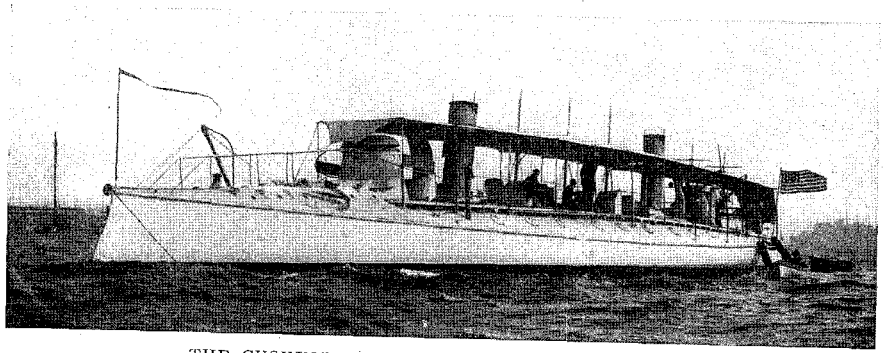
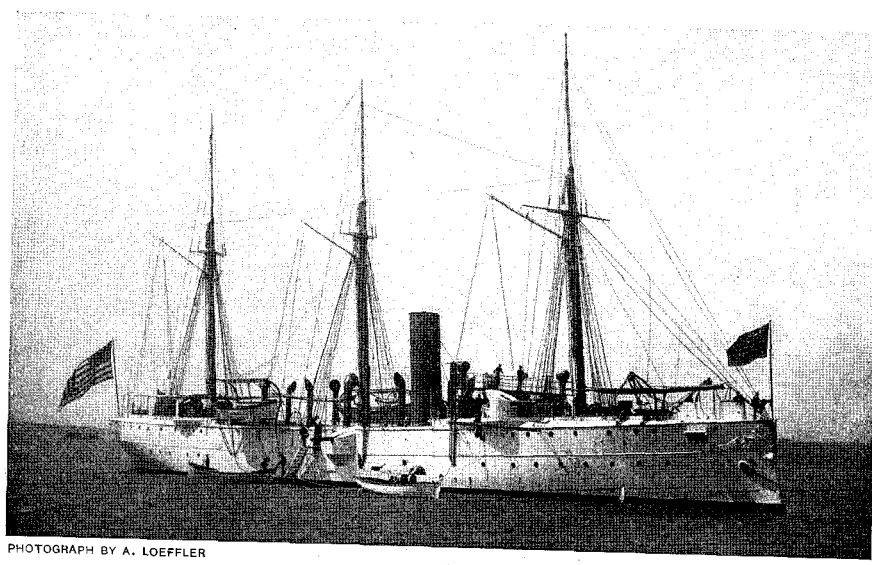


GUNBOAT PETREL, AUTHORIZED BY CONGRESS IN 1884



THE CUSHING, FIRST AMERICAN TORPEDO-BOAT



PHOTOGRAPH BY A. LOEFFLER

GUNBOAT YORKTOWN, AUTHORIZED BY CONGRESS IN 1884

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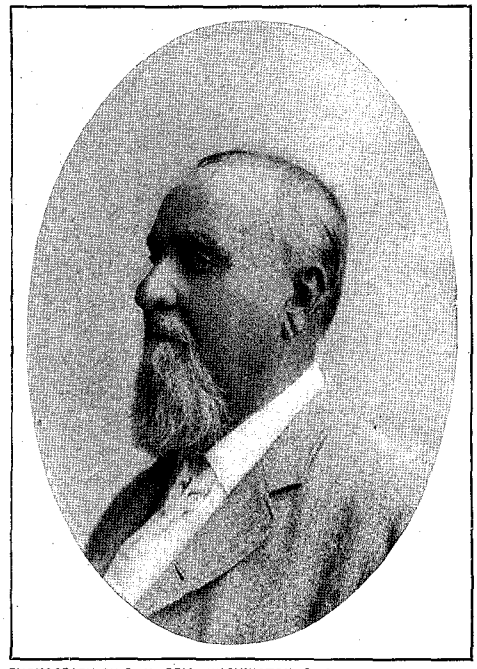

PHOTOGRAPH BY C. M. BELL, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ROBERT W. SHUFELDT

President of the Second Naval Advisory Board.

actual construction of the Charleston, Newark, Yorktown, and Petrel began. On August 3, 1886, President Cleveland approved a Naval Appropriation Act which must be regarded as historic, not only on account of the additional strength it gave to the naval arm of the Government, but because among the number authorized was the ship whose destruction was the culminating incident in the chain of events which led to the war with Spain. The Act directed the building of the Texas, a second-class battle-ship, the Maine, an armored cruiser, the Baltimore, a protected cruiser, the Vesuvius, a dynamite cruiser, and the Cushing, a torpedo-boat.

Thus, new types of men-of-war were introduced into the navy. The Texas and Maine were the first modern armored cruising ships constructed by the United States. The necessity for their addition to the navy had been demonstrated by the battle between the French and Chinese fleets in August, 1884, at the Pagoda Anchorage, Min River, when the ships flying the Dragon Flag were sunk in half an hour. This disaster opened the eyes of the world to the terribly destructive effect of modern ordnance. Prior to the reconstruction of the new navy the torpedo had been regarded as an important means of defense, and the reliance placed upon it was a potent cause for the delay in building modern ships. A great ironclad fleet organized by France during her war with Prussia was ordered to annihilate the Prussian navy, and, if necessary, to bring on an engagement to force the harbor in which the enemy might have sought refuge. In attempting to enter a port the leading French ship was injured by a torpedo, and the fleet returned to its native land and took no further part in the struggle. During her war with Turkey, Russia planted torpedoes in the Danube, and, though provided with a formidable fleet of ironclads, Hobart Pasha, the gallant Turkish commander, was unable to force the river.

These incidents, as well as our own experience in the Civil War, gave a value to the torpedo as an implement of war which greatly impressed the maritime nations. Europe rapidly supplied herself with large flotillas of torpedo craft having high speed and armed with torpedoes of the latest type. The first fast torpedo-boat ever built was constructed by Thorneycroft, of England, for the Norwegian Government, and by the time our Dolphin was completed European navies were vying with each other to obtain the largest and most efficient number of these craft. The Cushing was the pioneer of the American steel torpedo-boat flotilla. She also enjoys the distinction of having been the first vessel of the United States navy to be provided with quadruple expansion engines. Impetus was given to the construction of torpedo craft by the sinking of the Chilian ironclad Blanco Encalada by the torpedo gunboats Almirante Condell and Almirante Lynch during the Chilian Revolution of 1891. Impressed by this achievement, Congress immediately authorized a torpedo cruiser of seven hundred and fifty tons, but it was never built. Since the Cushing was laid down the United States has constructed or is building sixteen torpedo-boat destroyers, thirty-five torpedo-boats, and eight submarine boats. The value of the submarine boat has yet to be shown. While still in the experimental stage, boats of this type have been built in the United States and Europe which indicate the possession of possibilities which progressive naval pow-

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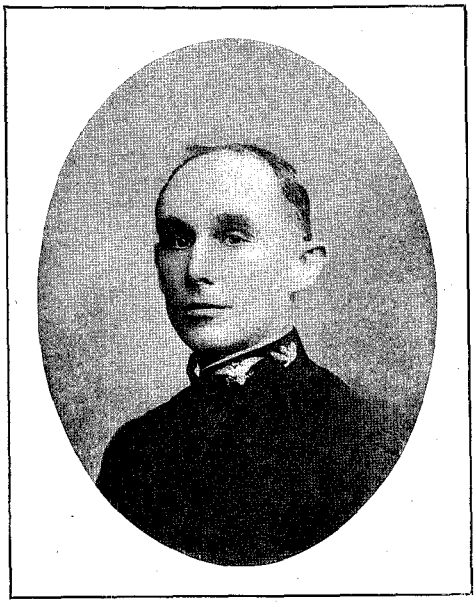
ers cannot afford to overlook. The Vesuvius was one of the experimental vessels built for the United States navy. The Act authorizing her construction details her characteristics: "Said cruiser to be not less than two hundred and thirty feet long, twenty-six feet beam, seven and one-half feet draught, three thousand two hundred horse-power, and guaranteed to attain a speed of twenty knots an hour, and to be equipped with three pneumatic dynamite guns of ten and one-half-inch caliber, and guaranteed to throw shells containing two hundred pounds of dynamite or other high explosives at least one mile, each gun to be capable of being discharged once in two minutes, at a price not exceeding three hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

The Vesuvius exceeded the horse-power and speed required by the law, but the superior range of high-power guns and her vulnerability impaired her value for offensive purposes. During the war with Spain she was ordered to Santiago de Cuba, where, under the protection of the guns of the North Atlantic Fleet, she threw dynamite shell into the harbor. The effect produced was materially unimportant though morally great. This experience confirmed the view that the ship was of limited usefulness, and she is now in ordinary, awaiting transformation into a torpedo-boat or other disposition.

J. A. HOWELL
A member of the Second Naval Advisory Board.



FRANCIS T. BOWLES
Secretary of the Second Naval Advisory Board
Now Chief Constructor of the Navy.

Like the Charleston, the Texas and Baltimore were built in accordance with designs purchased abroad. These three ships are the only vessels of the navy of any account, with the exception of the Albany, New Orleans, and Topeka, purchased during the war with Spain, which are the product of foreign thought. The cruisers Philadelphia and San Francisco, authorized in 1887, the Olympia, Cincinnati, Raleigh, Detroit, Marblehead, and Montgomery, provided for in the Act of 1888, and the triple-screw Columbia, popularly named the "Gem of the Ocean," and her sister-ship, the Minneapolis, as well as the gunboats authorized by the same Acts, were all designed by Americans and built of American material—characteristics of every vessel authorized simultaneously with or after them.

The necessity of armored ships was appreciated by the first Naval Advisory Board, which, though failing to recommend the authorization of any ironclads, specifically reported that "such vessels are absolutely needed for the defense of the country in time of war." By express direction of Congress, the second Naval Advisory Board investigated the question of completing the monitors Puritan, Amphitrite, Monadnock, Miantonomoh, and Terror, laid down in the closing years of

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President Grant's administration. The Board reported that when completed the vessels would be efficient. Congress appropriated $1,000,000 for their engines and machinery, but subsequently directed that work cease on these vessels, and it was not until ten years had passed that the last of them was ready for service. Five additional monitors have been authorized—the Monterey, which was built at San Francisco and commissioned in 1893, and the Arkansas, Connecticut, Florida, and Wyoming, which were ordered in the first days of the struggle with Spain and before experience in war had thoroughly demonstrated the unsuitability of this type of ships for offensive work. Naval opinion to-day is decidedly opposed to the construction of additional monitors. The monitor was the product of peculiar conditions, and its day is past, just as the frigate was made obsolete by the development of the steam-engine and the gun.

The question of armor has been one of the most troublesome with which the navy has had to deal, and it was with a feeling of sincere gratification that the Department was able to effect its settlement in 1901. There was, of course, no steel armor plant in the United States when the construction of the new navy was begun. Secretary Chandler was compelled to place contracts in England for compound armor for the turrets of the Miantonomoh, and in his annual report for 1883 he suggested that, in view of the large amount of this material which the monitors would need, it was desirable that Congress should take action which would encourage American manufacturers to embark in the industry. When he assumed office, Secretary Whitney decided not to award contracts to foreign firms, but to bring about the creation of armor and gun-steel plants in the United States. By permitting the wants of the navy in armor and steel to accumulate, Mr. Whitney was able to negotiate for the manufacture of a quantity large enough to induce the Bethlehem Iron Company to establish a plant for the manufacture of this material. Congress cordially seconded Mr. Whitney's efforts, and appropriated $4,000,000 to facilitate success. Mr. Whitney declared that the establishment of this plant "must be deemed to have been the first important step towards the creation of a navy modern in character." Mr. Whitney deserves high praise for the policy he adopted, but he acknowledges that the credit for the achievement belongs in part to the Gun Foundry Board, organized by Secretary Chandler, to the Board of Ordnance and Fortifications, the President of which was Secretary of War Endicott, and to special committees of the Senate and House of Representatives, which had conducted exhaustive investigations into the subject of gun and armor manufacture. The Bethlehem Iron Company agreed to begin the deliveries of armor in 1889, but its failure to do so, added to the prospect of indefinite delay in the completion of ships under construction, caused Benjamin F. Tracy, Secretary of the Navy in Harrison's administration, to award a contract for six thousand tons of armor to Messrs. Carnegie, Phipps & Company, the largest steel manufacturers in the United States, with the understanding that they should immediately establish a plant. Secretary Whitney was also responsible for the establishment in this country of the first plant for the manufacture of small guns. As a condition of a contract for guns for the secondary batteries of war-ships, he required the Hotchkiss Company to set up a factory in this country. The same company also acquired the right to manufacture a torpedo, the invention of Captain J. A. Howell, of the navy, which was used to some extent by the service.

The development of armor within the last twenty years is one of the marvels of naval science. Compound armor, composed of a wrought-iron plate with a hard steel face one-third as thick welded to it, was succeeded by solid steel. Solid steel was displaced by nickel steel, nickel steel by Harveyized armor, and recently the last named, partially, by Krupp armor, the highest development yet reached. Very high prices demanded by the armor manufacturers led Congress, during the administration of Secretary Herbert, to make an exhaustive inquiry. Mr. Herbert conducted an independent and very thorough investigation. When his successor entered the Navy Department in 1897, Congress had limited the price of armor to an average of $300 per ton. Three battle-ships then building had reached a

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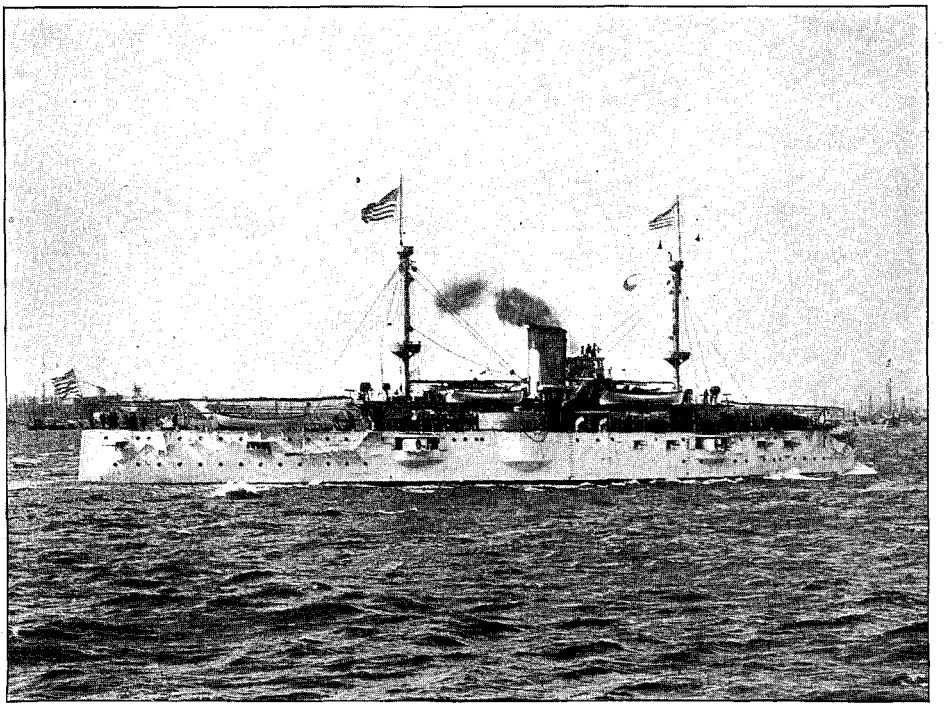
stage of construction where armor was needed if the work were to continue. The Carnegie and Bethlehem Companies, the only two firms in the country provided with the requisite plants, were invited to submit bids, but they declined to do so on the ground that they were unable to manufacture armor at the price fixed by Congress. The Act limiting the price required the Secretary to appoint a Board to prepare plans and estimates for an armor plant. This direction was obeyed, and at the next session of Congress a report was submitted which fixed the cost of a factory at $4,000,000. While the Government could, of course, manufacture armor, it seemed to me unwise for the United States to embark in an industry which was properly the field of individual operation, and, furthermore, the cost of the material turned out under governmental conditions was certain to be higher than that turned out by private manufacturers. Congress was induced to increase the limit of cost to $400, and then contracts for Harveyized armor were placed with the Carnegie and Bethlehem Companies. By the Act of March 3, 1899, the limit of cost was again fixed at $300. Believing that a large quantity might attract bidders, the armor for thirteen vessels, amounting to 24,950 tons, was grouped and proposals were advertised for. Believing, too, that none but the best materials should be used for American ships, I approved specifications which called for armor of a quality equal to that manufactured by the Krupp process. Notwithstanding the value of the contract and the fact that the time for deliveries under it had been extended over a considerable period of time, the lowest bid received fixed the price per ton at a sum largely in excess of that named by Congress. A further objection to the acceptance of this proposal was the fact that the company submitting it had no plant and could not begin deliveries before January, 1904. Congress finally determined to intrust the Secretary of the Navy with the matter of arranging for the purchase on fair terms, and, notwithstanding the apprehension of some members, inserted this provision in the Naval Appropriation Act, approved June 7, 1900:



THE TEXAS

> Provided, that the Secretary of the Navy is hereby authorized to procure by contract armor of the best quality for any or all vessels

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above referred to, provided such contracts can be made at a price which in his judgment is reasonable and equitable; but in case he is unable to make contracts for armor under the above conditions, he is hereby authorized and directed to procure a site for and to erect thereon a factory for the manufacture of armor, and the sum of four million dollars is hereby appropriated toward the erection of said factory.

This was a generous confidence, and the work of reaching an equitable agreement with the armor manufacturers began at once, failing which the intention was to carry out the instruction of Congress with respect to the establishment of an armor plant. Though it had been intimated that the armor makers would demand $545 for every ton of Krupp armor furnished, the negotiations, which were conducted through Rear-Admiral Charles O'Neil, the accomplished Chief of Ordnance, to whom great credit is due, led to a willingness on their part to meet the Government more than half-way. The new construction since the declaration of war against Spain included, besides the monitors and smaller craft, eight battle-ships, six armored cruisers, and nine protected cruisers. These ships required a total of 37,000 tons of armor. Such a large quantity enabled the Department to make highly advantageous terms both in respect of quality and price. The highest price ever paid for armor by the United States was $725 per ton for the sponsons of the Iowa and Brooklyn. Including royalty, the United States agreed to pay $456 for Krupp armor, and $411.20 for Harveyized armor. A few months ago the armor manufacturers advised the Navy Department that the royalty paid by them upon the Krupp process had been reduced ten shillings per ton, and that the price of armor will be less by that amount to the United States. It is safe to say that never have we obtained such excellent protection for our ships at so small a cost.

While armor was attaining wonderfully resistive quality combined with comparatively little weight, which is the important characteristic of the Krupp process, the power of the gun was steadily increasing and the projectile and powder were keeping pace. With the same pressures, the guns of to-day produce almost twice the velocities of those of 1882, fire with much greater rapidity, and have penetration and range which would not be possible with weapons of the old type. In 1882 experiments were conducted with steel projectiles. To-day steel projectiles, fitted with soft steel caps and given sufficient velocity, can without difficulty perforate Krupp armor of a thickness much greater than their own caliber. Smokeless powder was introduced into the navy during the war with Spain.

The history of the armor fleet of the United States furnishes one of the most interesting chapters of the new navy. Following the authorization of the Texas and Maine, Congress directed, in 1888, the construction of the armored cruiser New York. Four years later, the armored cruiser Brooklyn was authorized. In his first annual report, dated November 30, 1889, Secretary Tracy stated that the "necessities of our vulnerable position demand the immediate creation of two fleets of battle-ships, of which eight should be assigned to the Pacific and twelve to the Atlantic and Gulf coasts." Mr. Tracy was far in advance of the country. Congress did, however, agree to the construction of first-class battle-ships, and by the Act of June 30, 1890, authorized the construction of "three seagoing coast-line battle-ships," which were christened the Indiana, Massachusetts, and Oregon. Two years later the Iowa was authorized. These four vessels and the Texas constituted our battle-ship force during the war with Spain. The Kearsarge and Kentucky, equipped with superposed turrets, were constructed in accordance with the provisions of the Naval Appropriation Act approved in 1895. The authorization of the Illinois, Alabama, and Wisconsin followed in 1896; that of the Ohio, Missouri, and second Maine, in 1898; that of the Georgia, Nebraska, New Jersey, Virginia, and Rhode Island, and then that of the Connecticut and Louisiana. The war with Spain taught afresh the value of sea power, and, besides battle-ships, Congress has since then authorized the construction of eight armored cruisers—the California, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Maryland, Colorado, South Dakota, Washington, and Tennessee—and three protected cruisers, which are practically armored cruisers—the St. Louis, Milwaukee, and second Charleston. There are sixty-five war-ships under construction.

The new navy comprises to-day 172 steel

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ships, 19 of which are battle-ships of the first and one a battle-ship of the second class; 10 armored cruisers; 1 armored ram; 10 monitors (iron and steel); 26 protected and unprotected cruisers; 46 gunboats, and 59 torpedo craft. The cost of these ships approximates $275,000,000—a small part of the wealth of our country. With the exception of a few million dollars, all this money has been expended in the United States. The money thus disbursed for the creation of the new navy has thus been distributed among our own citizens.

The navy-yards, which in 1883 were, to say the least, in a highly inefficient condition, are to-day well equipped with modern tools and appliances, and capable of making any repairs that a modern ship may require. The New York yard is undergoing equipment for building a battle-ship, but there is much yet to be done before it and other yards will be up to the standard of excellence which the country demands of its implements. The navy-yards twenty years ago employed less than five thousand men, nearly every one of whom had gained place by means of political influence, and was dependent upon political influence for continuance on the Government pay-rolls. The spoils system was checked by Secretary Tracy, who courageously initiated reforms, and Secretary Herbert firmly continued this policy. There are to-day more than fifteen thousand navy-yard employees, all under civil service rules with respect to appointment and promotion, not one of whom is removable except in consequence of his own fault. During the five years of the last naval administration there was no violation of the rules governing the employment of labor at the yards. This covers not only appointments but promotions, which, under regulations then placed in force, were made in accordance with the efficiency records. Just before the expiration of my term even the shipkeepers were put under the labor rules, and with this act the last relic of the spoils system came to an end. It was almost a pity to part with it as a reminder and "terrible example" of the old spectacle of the carcass and the vulture.

The fear which existed before contracts were awarded for the Chicago, Boston, Atlanta, and Dolphin, that only a few firms would enjoy the benefit of war-ship construction, has disappeared. Thirteen ship-building firms are to-day constructing men-of-war. There is not an industry in the land which fails to receive direct or indirect profit from the enlargement of the navy. Even the cornstalks which the farmer supplies to the manufacturer are used in the making of the backing of the armor of war-ships. More than a hundred trades assist in the building of a man-of-war. Among them are the iron and steel industry, the coal industry, the oil industry, the brass industry, the copper industry, the aluminum industry, the electrical industry—indeed, I might continue through the list of industries of the United States and find few that fail to contribute in some way to the construction or operation of the ships of our new navy.

There is another feature in connection with the development of our navy which should not be lost sight of, and which has a material and educational side. The increase in the construction of naval ships has led directly to an increase in the construction of ships in the merchant marine. The great ship-yards at San Francisco, Newport News, Cramps', Bath, Maine, and more recently at Quincy, Mass., owe their creation to getting naval work to do, and thereby have been put in position to now do even larger amounts of merchant marine work. Indeed, one of the complaints now made against ship-builders for delay in completing naval vessels is of inclining to neglect these for non-Governmental work.

Educationally, too, few people have any idea what a stimulus the increase in our navy has been in all that line of technical, designing, engineering, and mechanical training which is one of the many features of our technical schools, now so rapidly increasing all over the country both in number and scope. The collateral influence upon industrial arts of the creation of the navy, apart from its direct influence upon ship-building facilities themselves in the United States, is much greater than is generally known. The necessity for building naval vessels of great strength, combined with the least possible weight, has made it essential to produce the very best quality of structural steel. The high standard set by the Navy Department in the very beginning of the new navy forced upon our steel

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manufacturers the early development of an art which has since become one of the controlling factors in the industry of the country. This was publicly recognized by the President of the United States Steel Corporation when he recently said that the standard set by navy officers for structural steel had practically produced and made necessary this important art in the United States. The construction of vessels, with the machining of ship plates, armor plates, heavy shafting, etc., has made it necessary to produce in this country machines for dealing with these classes of work. The genius of the American people devoted to these subjects has produced machines surpassing those in use abroad for similar purposes. The minor developments in this line are multitudinous, and have led to a very considerable export of similar classes of machinery to foreign countries.

The rivalry among the designers of naval vessels, the production of the most efficient armor plate, the most powerful ordnance, the most efficient powder, the fact that a naval vessel is not only a vast engine of great complication, involving all the building arts, but that it is a home for very large crews, also develops and sets a standard for all domestic articles required for use in the navy—clothing, food, supplies, and furnishings of all kinds. The standard set for all these tends to the promotion and improvement of our National products at large.

These are some of the lines along which the development of our navy tends toward the educational and industrial advance of the whole country. They all necessitate and encourage the industrial training of our people, and are in line with that education which is now recognized as the most important education—the education of the hand and the brain in the useful arts of life.

The Christmas Tree

By Alice Ward Bailey

Now time doth bring the night to thee
When thou must plant thy Christmas Tree—
Sing low, my heart, sing low!—
Beneath thy feet its roots shall spread,
Its branches reach the sky o'erhead—
Sing low, my heart, sing low!

Then let thy shepherds come from far,
Thy wise men follow with The Star—
Sing low, my heart, sing low!—
Let every beast kneel in his stall,
And Mary's Child be Lord of All—
Sing low, my heart, sing low!

To-morrow shall The Tree be bare,
A naked Cross it shall be there—
Sing low, my heart, sing low!—
To-morrow cometh Calvary,
But this one night be peace to thee—
Sing low, my heart, sing low!

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John Fiske's "New France and New England"[1]

THE last of Mr. John Fiske's charming series of historical works he did not live, alas! to complete. Two entire chapters and half of the third were all that received his final revision for the press before his sudden and untimely decease. The other chapters stood in the form of carefully prepared lectures before the Lowell Institute. The text of all is printed as it left his hand, which, no doubt, would have added some characteristic touches either for precision or adornment. The account of New France and New England herein presented fills the gap between his volume on "The American Revolution" and its predecessors, thus giving continuity and unity to the series of his remarkable studies in early American history.

The main theme is the long struggle for the possession of the continent, which ended when Wolfe defeated Montcalm at Quebec. In this struggle the vanquished appear no less distinguished for noble qualities than the victors. Mr. Fiske's sketches of Champlain, "the father of New France," the honest and dispassionate historian of an epoch-making enterprise; of La Salle, scholar, soldier, statesman, the most remarkable of all those pioneers of France; of Father Marquette, "gentle, exquisite, yet brave as a paladin," and proof against the extremities of hardship, not only evince the sympathetic judgment requisite for impartial history. They confirm the conclusion that it was not for want of capable leaders that France failed to hold the land where French names still remain where first bestowed, as witnesses to early enterprises, from the Atlantic to the headwaters of the Mississippi, but rather through the massiveness of the English colonization, though this was too often crippled by inefficiency both in the council and in the field. The blundering waste of life perpetrated by General Abercrombie at Ticonderoga is a more notorious but no more fatuous case of it than the refusal of colonial assemblies to raise necessary supplies for the life-and-death struggle with New France. The excuse which this afforded for the Stamp Act that brought on the war for independence is pointed out by Mr. Fiske with characteristic impartiality—a point that few Americans have considered.

While Mr. Fiske's histories are written for popular use, they are marked by a philosophic spirit, fond of tracing the connections of cause and effect. An important makeweight in the seventy years' struggle with New France was the strong confederacy of the Iroquois in New York—the Six Nations, who adhered to the English cause. But what determined this? More than a century before, three Frenchmen, of whom Champlain was one, were aiding their Indian allies against the Iroquois, of whose power they knew nothing. Two or three shots only were discharged, and little blood was spilt. The story is dramatically told how those shots secured for New France the deadliest enemy and for the English colonists the most helpful friend in the tremendous struggle that had still to wait a century.

In quite another field Mr. Fiske meets the question, Whence the greater conservatism that characterizes Connecticut as compared with Massachusetts? Massachusetts, he replies, because of the ecclesiastical rigidity which limited the right of voting to church members, bred up a strong opposition party disposed to liberal and progressive views. Connecticut, lacking this stimulus, developed a form of church government—"consociation"—closely akin to Presbyterianism; which proved able to moderate and control tendencies to innovation. The latter fact Dr. Leonard Bacon long ago assigned as the cause why the Unitarian schism in the churches of Massachusetts did not spread into Connecticut. Both causes co-operated; the former, however, less obvious, deeply working, and the more potent, Mr. Fiske's insight has unerringly discerned.

Of the ten chapters in this volume the first four are devoted to the rise and

[1] *New France and New England.* By John Fiske, LL.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

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development of New France, the last four to the struggle of the English colonies up to their final victory. The two chapters intervening deal severally with the most distressing and the most hopeful event in New England history—the witchcraft delusion, and the Great Awakening. As to the former, Mr. Fiske's critical judgment has set aside some modern delusions. In the latter a conspicuous feature is his just appreciation of the spiritual greatness of Jonathan Edwards: "The more one considers Edwards, the more colossal and astonishing he seems."

In laying down this last work of the widely endeared and lamented author, what he says of Edwards's view of mysticism deserves to be quoted, as exhibiting the saving quality through which such an exponent as Mr. Fiske has been of the Spencerian philosophy rose, especially in his later writings, above the fog of Spencerian agnosticism: "A mind which has plunged deeply into the secrets of nature without exhibiting such a vein of mysticism is, I believe, a mind sterilized and cut off in one direction from access to the truth."

The two volumes of Mr. Fiske's Essays[2] are as uniform in attractive interest as their subjects are various. The historical interest naturally predominates. The first volume comprises a series of portraits, not of solitary figures, but of great actors as the centers of formative movements in American politics, from Thomas Hutchinson, the last royal Governor of Massachusetts, to Daniel Webster, the spokesman of Nationalism. A vast amount of ignorance and of illusion in regard to our National history, and the great men who shaped its course, still infests the popular mind. The service done by Mr. Fiske in enlightening and correcting misconceptions of historic characters and events is most meritorious, a service all the more effective for the luminous and popularly attractive form of his work.

Nothing will more impress thoughtful readers of these Essays than their well-considered reversals of contemporaneous judgments concerning men and deeds in light now unclouded by contemporary passions. Hutchinson, the high-minded patriot, but on the unpopular and losing side; Jefferson, the constructive reformer, once dreaded by clergymen as a French atheist; Jackson, once the bogie of wealthy respectables, but right, says Mr. Fiske, in nearly all his public acts except as to the civil service; Van Buren, related to Jackson as Hamilton to Washington, unsurpassed by any President in his comprehension of political economy, his adequate and lucid conception of the proper sphere and duties of government, but greatly underrated even now—these and others Mr. Fiske has endeavored with critical impartiality to restore to just estimation by the people whom they strove to serve.

It will doubtless be long before popular misconceptions of the American Revolution are set right. No one man, however gifted, can match the inveterate power of tradition. Mr. Fiske has, however, set up a standard to which the judicious will repair. Had Franklin's scheme for a continental government with the power of taxation for common defense been accepted by the Albany Congress in 1754, the Revolution might have been deferred to the Greek kalends. It was the refusal of the colonies to agree on this point, as the States were compelled by the fear of anarchy to agree in 1788, that threw the case into the hands of that "desperate political gamester," George III. Against him, not the Parliament, the indictments of the Declaration are directed for violations of the prescriptive rights of Englishmen. In view of the use recently made of the famous preamble to the Declaration in behalf of the Filipino insurrectionists, it is worth while to point to Mr. Fiske's statement that the preamble about "inalienable rights" might have been omitted without altering the practical effect of the document. The Revolution was conceived and carried through on no such basis as that neatly turned philosophical exordium, not for the natural rights of man, but for the chartered rights of Englishmen.

Mr. Fiske's broad outlook on the world makes him fond of giving an ample background to his sketches. Thus, in depicting Jefferson as the American type of the rural English squire, he begins by contrasting the social conditions and political development of England and France. His two chapters on Jackson

[2] *Essays Historical and Literary.* By John Fiske, LL.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. 2 vols.

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and the democracy of that time are introduced, the one by reminiscences of the then shortsightedness of statesmen toward our great West, the other by an outline of our then narrow provincialism, with its blue coat and brass buttons as the symbol of Americanism. As to provincialism, the need of these corrective suggestions cannot be regarded as yet fully outgrown. As to Jackson, it is an original touch of truth to class him with the Puritans, as one must who regards him, not as an isolated figure, but in relation to his historic background. New England Puritanism exhibited itself in peculiarities of social structure. But the characteristics of the Puritan spirit, narrow and intense, were equally conspicuous in the English, Scotch, and Huguenot Calvinists who poured over the Alleghanies into the great Valley. If turbulence and devoutness were strangely mingled in them, the cause lay in the fact that the Southwest was settled, not in organized communities, "town budded from town," as in New England, but by detached families and individuals separated at first from the framework of society and its apparatus of courts and jails.

Mr. Fiske makes much of the history of our great political parties as a field yielding rich illustrations of broad philosophical principles. His chapter on "Harrison, Tyler, and the Whig Coalition" is an admirably lucid exposition of a peculiarly labyrinthine subject, the lessons of which are still in point for people who manufacture party capital out of financial crises or seasons of economic prosperity. As an observer of the historic movement, Mr. Fiske is no panegyrist. Admitting the necessity of the financial policy carried through by Hamilton, which insured the stability of the Government through an alliance with capitalists, he awards to Hamilton's opponents the merit of foreseeing the real danger in such a policy, which to-day threatens the life of democracy. Many a reader will disagree with the brilliant writer at times when he lets himself go in sympathy or antipathy, as when he declares slavery and protectionism "twin relics of barbarism," and an elective judiciary a "crying abomination." But a critic so generally judicious may occasionally relieve his feelings, and have his fling.

The literary Essays in this collection find place in the second volume. Among these perhaps none will attract more attention, while imparting to many a corrected view, than the one entitled "Herbert Spencer's Service to Religion." The two papers of most historical importance in this volume exhibit "Connecticut's Influence on the Federal Constitution" and "The Real Significance of the Boston Tea Party." In this last Mr. Fiske joins issue with those who characterize the Tea Party as a mob, a reprehensible riot. As elsewhere, he here projects his view upon a large historic background. Our limits suffice for only the conclusion of the case he exhibits at length. The destruction of the tea was the most peaceful way open out of an *impasse*. If illegal, it was no more so than the Declaration of Independence. "In no other way could the men of Boston discharge the duty which they owed to the country. . . . The Boston Tea Party will always remain a typical instance of what is majestic and sublime."

A Group of Biographies

THE present season has been unusually rich in biographies of literary quality and interest; biographies which have happily set a new fashion of brevity combined with expert skill. Of late the tendency to write exhaustive and exhausting lives of prominent men has been so marked that readers had begun to look forward with dismay to a kind of reading which has always been not only profitable to the soul but delightful to the mind. The long biography is sometimes both necessary and fascinating, but there is a scale in the writing of biographies as in everything else, and a number of recent works in this field disclose the return of the sense of proportion.

Of the three men of letters who stand by common consent at the head of their craft in this country—Hawthorne, Poe, and Emerson—two have been interpreted afresh with the authority of insight and

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of fresh and thorough study by competent critics and writers. Professor James A. Harrison, of the University of Virginia, has given us an impression of Poe more consistent and convincing than any of his predecessors. This comparatively short study of the career and genius of the most accomplished artist who has appeared in our literature fitly serves as an introduction to the Virginia Edition of the works of Poe (T. Y. Crowell & Co.), and has been already commented upon by The Outlook.

Professor George E. Woodberry is an accomplished literary scholar, and a writer of high distinction in a period of much indifferent and slovenly work. It was a fortunate hour when he set himself to interpret the career and genius of Hawthorne. Very interesting studies of the author of "The Scarlet Letter" have been made by the members of his family and by Mr. Henry James; but the family portraits are largely personal, and Mr. James's account is inadequate and pallid. Mr. Woodberry is, like Hawthorne, a child of New England; he knows and loves what may be called the Hawthorne country, and he was bred in the New England educational and literary traditions. He has, moreover, if not a spiritual kinship with Hawthorne, a temperamental sympathy with the shy moods and subtle genius of the first romance-writer of America.

All these qualities are revealed in Mr. Woodberry's biography—an admirably proportioned, balanced, and constructed piece of work; with that touch of reticence which every true interpreter of Hawthorne must give his work; full of insight, and containing the most searching and convincing analysis of Hawthorne's genius and of his qualities as an artist that has yet been made. The treatment of Hawthorne's ancestry is an admirable example of the power of vital selection, of condensed history, and of clear characterization; the account of the long formative period in his mother's house at Salem is luminous in its disclosure of Hawthorne's temperament, his intellectual habits, the moods and experiences of his apprenticeship. This chapter alone would give the book lasting importance and significance; it is a real contribution to the history of literature.

The impression of Hawthorne's married life, of his bearing toward his children, of his personality, is singularly beautiful and convincing, full of delicate feeling and sensitive regard for the sanctities of life. The analysis of "The Scarlet Letter," "The Marble Faun," "The Blythedale Romance," "The House of Seven Gables," and the short stories and sketches could have come only from Mr. Woodberry, so penetrating and so appreciative is it, so full of reverence for Hawthorne's elusive genius and yet so independent in its attitude. Mr. Woodberry's biography is, in most respects, a model of sound literary interpretation; not less critical than Mr. James's earlier study, but far richer in feeling for the real forces of the New England nature and far deeper in its insight into its sources of strength. One could wish for a little less restraint in the tone of the book, a little freer expression of the personality both of subject and writer, a little more color in portraiture. In this respect Mr. Woodberry leans a little too much to the side of reticence, as Professor Harrison leans a little too much to the side of exuberance. The two books afford admirable material for a comparative study of two types of temperament; they are both works of distinction and of permanent importance. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Colonel Higginson's biography of Longfellow brings into prominence two important facts which throw light on the poet's reputation and aims. There can be no question that since his death the reputation of Longfellow, while it has not narrowed in area, has hardly held its own in point of quality. The purity, sweetness, and musical gift of the author of "Excelsior" have not been clouded by this more critical attitude towards the most widely read of American poets, the poet loved by children; the country has not forgotten that to the few notable poems on American subjects Longfellow contributed two—"Evangeline" and "Hiawatha;" but there has been a growing perception of the limitations of insight, imagination, and poetic force of this gracious personality; a recognition that he is to be ranked with the Mendelssohns rather than the Beethovens.

Colonel Higginson does not share this feeling, and presents some striking facts

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with regard to Longfellow's popularity outside his own country. A hundred translations of whole books or detached poems have been made in eighteen languages. In the many-volumed catalogue of the British Museum there were, a year ago, 357 entries under the name of Longfellow, 158 under that of Emerson, 64 under that of Whitman, 114 under that of Lowell, 104 under that of Whittier, 103 under that of Poe, 135 under that of Holmes. The only contemporary English poet whose name appears as many times is Tennyson. The introductory chapter is an interesting statement of the reasons for believing that Longfellow still holds his own as a poet of the people.

The second significant fact which Colonel Higginson brings out is Longfellow's early recognition of the need of a literature dealing with American subjects, his perception of the abundance of material for such a literature, and his definite statement in contemporary periodicals of the value and significance of American life for artistic uses at a time when he was doing his best work as a translator of the beauty and richness of the ripe civilization of the old world to the new. Colonel Higginson's treatment of this phase of the poet's career throws new light on the poet's aims, and brings his longer poems on American themes more intimately into relation with his growth as a writer.

The biography is a model of clearness, simplicity, and moderation; it presents fresh material drawn from the correspondence of the first Mrs. Longfellow, from the "Harvard College Papers," and from Longfellow's earlier writings, beginning with his college days. This material, while it does not change the fundamental aspects of Longfellow's life as a man and an artist, sets some of his work in a different perspective, and gives the book importance as a contribution to literary history. The story is somewhat lacking in warmth and color, but it is a sincere and faithful portraiture of Longfellow; it is not adequate, however, in its attitude towards Poe; here it is distinctly provincial and has the tone of the New England writing of thirty years ago. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

The five biographies recently added to the English Men of Letters Series, bearing the imprint of the Macmillan Company, are of unusual quality when the diversities of subject are considered. Three are from experts in biographical writing, while the remaining two are workmanlike pieces of critical interpretation. They are, with one exception, good examples also of the right attitude toward the subject—an attitude which is sympathetic and appreciative and at the same time judicial. The secret of the writer can be discovered only by sympathetic approach; the quality, value, and rank of his work can be ascertained only by critical judgment. The true biographer, like the true critic, must put his heart as well as his intelligence into his work.

Sir Leslie Stephen's study of George Eliot is a little chilly in atmosphere at certain points in the story, but it is clearly thought out and so full of discernment that all save those who are resolved to see no flaws in "Daniel Deronda" will recognize the weight and impartiality of its judgments. The somewhat colorless story of the novelist's life is told with characteristic clearness and judgment, and the union with Mr. Lewes handled with reticence and good sense. George Eliot's life is a matter of literary rather than of biographical record, and Sir Leslie traces the unfolding, the flowering, and the decline of her genius and her art closely, and with clear discernment of its successive stages. He recognizes the extraordinary grasp and penetration of her mind, the seriousness of her spirit, her unusual power of sympathy, her command of genuine pathos and of a humor of the highest quality. He declares that her women have an interest unsurpassed by any other writer, but her "most successful men are substantially women in disguise." He is oppressed by the weight of extraneous matters in "Romola," and he is very amusing with that tiresome piece of perfection, Daniel Deronda, of whom some irreverent but discerning person has said that all that remained to Daniel when George Eliot finished with him was to live in Jerusalem and give afternoon teas! Summing the whole matter up, Sir Leslie says: "When I compare her work with that of other novelists, I cannot doubt that she had powers of mind and a richness of emotional nature rarely equaled, or that her writings—whatever their shortcomings—will have a corre-

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sponding value in the estimation of thoughtful readers."

Mr. Frederic Harrison's account of John Ruskin has the vigor, precision, and clearness of the study of George Eliot, but it deals with a far more expansive talent and a much more interesting personal history. The years which have followed Ruskin's death have seen the inevitable reaction against his great reputation, and there has been a tendency to minimize both his gifts and his influence. The excesses of his style, the defects in his philosophy, the sweeping and confident applications of his theory of the relation of art and life to all history, have been emphasized to such a degree that his unique personality and influence have been undervalued. It is easy to point out Ruskin's defects as a technical writer on art. It is true, as Mr. Brownell has said, that his surrender to emotion has resulted in a "body of criticism most of which is never seen by competent critics without either exasperation or disdain." Mr. Harrison sees as clearly as Mr. Brownell the serious defects in Ruskin's mind and work; in theology, history, economics, art, he was "perpetually constructing *a priori* out of his own head new schemes and theories, without any serious or systematic knowledge of theology or history, or economics, or even art." Nevertheless, after all reductions have been made, John Ruskin was "a man of rare genius, of what one of his French admirers has called 'a palpitating imagination,' and withal he was a man of delicate moral sensitiveness, of acute human sympathy and vision."

Mr. Harrison has dealt with the long productiveness of Ruskin with catholic discernment; never concealing his faults, but emphasizing the extraordinary energy of mind which enabled him to touch vividly if not powerfully a great variety of subjects, his marvelous freshness of vision and feeling which made nature and art real for the first time to a host of his contemporaries, the moral sagacity which made him scornfully certain of the inner relation of art to character in the broad sense, and that passionate sympathy with men which made him the prophet of the highest truths to the most neglected minds.

The sum total of Ruskin's activity is so vast that his defects, serious as they were, are outweighed by his immense power of stimulation, his great suggestiveness, his striking genius as a writer; for the author of the introduction to "The Crown of Wild Olive" will hold a place with the masters of English prose long after his earlier sins of style are forgotten. Mr. Harrison has dealt with his subject on a high plane and in a catholic spirit, and his interpretation has the authority of knowledge, insight, and clear judgment.

Mr. Birrell had a much simpler task, although by no means an easy one, in giving order and interest to the confused and passionate career of William Hazlitt. Literary manners were distinctly bad when the author of "The English Poets" set about bringing men to his point of view by sheer force of conviction and power of statement, and his irritability and power of hate did not equip him with the tastes or gifts of a peace-maker. Hazlitt had great qualities as well as great gifts; he was in revolt against the materialism of his time, his ideals for humanity were high, his love of truth passionate, he was free from greed and vanity; but he was impatient, irritable, passionate, and of a very uncertain temper. He fought a noble battle with weapons that were often turned against himself. A lonely man, with great power of intellect, an undaunted spirit, a brooding habit of mind, and a touch of melancholy, he was an independent and extremely able critic and a writer of force and originality on a wide range of themes; but he was a deeply unhappy man. Such a man can be understood only by some one with Charles Lamb's gift of heart; and this is precisely the quality which stamps Mr. Birrell's biography. It is less searching in its criticism than Sir Leslie Stephen's study of George Eliot, and it lacks the grasp of Mr. Harrison's interpretation of Ruskin; but it brings Halzitt before us, and by its geniality of temper and broad tolerance puts us in a frame of mind to understand the confused career of a stormy nature.

Recalling the somewhat superior air with which Matthew Arnold sometimes addressed himself to the task of setting his contemporaries right, one cannot help feeling that poetic justice has overtaken him at the hands of Mr. Herbert W. Paul—a biographer who has a delightfully naïve

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air of patronizing the man about whom he writes. There are excellent qualities in this study of the author of "Essays on Criticism," but there is also a good deal of the manner which Mr. Arnold uniformly brought to the castigation of Nonconformists and persons who were obnoxious to him. As a whole, the appreciation of Arnold falls short of adequacy; there is not only a touch of patronage in Mr. Paul's attitude, but a lack of generosity in his judgment of Arnold's work. The book is full of admirable criticism of detail; it hits Arnold's limitations and defects with great precision; but it fails to recognize adequately his original poetic force.

The tribute to Arnold's character is, however, entirely adequate; in dealing with the man Mr. Paul goes to the heart of the matter. It is easy to read this biography, for it has genuine touches of humor, and the criticism always has directness and point. It will admirably supplement the letters, and, with Arnold's books at hand, the lover of "Essays on Criticism" and the poems will have all the material necessary for an adequate knowledge of one of the most interesting, irritating, and gifted men of the time; a writer of rare intelligence, of keen critical insight, and of absolute intellectual integrity.

Tennyson's life was so essentially that of a poet, and his reticence about all personal matters so sensitive, that Sir Alfred Lyall has wisely chosen to emphasize the poet's development as an artist and to trace his career in his work. That career was one of continuous assimilation and unfolding, and this biography is a study of poetic genius sensitively interpreting the spiritual experience of the age. The growth of Tennyson is indicated from his earliest to his latest work with sympathetic intelligence, and the rare orderliness and harmony of his nature and his art are clearly brought out. The life is an admirable example of sound literary interpretation; written in perfect taste and with the dignity and poise which the subject evokes.

Holiday Art Books

IN point of sumptuous paper, print, and illustration, the most notable book of the holiday season seems to be Sir Walter Armstrong's "Turner" (Scribners). It includes nearly a hundred photogravures of Turner's paintings, together with a number of lithograph facsimiles. Though we can never know exhaustively about Turner's life as we know about Dr. Johnson's, for instance, as a biography the present volume is capitally done. Sir Walter has portrayed for us a character complex indeed, but no longer obscure; a character molded first of all by the influence of the place of his birth, next by his family pride, and, alas, also by what Ruskin had in mind when he exclaimed, "Don't try to mask the dark side!" As an appreciation of Turner's art work the text is, as might be expected from the biographer of Sir Joshua Reynolds, authoritative and illuminating beyond anything which has been printed concerning Turner since Ruskin published his "Modern Painters" and re-energized the world of art and art-lovers by proclaiming, as did no other critic, the surpassing value of Turner's achievements. In sympathy with Ruskin, Sir Walter declares that the popular verdict as to these achievements depends on the result of the struggle between those who see beauty but not its cause and those who see both the one and the other. For the former, adds Sir Walter, art is imitation, reproduction, illustration, selection; for the latter it is the creation of beauty by welding its elements—line, color, sound, whatever sense can grasp—into one organic whole.

Whatever else has been done in the way of describing the Robbia art and the Robbia family pales beside the stout volume on "Luca and Andrea della Robbia and Their Successors," by Maud Cruttwell (Dutton). The volume is one of appeal, not only because of its luxurious size, comprehensiveness, and beauty, but because it is pre-eminently one of discriminating judgment. From the lack of this the Robbias—Luca in particular—have long suffered. Only now is the absurdity recognized of the snap-judgments freely indulged in during the past three cen-

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turies; for only now are we beginning to grasp the fact that, in imagination and intellect, Luca della Robbia stands alongside Donatello himself. The present volume should do something toward elevating Luca to his true place among his contemporaries; and the book should also bring about a juster discrimination by many admirers as to the various works labeled "By one of the Robbias"—a much-used and much-abused title for almost anything antique in terra-cotta. Henceforth the really great works among them will be more apt to be known as Luca's; the purely charming yet inferior works will be attributed to Andrea; while the productions of Giovanni may possibly be relegated to their proper place. As Fra Angelico has been judged almost exclusively by the exquisite little panel-pictures in St. Mark's Monastery, Florence, so Luca della Robbia has too long been judged only by the equally exquisite bas-reliefs in the Hospital of the Innocenti, also at Florence. Now that Mr. Douglass and Mr. Williamson have turned popular attention from the Florentine to the Roman, maturer and grander work of Fra Angelico, as exhibited in the Vatican, for instance, the present volume may do an equal service for Luca.

Incredible as it seems, not until a century ago did the works of Frans Hals command much attention among artists, and not until Fromentin brought out his "Maîtres d'Autrefois" did the public begin to appreciate the greatest of realists. Regarded as an artist who understood how to combine environment with his task—portraiture—Hals stands far behind such giants as Velasquez and Rembrandt; regarded as a portrait-painter, however, pure and simple, one whose drawing was almost impeccable, one whose every line was vital with exact and compelling distinction, Hals stands in the first rank. This lack of the introduction of environment, nevertheless, is one reason for the neglect. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries demanded portraiture, it is true, and noble expressions of it, too, as witness the triumphs of Van Dyck, for instance. But those centuries were so increasingly full of complicated life, manifesting itself through so many new and rich channels, as to compel the introduction, or at least the suggestion, of that life in every art-expression. Rembrandt is thus a better type of the period in which he lived than was his contemporary whom Mr. Davies impressively describes in his superb "Frans Hals" (Macmillan).

Speaking of Hals, we notice that his "Laughing Cavalier" forms the subject of the frontispiece to Mr. Frederick Miller's "Pictures in the Wallace Collection" (Dutton). This portrait is one of Hals's masterpieces, uniting a matter-of-fact outlook, if you will, to an inimitable power of draughtsmanship. The Wallace Collection of art treasures was bequeathed in 1897 to the British nation by the widow of Sir Richard Wallace, and the pictures gain in interest from the fact that they are shown in the house of their former owner. Two dozen of the nearly eight hundred pictures in the Collection are illustrated and described in the present volume. The descriptive notices are especially illuminative and suggestive.——In this connection we would call attention to a new edition of Julia Cartwright's valuable "Jean François Millet," a book which has become known as the standard biography of the great French artist (Macmillan).

Though we live in the day of photographic economy, when the "process cut" seems in full possession of the field, we have already noted in the illustrations for "Old Italian Masters" and "Old Dutch and Flemish Masters" abundant evidence, as furnished by Mr. Timothy Cole, of the possibilities of work with the wood block. These volumes received immediate and appreciative welcome; such welcome will without doubt be given to the volume on "Old English Masters" illustrated by Mr. Cole and with admirable text by Professor John C. Van Dyke, which the Century Company has just published.

Mr. D. S. MacColl's "Nineteenth Century in Art" (Macmillan) is a souvenir of the Glasgow Exhibition of 1901. The volume is illustrated by a hundred reproductions from the pictures, sculptures, and art objects in that Exhibition. Together with the accompanying and very instructive text, these form a history, primarily of English and Scotch, also to a certain extent of French and Dutch, art during the past hundred years.

In the handsome volume on "William Morris" (Putnam) Miss Carey applies to Morris the method which she has already

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applied to Tennyson, Browning, and the Rossettis. She gives a readable account of the man, his circumstances and career, and a comment, largely interpretative, on his work. The keynote of such a book ought to be interpretation. What Miss Carey tries to do is to explain a man of genius to those who do not perfectly understand him, or to those who have never approached him. She has admirably succeeded in doing just this thing. The size of the book and its ornamentation ought not to overshadow the sincerity and competency of her work. She had a many-sided subject and a great fund of biographical material to draw upon; and she has succeeded in telling the story of Morris's life with sufficient fullness to convey all the facts, but with such brevity that one can soon master them. Then she has proceeded, not quite so sympathetically, to record Morris's belief in and work for the betterment of economic and social conditions. She has followed very closely his literary career and his career as an artist, one who did not believe that beautiful things are reserved for the fortunate alone, but who did more than any other man of his generation, or of any previous generation, to introduce to the people of England the best models of domestic furniture and decoration. There have been few more attractive men in our generation than this vital, enthusiastic, many-sided, highly individualistic man, who was at once an artist, socialist, poet, practical worker, idealist, and vigorous dealer with material things.

Foremost among illustrated texts stands Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" (Harpers) as interpreted by Mr. Edwin Abbey, whose masterful "Holy Grail" in the Boston Public Library is well known. Mr. Austin Dobson contributes an interesting introduction to the text. The book as a whole will appear to many to be both a practical and an ideal Christmas gift. It is not too bulky or too expensive; its text is a recognized classic; and as to the illustration, higher praise can hardly be given than to say that it is worthy of comparison with Mr. Abbey's other work.——One of the most interesting and certainly the most individual of illustrated books for the holiday season is the facsimile issued by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons of William Blake's "Book of Job." In 1826 the artist published these in London; twenty-one plates were "invented and engraved" by him. To those at all familiar with the original edition it is unnecessary to call attention to the value of Blake's work, sometimes incoherent, generally mystical; to others, however, we would say that these illustrations should at least be seen, and, if possible, owned, not only for their illustrative quality as regards the Book of Job, but also as representing a curious phase in English art.——A new edition of a book of "Old English Ballads" (Macmillan), edited with an introduction by Mr. Mabie, with an accompaniment of decorated drawings by George Wharton Edwards, is of convenient size, and reproduces the original work with no changes except in the size of page. Mr. Edwards's drawings are in outline, are freely handled, and are for the most part in the spirit of the stirring verse which they interpret. The book is well and tastefully made, and contains, as its title indicates, some of the most genuine English poetry.——Robert Louis Stevenson's "Inland Voyage" (Scribners) is a book which easily lends itself to delightful illustration, so picturesque is the country through which it leads, and so rich in mediæval and Renaissance architecture. The publishers have made a very charming volume of the new edition of "The Inland Voyage," introducing photographic productions of interesting localities, of significant buildings, and of charming bits of scenery.

No American illustrators seem more popular with all classes than do Messrs. Frederic Remington and C. D. Gibson. Mr. Remington's always vivid and vital work is reinforced in his latest volume, "Done in the Open" (R. H. Russell, New York), by an introduction and verses by Mr. Owen Wister. The combination of Remington and Wister seems almost an ideal one. It is hardly worth while telling why it is ideal, since practically all America has read "The Virginian" and has lingered admiringly over the Remington illustrations as they have appeared in the papers.——Mr. Gibson's latest book is appropriately entitled "The Social Ladder" (R. H. Russell), a title which might apply to any of his seven books and to the overwhelming majority of his drawings.

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The Evidences of Christianity[1]

PETER admonishes his readers to "be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason for the hope that is in you." The hope is not founded on reason, but it must be a reasonable hope—that is, a hope that is able to give a reason when called on for one. And the reason must be adapted to the intellectual habit of the age; it must be adjusted to the philosophical methods of thought which at the time prevail. This is the justification for new books on the evidences of natural and revealed religion. The Paley type of thought does not address itself to the intellectual needs of the twentieth century. No book on evidences is convincing to one without a "will to believe;" but to one who has a wish to have the hope which Christianity offers, and yet is unwilling to feed himself on illusions, we know no better volume than Professor Fisher's new edition of "The Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief."

Professor Fisher is a recognized authority in the domain of ecclesiastical history. He is so partly because of his ripe scholarship, but still more because of his scientific temperament. He has neither the audacity of a pioneer who cares only for new worlds nor the timidity of the traditionalist who is never willing to depart from his old habitat. The new fashion in thought neither fascinates nor repels him by its novelty. He at once takes it up for a careful and critical examination. He has peculiar ability, partly temperamental, partly acquired by long practice, in examining, sifting, balancing arguments *pro* and *con*. Had he given himself to medicine, he would have been a consulting physician; if to politics, a mediating statesman, not too radical to move slowly, not so conservative as not to move at all; if to law, his place would have been on the Supreme Court Bench. One goes to such a man, not for the latest word that has been spoken in philosophy, but for the latest word which philosophy has accepted as established. The reader may be sure that he will not find belated arguments redressed in modern phraseology on behalf of an ancient traditionalism, nor a fascinating plea for a hypothesis attractive chiefly because it is novel. What he will find is a well-considered statement of conclusions which the most judicial criticism regards as demonstrated.

Thus speaking to this age, to which ethical reasons are of the first importance, Professor Fisher finds the chief evidences of the divine nature of Christianity in its adaptation to human needs, its transforming effect on society, its ethical and religious teaching as compared with that of Greek philosophy, the character of its Founder, and, last of all, incidentally rather than essentially, in the miracles which accompanied its birth. The credibility of the miracles is measured by their relation to the now accepted doctrine of the divine immanence, according to which, to quote from Professor Fisher's quotation from Lotze, "the whole course of nature becomes intelligible only by supposing the co-working of God, who alone carries forward the reciprocal action of the different parts of the world." The Bible is neither religion nor the foundation of religion. "The entire conception according to which the energies of the Divine Being, as exerted in Christian revelation, are thought to have been concentrated on the production of a book, is a misconception, and one that is prolific of error." Revelation is historical; the persons and transactions through which revelation is made are anterior to the Scriptures that relate to them; the fundamental reality is the kingdom of God through the transformation of human society; and the Scriptures are the documents that make us acquainted with the kingdom in its consecutive steps up to its completed form. This perception of divine revelation, as primarily in the kingdom itself, only secondarily in the book, "lifts us to a plane where critical problems, within a certain reasonable limit, may be regarded with comparative indifference."

These illustrations may serve to indicate the spirit of this book; its author fearlessly accepts and faithfully applies

[1] *The Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief*. By George Park Fisher, DD., LL.D. (Revised Edition: In great part rewritten.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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modern philosophical methods in his inquiry, and reaches by the process a new confirmation of theistic and Christian belief. Those methods are seen, indeed, to involve a new and larger conception both of creation and redemption than that furnished by the old methods, but they, even more clearly than the old methods, attest the presence and power of a divine co-working both in nature and in human society. They point to a personal God who is immanent in nature and in life, but transcends all phenomena; a manifestation of God to men though a unique man; the authenticity of the Gospel records, including that of the Fourth Gospel, which modern scholarship makes clear was in existence in the beginning of the second century if not at the close of the first, and makes probable was the work of the apostle John; the divine character of the Founder of Christianity and the superhuman character of the force which is working in and through Christianity for the uplifting of the race; and the gradualness, but none the less the reality, of the revelation contained in the documentary history of the origin and early history of the kingdom of God on the earth, a history which must be taken as a whole, and so taken is to be "considered as a self-interpreting—we might say self-amending—authority." The volume is to be heartily commended to students, both lay and clerical, and would make an admirable text-book for instruction in higher schools and seminaries where the rational grounds of theistic and Christian belief are being considered.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Ascent of the Soul (The). By Amory H. Bradford, D.D. The Outlook Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 319 pages. $1.25, net.

Meaning by "soul" the higher element in our composite nature, Dr. Bradford's study of it is appreciative, not speculative, and synthetic rather than analytic. From the awakening in which the soul first discovers itself in conflict between the ideal and the actual, its ascent is traced through experiences of hindrance and of discipline to its reawakening in the discovery of its co-operant God. Thenceforward, through light from Christ as the great interpreter of life's mysteries, and in inseparable companionship with spiritual influences, it advances through nurture and culture to the perfected and immortal life. Dr. Bradford refuses to dogmatize, declines theological debate, makes room for various opinions, and is intent throughout on ethical realities and spiritual facts, illustrating them by frequent references to experience, especially as embodied in the masterpieces of art and literature. A warm human sympathy pervades his work, refusing at the last to believe that death should expunge any name from the list of the living whom we remember in our prayers.

Book of Joyous Children (The). By James Whitcomb Riley. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 172 pages.

Mr. Riley's latest collection of verse is devoted to the expression in dialect of the mind, spirit, and feeling of the Indiana child as he knows him; it is a series of first-hand impressions, of reports which show no marked departure from the earlier work in the same field of this prolific and warm-hearted poet, who has more than once given us a classic expression of a kind of childhood which, in the nature of things, must be rapidly passing away.

Billy and Hans. By W. J. Stillman. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6½ in. 60 pages. 40c., net.

A dainty, tiny volume, showing the intimate life of two remarkable squirrels. The story was printed some years ago in "The Century Magazine."

Calendars: Gems of the Season (12×17 in.), $2. **The Fra Angelico Calendar** (9×15 in.), $3. **The Book-Plate Zodiac Calendar** (10×13 in.), $1.50. **The Venetian Calendar** (12×10 in.), $2. **The Year's Blessings** (11×9 in.), $1. **The Madonna Calendar**, $1.50. **The Merry Months** (5½×7¾ in.), 50c. **The Wise Saws** (6½×8½ in.), 50c. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Call of the Sea and Other Poems (The). By L. Frank Tooker. The Century Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 159 pages. $1.20, net. (Postage, 6c.)

Reserved for later notice.

Captain Craig: A Book of Poems. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 171 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Jane Austen: Studies in Their Works. By Henry H. Bonnell. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 475 pages. $2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Daniel Webster. By John Bach McMaster. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 343 pages. $2, net. (Postage, 16c.)

Reserved for later notice.

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Deserted Village (The). By Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A. 7×9½ in. 120 pages. $3.

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Done in the Open. Drawings by Frederic Remington. Introduction and Verses by Owen Wister. R. H. Russell & Co., New York. 11×16½ in. 88 pages.

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Early Prose Writings of James Russell Lowell. Prefatory Note by Dr. Hale, of Boston, and an Introduction by Walter Littlefield. John Lane, New York. 5×7¾ in. 248 pages. $1.20, net.

Reserved for later notice.

English Lyrics of a Finnish Harp. By Herman M. Donner. R. G. Badger, Boston. 5½×8 in. 72 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Essays of Elia. By Charles Lamb. The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 344 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage, 13c.)

Fiery Sword (A). By Elizabeth Whitaker Rennie. Illustrated. The Abbey Press, New York. 5¼×8 in. 341 pages. $1.50.

Four Little Indians. By Ella Mary Coates. Illustrated. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 262 pages. 80c., net.

Frederick Walker. By Clementina Black. Illustrated. (Popular Library of Art.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 198 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Gift of the Magic Staff (The): Paul's Adventures in Two Wonderlands. By Fannie E. Ostrander. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6×8½ in. 221 pages. $1, net.

Here are a series of fairy tales sufficiently well handled to wear a new face and awaken fresh interest.

Great Procession (The) and Other Verses for and About Children. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. (The Arcadian Library.) R. G. Badger, Boston. 4×5½ in. 168 pages.

Harper's Cook Book Encyclopædia. By the Editor of Harper's Bazar, with Contributions by Famous Authorities on Cooking. Harper & Bros., New York. 5½×8½ in. 443 pages. $1.50, net.

How to Study Literature. By Benjamin A. Heydrick, A.B. Hinds & Noble, New York. 4½×6½ in. 118 pages. 75c.

Reserved for later notice.

House of the Combrays (The). By G. Le Notre. Translated from the French by Mrs. Joseph B. Gilder. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 296 pages. $1.50.

This purports to be the true story of the Royalist intrigue of the Chouans at the early part of the nineteenth century. A long preface is supplied by the dramatist Victorien Sardou, in which he gives dates, documentary evidence, and circumstance of discovery as vouchers for the historic truth of the strange series of events here narrated of Mme. de Combray, her daughter Mme. Acquet, and other actors in this forlorn hope of reinstating the Royalists during Napoleon's reign as First Consul. Mme. de Combray is the same woman—invested with fictitious saintly character—whom Balzac has immortalized as Mme. de la Chauterie. No fiction could be more dramatically interesting, stirring, or unlike what we are wont to commonly regard as truth to life than is this record of heroic devotion to party, intrigue, hardship, and brutality in high places. The spirit of the times exhales from the pages.

Illustrations of the Book of Job in Twenty-one Plates, Invented and Engraved by William Blake. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 8½×7½ in. $4, net.

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Italian Cities. By Edwin Howland Blashfield and Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. In 2 vols. 5½×8½ in. $5, net.

A new edition of a book whose interest has been widely recognized by travelers and students of Italian art and history. It is fully illustrated, and published in handsome dress.

John Ermine of the Yellowstone. By Frederic Remington. Illustrated by the Author. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×7¾ in. 271 pages. $1.50.

A vigorous story about a boy stolen and brought up by Indians, then semi-educated by a recluse lover of nature, and finally brought in contact with military life. Mr. Remington, as every one knows, has complete knowledge of the subject involved. He writes with a certain rough directness which sometimes borders on harshness. The effect of the passion of love on such a creature as his young man of the woods is depicted powerfully but not pleasantly.

John Gayther's Garden and the Stories Told Therein. By Frank R. Stockton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 365 pages. $1.50.

It is grateful to have as the last book from Mr. Stockton's pen one which has such delicate charm and grace as may be found in the charming plan by which these stories are connected. An original genius of a gardener, quite willing to rest at times, sits in the shade or in the summer-house and tells his tales to the mistress of the garden, the sailor master, the young daughter, and neighbors who drop in (the latter including, to the reader's joy, his old friend Pomona and Jonas). In turn he listens to their stories, and so the book is made. Some of the tales are ingenious, some amusing, some of quiet and graceful fancy.

John Greenleaf Whittier. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 196 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

Joy of Living (The): A Play in Five Acts. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 185 pages. $1.25, net.

Lane that had No Turning (The). By Gilbert Parker. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 215 pages. $1.50.

A Canadian story of tragic intensity and a painfully powerful situation. It has a connection in scene and characters with "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," but is not a sequel. This edition is admirable in all externals.

Later Lyrics. By John B. Tabb. John Lane, New York. 4×5½ in. 138 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Life and Adventures of Santa Claus. By L. Frank Baum. Illustrated. The Bowen-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 7×9 in. 206 pages.

So ancient a title may awake misgivings, but a partial perusal even will show that the old

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theme is so well handled that a "grown-up" may discover in it a pleasing interest. The illustrations, too, are much above the average of such publications.

Life and Letters of James Martineau, LL.D., S.T.D. By James Drummond, M.A., LL.D., Litt.D. And a Survey of His Philosophical Work. By C. B. Upton, B.A., B.Sc. (With Portraits.) Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. In 2 vols. 6×9 in. $8, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Love Sonnets of an Office Boy. By Samuel Ellsworth Kiser. Illustrated. Forbes & Co., Boston. 4½×6 in. 42 pages. 50c.

Luca and Andrea della Robbia and Their Successors. By Maud Cruttwell. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 7½×10½ in. 363 pages. $8, net.

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March of the White Guard (The). By Gilbert Parker. Illustrated. R. H. Fenno & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 133 pages.

Not a new story and not one of the author's best stories.

Mary Had a Little Lamb: The True Story of the Real Mary and the Real Lamb. As Told by Fannie M. Dickerson and by Mary Herself. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5½×7½ in. 95 pages. $1.

Merry Mood (In): A Book of Cheerful Rhymes. By Nixon Waterman. Forbes & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 208 pages. $1.25.

Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada. By Clarence King. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 378 pages. $1.50.

A new edition of the work published thirty-one years ago, which found many readers, and which deserves a permanent place among books of its kind.

New Pupil (The). By Raymond Jacberns. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 259 pages. $1.50.

Setting forth the characteristics, doings, and achievements of a girl who would not learn by rule, but acquired everything in her own willful way, this story may fall under the censure of some over-sensitive people. There is no intentional harm in it, however, and it is pretty sure to delight the young minds for whom it is intended.

New York Sketches. By Jesse Lynch Williams. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 7×10½ in. 133 pages. $2, net.

Mr. Williams has an agreeable manner of opening the eyes of the old New Yorker to the wonders of his own city. To read these vivid bits of description almost makes the business man, who travels pretty much the same city route every day, resolve on a vacation to be spent in enjoying New York from the Battery to the Bronx. There are many excellent drawings by Guerin, McCarter, and others, and photographs in abundance.

Nineteenth Century Art. By D. S. MacColl. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 9×14 in. 209 pages. $16, net.

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One's Womenkind. By Louis Zangwill. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 389 pages. $1.50.

This novel may be called a minute study in human nature. The ideal side and the really wicked side are scarcely touched, but the vexing snarls and every-day discomforts of uncongenial domestic life, together with the petty tragedies growing out of mismated marriages and tangles of relationship, are plentiful. The best purpose it may serve (to quote the publisher's synopsis) is that it may "help women to understand men by teaching women how men fail to understand them."

Odes of Anacreon. Translated by S. C. Irving. William S. Lord, Evanston. 4¾×6¾ in. 72 pages. 50c.

Reserved for later notice.

Old English Masters. Engraved by Timothy Cole. Historical Notes by John C. Van Dyke. The Century Co., New York. 8×11½ in. 223 pages. $8, net. (Postage, 38c.)

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Outlook Story Book for Little People (The). Edited by Laura Winnington. Illustrated. The Outlook Co., New York. 7×10 in. 207 pages. $1.20, net.

Bears, rabbits, squirrels, puppies, bird-babies, fairies, flowers, boys and girls—here are pictures, poems, and stories about all of these and many other things that children love. The page is large, the paper is of the best, the photographs and original drawings are many and are well printed, the cover has a suitable design in red, gilt, and black.

Penruddock of the White Lambs. By Samuel Harding Church. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 329 pages.

A story of the Cromwellian period, in which the chief actors are leaders of the White Lambs—the Welsh soldiers who fought so desperately in support of the king and were slaughtered at Marston Moor. The sentiment of the tale supports the Roundheads. Even the Welsh leaders are finally converted to admiration for Cromwell as we follow their career in America, whither they come after their losses at home. The spirit and enthusiasm of the period are well sustained, but the literary quality does not rise above common level.

Peterkin. By Mrs. Molesworth. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in, 198 pages. $1.25.

"Peterkin," Mrs. Molesworth's latest story, shows no marked variation from her earlier manner, and has the charm of a style which has sustained the interest of her readers through many volumes. It is not so good as the best of her books, including "The Cuckoo Clock," "The Four Winds Farm," and "The Waves," but it is a very clever bit of fiction for children, thoroughly refined and wholesome, and by no means devoid of literary charm.

Pictures in the Wallace Collection. By Frederick Miller. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 8½×11½ in. 228 pages. $7.50, net.

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Pocketful of Posies (A). By Abbie Farwell Brown. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 167 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Reason and Revelation. By J. R. Illingworth, M.A., D.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 271 pages. $2.

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Rabbi Ben Ezra. By Robert Browning. Supplementary Illustrative Quotations and an Introduction by William Adams Slade. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 51 pages. 50c., net. (Postage, 6c.)

A very attractive setting of the poem which may be regarded as Browning's statement of faith, with a long introduction which registers the successive steps of thought in the poem and makes its meaning plain to every one who has any power of following a logical process.

Reed by the River (A). By Virginia Woodward Cloud. Richard G. Badger, Boston. 5¼×7¾ in. 75 pages.

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Religion of a Mature Mind (The). By George Albert Coe, Ph.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 442 pages. $1.35, net.

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Robin Hood and His Adventures. By Paul Creswick. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×8½ in. 312 pages. $2.50.

A modern rendering for young people of the immortal and joyous doings of the King of Sherwood Forest and his merry men.

Rollicking Rhymes for Youngsters. By Amos R. Wells. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¾×8½ in. 157 pages. $1, net.

A series of interesting verses for the young, most of which have had a previous vogue in various magazines. Many of them are sparkling and merry.

Short Life of Abraham Lincoln (A). By John G. Nicolay. The Century Co., New York. 5½×8¾ in. 577 pages. $2.40, net.

An abridgment of what may be called the official life of Lincoln by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay—a work of such proportions that it must remain a mine for future biographers rather than a final biography of the great statesman and leader. In this volume the story is reduced to its most vital terms; documents of all sorts are omitted, the discussion of political questions reduced to the smallest proportions, and the biographical element in the larger work separated from all extraneous matters.

Social Ladder (The). Drawings by Charles Dana Gibson. R. H. Russell, New York. 17×11½ in. 82 pages.

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Songs of Two Centuries. By Will Carleton. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 6¼×9 in. 157 pages. $1.50, net.

Lovers of Mr. Carleton's ballads may here feast to their heart's content in "Songs of the Nations," "Songs of the Mountains and Rivers, of Months and Days," "Songs of Pleasure and Pain." Running from the last quarter of the past century into the present one, they take in the most notable of recent events, including many episodes of the Spanish-American war, and the death of President McKinley.

Sons of Francis. By Anne Macdonell. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×9 in. 435 pages. $2.50, net.

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Study of Prose Fiction (A). By Bliss Perry. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 406 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Tangled in Stars. By Ethelwyn Wetherald. Richard G. Badger, Boston. 5×8 in. 45 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Thoreau: The Poet-Naturalist. By William Ellery Channing. (New Edition, Enlarged.) Edited by F. B. Sanborn. Charles E. Goodspeed, Boston. 5½×8½ in. 396 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice.

Thoroughbreds. By W. A. Fraser. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 405 pages.

So far as the author thinks he has a mission to show that high honor and scrupulous conduct may be found in some horse-breeders and horse-racers and race-track bettors, the book (conceding all that is claimed in this direction) is not of much importance and is rather a bore. But as a story about horses and horse-racing the book is thoroughly alive and intensely exciting; it has thrilling episodes, and in the foiling of the plots of the rogues and scamps of the track and betting-ring (and, if we may judge by this very story, these worthies seem to be in the majority, to say the least) there is much to rouse the attention even of the jaded novel-reader.

Two on Their Travels. By Ethel Colquhoun. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 6×8 in. 242 pages. $2.50, net.

Mrs. Colquhoun's volume is one of incident rather than of the description of places. There is plenty of description, however, and it is all well worth reading, because these pictures of Ceylon, Malaysia, Borneo, the Philippines, China, and Siberia are different from those which any other traveler has yet given. Not only are they different; they are so clearly drawn and are so full of color that they remain imprinted on the memory with peculiar impression.

Under the Sun: A Story of Old Peru. By Charles W. Buck. Sheltman & Co., Louisville, Ky. 5×7½ in. 402 pages.

Unknown Mexico. By Carl Lumholtz, M.A. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. In 2 vols. 6½×9½ in. 133 pages. Per set, $12, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Vive l'Empereur. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 159 pages. $1.

An entirely improbable but very brilliant and effective story, full of dash, spirit, and invention. There is not a dull page in it; and although the writer showed great audacity in introducing characters like Talleyrand, the audacity is justified by the event. The story is a *tour de force*, but it is eminently successful.

Westwind Songs. By Arthur Upson. Edmund D. Brooks, Minneapolis, Minn. 4×6 in. 99 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

White Wolf (The) and Other Fireside Tales. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Wonder Ship (The). By Sophie Swett. (The Golden Hour Series.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in. 83 pages. 50c., net. (Postage, 8c.)

Wooing of Judith (The). By Sara Beaumont Kennedy. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 399 pages. $1.50.

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